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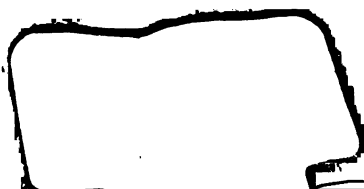
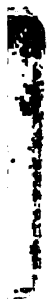
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ELIJAH GORR'S
COMPLETE WORKS,

His

Travels, Tribbles and other

Amusements.

by
William Dawes

Illustrated by W. G. Baxter, Bruce Wallace,
and other Artists.

JOHN HEYWOOD,
DEANS GATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER;
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NOTE

ELIJAH GOFF is not an American. He was born in Gloucestershire, in 1832, and lived there the first twenty years of his life. He then left England for the United States. During his thirty years' contact with the lower classes of Americans he gradually became Yankeeised in speech and manner; but beneath the surface he still retains the old love for his native land, which an Englishman never lives long enough to forget.

Manchester, 1889.

W. D.

iv.

List of Persons for whom this Book is
perfectly intended.

Kristyuns Jenrelly

(inkloodin joos, heretiks, infidles, etsettery, and so on.)

Members of Parlyment

(and othurs whose eddykashun hez bin overlukked.)

Persons of All Sex

(and othur natral kuryosities.)

Lawyers and Doktors

(with othur self-denyin and onnecessary evils of the middlin klass.)

Arkiteks

(moral and innercent institooshuns.)

Privet Gentlemen

(and othur advokates fur honest labour.)

Storekeepers

(evaders of the law, lovers of the profits.)

The Workin Klases

(as appear to be retirin frum bizness.)

LIKEWISE

Schools

(inkloodin the use of the globes.)

Rufur Ajes yet Unborn

(besides women and childern.)

Etsettery.

PREFACE.

THIS yere Book hez bin konsidered superior tu anythin wus, howevur gud. It is merely intended fur privet cirkulashun thru the world fur all time.

It aims at nothin, and hez sukceeded beyond all expektashun.

If thur's any pusson livin as konsiders it wuth more than the price, he ken hev it at his own valuashun.

If on the othurwise he konsiders it wuth less, he ken rite wun fur hisself.

Thur air lines among 'em as hev drawed tears frum the softest hearts, and sum as hev made hardened villans bust out intu tremenjus smiles.

Go thou, jentle readur, and bust likewise.

ADOO.

P.S.—If thur's any idears in this book as blongs tu any body eltz, he'd better klaim 'em at onct, or they will be sold tu defray expenses.

E. G.

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ELIJER GOFF:

His Travels, Tribbles, and othur Amoozements.

PART I.

To the Rashunt Reader.

SUR,—

Excoos me, I'm Elijer Goff.

I'm in the ile and drug line, formully erbs ; but sints my goods
wos konfuskated by the Injuns of the fur West, and my vallybul
kollekshun of worm bottles bruk, erbs hev spilled over.

I kum tu yure anshunt city on a purfeshunal vizet, as affairs
hev assoomed serius dimenshuns, and fax hev bekum swelled,
owin tu my hevin suksessfully lost all I wos wuth.

The parst hev bin of a very mottled karakter. I and Fortune
hev hotly pursood wun anothur in opposite direkshuns, but tu
no purpos. The peaceful flow of animal and othur sperits hev
bin interrupted by cirkumstances as admits of no deskripshun,
and over my bald and devoted head hev busted sum of the most
virilent and tremenjus storms as evur konfoosed the morel and
intellektool attriboots of a man.

When I fust fell in luv my heart was filled with the ackumulated feelins of forty summers. Ultimetly it bust.

Oh, Mariar!

Three years hev parsed since fust I struck her trail; she in the full bloom of womanhood, I in the gush of manhood. Our hies met. Frum that fust flash of luv we bekame rediklus, and ultimetly relapsed intu imbecility of the most enjiable deskripshun. We struggled with our feelins, but stud no chance. At larst, in a moment of hopeless insanity, I asked her fur her hand and heart. Fur a minit she lukked at me and paused; then, suddently throwin a porshun of herself intu my outspred arms, she murmured, "They air yures. May they make yu appier than they evur made me."

She was destined tu rob me of all a man holds dear.

Sum time arstur, or it may hev bin earlier—I don't remember the day of the month tu a year or two—I married her, and it aint onreasonabul tu sopose she bekame my wife. We was follerd tu the halter by a krowd of sorrerin friends as arsturwards drunk my health fur sevrel hours, and subsequently sank intu a profound sleep, heaped up in varyus attitoods.

When Mariar and I hed sumwot rekoovered from the effeks of our weddin and subsequent dooties, we set about puttin our feelins in order, prevyus tu enjyin a long life of oninterrupted raptur. We established sevrel laws fur the maintenance of domestik tranquillity, nominated well-tu-du godfathers and god-mothers, selekted sevrel Kristian names fur futur entry intu the direktory, furnished estimates fur swaddlin klose, and in similar interestin amoozements we spent our time as if we kud afford it.

All follerd on purty well fur sum time, and erbs was tellin; but wot wer my horror tu find Mariar was gettin onsteady, and very poreful. I diskovered it quite akcidental.

Wun evenin I wos readin a noosepapur, in which the editur inkawshusly menshond that men is the natrel lords of the kreashun. Mariar delibretly lukked at me strate frum the shoulder (that wos *er* style), and inquired in tones as kuddent very well be konsidered affekshunet,

"Pull up, old kuss! Du yu kall yureself a lord of the kreashun?"

I smiled as konjoogally as my feelins wud allow, and in a vise as wos rediklus fur a lord, I answered, "i do."

Them wos fatel words. I fell insensibul.

When I kum round I fund sum front teeth missin, and a pimple about the size of a walnut under the left year. I slept by myself on the sofa that nite, and if my dreams hed kum troo, I shud hev follerd myself tu a early grave the nekst mornin. But I've bin dyin hard fur sum years, and it wern't tu be.

Things didn't seem tu mend. I tuk Mariar fur bettur or wus; the wus prevaled.

In time, frum frequent alterashuns, my feeturs got ontidy, and I wos gettin onkomfortably muddled in the head.

The klimax wos at hand.

Wun day, a domestik qwestyun of onushal severity set in. The pekooliarities of my karaktur wos onct more hollerinly deskribed, and the subjek wos agen referd tu vilent arbitrashun tu be settled in the playful manner introdooed by my buzzum's pride. The fireirons wos mutooaly selekted as umpires. When Mariar put down the poker it wos serusly bent. My head gradooly resoomed its ushal onnotisabul shape.

Frenology don't soot me, as sum of my bumps hevn't read favorabul. Onct my karakter assoomed alarmin dimenshuns. Whot the kusses will hev the misery tu say ultimety I kan't pur-

tend tu give odds on. Thur air times when, lukkin back on the orspishus parst, I sigh respekfully fur them as travelled intu dust without givin me the honor of a karaktur at all. Mariar—her of my buzzum—wosn't wun.

But why feel remorse!y!

Wun mornin my konjoogal rapturs kum tu an ontimely end. Mariar was absent without leave, and on a biled eg I fund the foMerin inskriphun:—

“The man whose head hez bent a pokur is ded tu the finer feelins, and onworthy of my luv. Go! I shall dwell in Utah. Farewell!

“MARIAR.”

Tho that eg was biled the prevyus nite, it was very enjiabul. Langwidje aint adequate tu express my jy when she slipped her anker. I busted thru the konvenshunal modes of enjyment, and fur sevrel days I went about receivin the kongraterlashuns of my friends.

When I kum tu realise my new pozishun I see as change of air was necessary.

In the hurry of her departure Mariar hed forgot tu leave anythin vallybul behind. I immejutly kalled my debtors tugether, and gev em receipts fur thur sevrel komplaints. Owin tu press of othur bizness I was unabul tu wish the krediturs gud-by.

At larst I started in pursoot. Mariar hed gone west; I instinktivly follerd east.

So fur, I hev'n't overtuk her.

Arftur sevrel narrer eskapes I fund myself on the oshun, bein blowed away by infooriated zeffurs frum the land whur I fust see Mariar. As I leaned over the sturn of the restless ship, whot thotes kum krowdin up! Fur the fust time in my life I felt billowus, and my brekfust suddently kum krowdin up tu. I got

wus, and expekted every minit tu see specimens of larst week's pervishuns brote under my notis onct agen; but it pruv on-necessary tu refur so fur back. The immejut necessities of the kase wos met without percedin tu onnatrel extremities.

The viage wos tedyus. Refreshments formed our chief amoozements. The káptin wos the best player aboard. He wos a korperlent man, red and pimpled komplexshun, spoke thick, and smeld like a treakle kask. He understud likwids, but I shudn't like tu sware as evur I see him intossikated, tho I onct fund him on the flore, tryin tu wind up his watch with a bed kandle.

The oshun keeps in purty gud repair, konsiderin the traffik; Davy Jones wos konfined tu his bed, and the mermaids wos dowlless busy with his grool, as we see nothin on em.

At larst we kum in site of land. The women shed noomerus tears, and the men lukked thursty. Twoz a tryin moment fur them as hed sined the pledge. We all shuk hands sevrel times, and kissed wun anothur in mistake. These errors wos, howevur, rektified as we bekum akkustomed tu our feelins, and we parted gud friends, tu the satisfakshun of all konsarned.

When I sot fut on British sile, which I fund in konsiderabul quantities at Sharpness Pint, my emoshuns evaporated, and I busted intu song. My vise is well sooted fur Sharpness Pint. My jyus warblins wos soon tuk up by the birds, the sparrers bein in great forse, and soon the lower order of animals jined in thur toonful notes. It wos a scene as isn't often heard.

A old Jeroosalem mistuk hissself fur a wind instrument, and died in his efforts tu projuce an oktave. Wun pusson komplained of vilent páins in his stummick durin the kontinnerance of my melodyus bilin over of delite. I immejutly sold him a box ot intment, and sent him with sum paper kollers tu the wash.

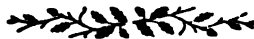
Konserts on a grand skale is onushal in them parts ; and onct a evenin performance guv by Bunch and Joody in a naburin barn was attended tu that extent as pruv dizastrus tu the penny bank.

In the face of these stubborn fax, the shortest day must hev an end. I stud on the wild C bank, and waved my hand like Hierwatur prevus tu his paddlin his flat bottom down intu the burnin, shinin sunset, and then I follerd my shaddo, as lukked thin and sad, and kuddent hev hin fur short of a part of a mile long.

Ten minits more and I fund myself aboard the kanal biler boat, steamin galey along. The deck was krowded. I sot down between 2 sumwot massiv women, as smeld like kakes and jin.

Thur was a fiddle playin sperited toons tu the babies, while them in charge was engaged in sterner amoozements. About the middle of the distance I fell asleep, owin tu the fiddlin, and at the end I was invertedly hawled ashore by a jib krane. My injuries konsisted of the loss of 6 weskit buttons, and a dicky as was temprily skewered with sealin wax.

I purceeded at onct tu a lojin house, and put on sum kream laid paper linen prevyus tu goin out. The shades of nite was settlin over the anshunt city, when I stowed away my pur-feshunal pakages, and started in pursoot of the amoozin and instruktiv.



PART II.

THE fust hotel I visited appeared tu be oninhabitted. Thur wos a female in the nekst. She sot with folded hands, lukkin pensivly intu an empty till, and seemed tu be on intimet terms with disappointment. I asked her fur a spill, and I sez, in tones as wos nevr intended tu be wasted—"Miss, wot will yu hev tu drink?"

"Nothin," she answered quick, with remarkabul brevity.

"Young woman of the female sex," I sez, "if thur's anythin like a fair profit on that beverije, this house must be doin a gud bizness."

She made no reply, but begun mendin a stockin, and lukked savej.

Just then a anshunt institooshun kum in. She hed on a red shawl, black shiny dress, and a kap as no livin pen kud describe. As them 2 figgers stud in the 4ground, I added em up as follers: The ovurdun blossom wos the parient; the underdun bud wos the cheild. Both on em lukked as if they hed bin playin at every day life fur sum time parst, and wos gettin tired of the game. They seemed tu be disappointed with wun anothur, fur not bzin sumbody eltz. The feelin wos trooly natral.

Addressin the matriark, I sez—

"I spose, marm, funder on in the evenin the perceedins 'll be better attended, and more enjiabul. Ken yu tell me whot time the present scene of horror 'll be drawd aside, and the mujik start up?"

She nevr turned a hair, nor spoke; but I see her face in a lookin glass oppersite, and she seemed tu be swarin innerdly. I kuddent strike ile; so I bowed perlitley tu the back part of her red shawl, and soon the cheerful spektakle wos lost tu vu.

The streets was solum and quiet. Thur wosn't a sound tu be seen. The lamps seemed tu hev dazzled wun anothur feeble, and the stars was nowhur. A perliceman stud sadly kontem-
platin his faithful shaddo as rested on the dorestep of a jin-shop,
whur it hed rested so many times afore. He wos about tu enter,
in order tu kwell a disturbance under his weskit, when I stopped
him, and I sed, "Offisur of the civil fors, I'm a stranger. Ken
yu put my tiller in sich a pozishun as 'll steer me tu a place whur
thurs sumthin goin on, and whur thurs a barmaid as wosn't suckled
on a vinegur bottle?"

He sez, "I ken," and led the way down sevrel passajes, and
suddenly stopped at an oldish doreway, illoominated with a red
lamp, as gev the majesty of the law a bloody appearunts.

Pointin with wun hand tu the openin, and puttin the balm of
the othur in a konvenient spot fur observashun, he stud moshun-
less, and whispered,—

"Thar."

His whisper was like the melankoly sigh of a rum kask.

Pullin a koin out of my pocket, and puttin it in his hand, I
entered the house.*

On openin the dore a cheérful scene persented itself. I stud
in the presence of a cirkle of dilited citerzens, with shinin faces,
and parshully-buttoned weskits, as seemed tu hev bin intended fur
empty stummicks in the long ago. They wos rejoicin in a
viktory over an obstinet supper as hed appeared in thur midst
about an hour before, and a young woman of a sumwot korperlent

* Kuryus tu say, the koin as I gev the perliceman turned out tu be a
peppurmint. He wos seen drawin a Queen's head on it in imitashun of a
shillin, and it wos fund the nekst mornin among the loose kash of a man as
he tuk up fur bein drunk durin the nite.

komplekshun wos kontribootin hot sperits fur the relief of the sick and wounded. I sot down on a three-legged stool, and lukkin round at the kompany, I introdoosed myself as follers:—

“Jentlemen,—I’m Elijer Goff, frum the States, five feet ate in stockin feet, risin fifty, eleven stun, and akwainted with grief.”

I wos most hospittally received, and kuddent bear up agenst the kindness of 2 or 3 playful sperits as konsiderately allowed me at fleetin intervalls tu pay fur glasses round. Onct I ventured tu reinark as it lukked selfish tu monopolize the honor, but wos immejutly met with kries of “Don’t menshun it,” and wos requested tu resoom my seat, which I did.

My gratiferkashun kontinnerd, more or less, up till midnite. In the korse of the evenin we hed songs, resussitashuns, and anekdotes, sum of which hev not appeared in books fur the young. The singin wos boisterus in places, and wun of em strained at a hi note tu that extent as busted a paper koller he wos wearin at the time, and left the room with his nose bleedin. A pusson ás kuddent hev bin more than 7 stun offurd his kingdom fur a hoss, but no takers. Later on he kussed us all in a deep trajerdy vise fur not bein abul tu “hold enuff,” or sumthin tu that effek. I konsidered his remarks in places wos onneccessary, warlike, and threatenin, and on wun okkashun, as he seemed tu be addressin hisselt tu me, I upset him intu a kolebox, whur he sot fur sum minits in a ondecided state.

Sum of the speeches wos sperited and amoozin. Wun stoutish party as hedn’t spoke the hole evenin (bein busy engaged with the lickers), stud up, and swayin bakerds and forruds a time or 2, sed, in a vise as gurgled, “delisheful;” but the effort wos more than he meant. He suddently resoomed his seat, and fell intu a profound and snorin slumber.

Sum of the othurs organized a quiet game of hidin under the table, and ultimetly bekame spittoons.

At this kritikle junkshur the chairman was tryin with onparalleled determinashun tu begin the toasts over agen, but in doin so his legs went tu sleep without orders, and he settled down all of a heap, and breathed hard.

It must hev bin late. The landlord was sittin on the hob, with his head up the chimbley, lukkin thotefully at the stars. I was overkum by the distressin spektakle, and sied at the sad effeks of Time. The larst thing I remember was the klok rushin vilently round the room, follerd hot by 2 giddy kubberds and a 4 panel dore.

PART III.

Tu resoom.

On the follerin mornin I woke with pekooliar and onnecessary sensashuns in the head, and fund myself in a horizontal and thirsty pozishun. I was lyin on a bed as was as soft and komfortabul as painted bords ushally air. No part of my body was guilty of any pertikler feelin, but when I tride tu get up my sensashuns was sufferins. The apartment I was in kuddent hev bin larger than rooms of the same size jenrally air, tho it mite hev hin a inch or 2 longer. The windo was small, but well ventilated, and the jenral fixins seemed tu komprize everythin necessary tu meet the wants of the Anshunt Brittuns.

I hedndt skarsly run over the wuth of the trimmins when the dore opened, and I was rudely shuk by a pusson as kalled himself a human bein. His appearunts was against him. If it hedndt

bin fur his klose, he'd bin no better than he shud be ; but I am reluctantly druv tu admit as my kostoom went down in price, by komparison. He stud about six fut in his trowsurs, and frum the krown of his head tu the soul of his fut, he must hev bin full fifteen stun. Under favorabul cirkumstances he wud hev bin a kredit tu his fammily. Twelve buttons shone on his kote, but frum his kondukt it appeared that he formully numbered thurteen, makin a total of wun short. The outside of his head lukked like the sad effeks of fifty burthdays ; the inside didn't seem tu be so forrud. He bruk the silents with the follerin rediklus obsurvashun :—

“Now then ere, klar out.”

“Stranger,” I sed sturnly, and with as much dignity as kud be displade in a attitood of repoze, “hev yu the most remotest idea whot yu're presoomin tu giv utterents tu ?”

Without a word he seized me by the throte, and stranglin me intu a uprite pozishun, he rored out in a heavy vise :

“Klar out, I say ; we'll hev no şkulkin yere.”

His manner wos konfoozin. I onct more lukked round the room, and seein a sopeerior officer kum in, I sez, “Mite I be so bold as tu inquire if larst nite wos a part of yesterday, or the day be 4 ?”

“Why ?” sez he.

“Bekos,” I answered, “I'm afeard this vagabone hez jerked me intu tu-morrow afore I wos propurly and desently out of tu-day.”

“Hez he ill-used yu ?” he asked, pointin tu the fifteen stun of bad blud and bone standin by me.

“Well,” I sez, “if ketchin me by the throte, and twistin my neck till I kuddent see may be kalled illuzement, that retched objek hev so dun.”

He tuk down my name and residents, etsettery, and sed it shud be seen tu.

As he was so pertikly civil, I sez tu him, "If it aint tappin yure luvn heart tu muchly, may I ask wot fortunet cirkumstants brote me under the shaddo of yure protektin wing?"

"Early this mornin," he replide, "i of our men smelled sperits as he was passin the top of Kross Key Lane, and on goin down tu see whose gas was eskapin, he fund yu'd bin running yure hi along the kurb stun, and takin a pattern of the guttur on yure weskit, but hevin got tired of the innercent amoozement, yu seem tu hev fell asleep, and was thurfore karred here on the shoulders of Justis."

"Is that individool a reglar appinted member of the perlissee fors?" I inquired.

"Justis," he replide, "is not an individool in our fors. I speke of the principul that aktoosates us, of the feelin that is yere," and he hit his breast a tremenjus jesture.

"Is the privets in yure sqwod expected tu karry them feelins about with em frum 6 in the mornin till 9 at nite, besides great kotes, mackintoshes, eimets, and stiks?" I asked.

"Yes," he sed.

"Well, then," I obsurved, in tones as ollis kommand respek, "it's onrezonabul, and not tu be fund in the statoo of limita-shuns; show me the man as ken du it without goin tu a early grave, and I'll gladly pay his funerel expenses. Nobul feelins and fine forms fur 18 shillin a week is goin tu fur. Histry, parst, presunt, peter-blue-perfek, and the futur, so fur, is all agin it. Listen tu my warnin vise. It's a delooshun as 'll nevr bile tender."

I shuk hands with him, and left. The bein as seized me by

the throte stud in the street, lookin oneazy, but my angry moments was no more, so I sez tu him, koting frum a noose-paper, "Z 99, all is forgiven; return tu yure sorrowin friends."

It wos a fine mornin, in fak the weathur fur sum days arftur wos kondukted in a manner as refleks great kredit on all kon-sarned. The kool breeze fanned my cheeks, and my young blud simmered in the sunshine. Oozin out of kustody with a klean konshuns, and a klear sky, payin twenty hunderd tu the tun, and abul tu rite yure own name with a kross, is a feelin that falls tu the lot of fu.

PART IV.

ON enterin my lojins I wos met by a spektakul as appealed tu the affekshuns.

My brekfust, komposed of eggs and toastid bakin, wos on the tabul, and my landlady, konsistin of a young widder, with a smilin face and plump figgur, wos sittin in the room. They wos both attraktiv and sedoosin in appearunts. She wos young fur her age, and a danjerus party tu tempt any livin Adam with a sap frum the kussed tree.

I sied heavy, as I perlately bowed, and my heart kommenced behavin in a manner kalkylated tu wear holes in my weskit. Fur onct in my experiunst life I stud speechless, but arfter lukkin at her konseketivly fur sum time, I kollekted my vise together and obsurved, "We've hed a very middlin supply of weather this year, lukkin at it frum a merciful pint of vu."

"Yes," she replide, "the atmosfere, I bleave, hez bin onoo-shally so."

Her vise wos of ordinary dimenshuns, but so poreful sweet that I fell perfectly armless intu the chair. It wos all over with my brekfust. My appetite tuk offents at bein neglected, and lett unobserved, but a thirst kum over me, and I litrelly swallered my koffee hole.

We wos silent fur sum time (as is ordinery in small towns), but suddently I felt anothur idear kumin on, so I kleared my throte, and inquired, "Air yu a nativ of these parts, or wos yu merely born yere?"

"Yes," she replide; "I blong tu an old kownty fammily. My grandmother hed a narrer eskape of bein wun of the nobility."

"Indeed!" I sez (appearin tu take interest in the fak); "whot age wud she hev bin if she hed lived long enuff?"

"She wosn't my oldest ancestur," she answered. "We ken trace back tu Hannah Domyney ten hunderd and sixty-six."

"Why, that beats Methusalem," I exklaimed. "It must hev tuk sumthin tu keep her respektabel."

"Yes," she kontinnerd, warmin tu her subjek, "I hed 4 fathers——"

"Gud evans!" I kried, springin frum my seat at the bare menshun of this fragrant infrinjemnt of the Mosaik laws. "Yu don't say so! Did yure mother enjy perty gud health?"

She put her handkerchef tu her mouth and shuk in a manner as wos danjerus, lukkin like fits. With natral presents of mind I put a kold kee down her back, and I sez, "Shall I ring fur sum fresh air? I hope I hev'n't sed anythin as hez turned assid on yure stummick!" She bust out larfin isterikle, and kep sayin, in her perty vise, "Don't! Gudness Grashus! Don't!" and berrid her face in her hands.

"Excoos my seemin boldness," I sed, "but yu hev'n't quite got

my 2 fust names korrekt. 'Gudness Grashus' aint my god-father's and godmother's noshun of surnames. Elijer Goff 's my cheerful appelashun."

She reglar skrieked and rushed out of the room, levin me all of a heap with surprige. I kuddent bleeve my sensis, and I kuddent likewise bleeve anythn sed fur sum time arftur. I forgot I wos in a stranje town, amung stranje people as didn't live by bread alone, but as sumtimes tuk offents at wot perceedeth out of the mouth (bakky joose pertikly).

Bein ded agin puzzels, I gev it up ; and gettin intu wun of my best kream-lade paper dikkeys and black tape nektie, I perceeded tu bizness.

I didn't expekt tu du much the fust day, and my expektashuns wos fully realized. Thur wos no disapintment so fur.

About 5 oklok I went home.

The smilin face and the appy figger opened the dore, and seemed glad I'd kum. We sot down in our respectiv chairs, and natrally lukked awkwurd (as is also ushal in small towns) ; then she led off the konversashun, but I kuddent skrat out a thote.

"I'm afeard yu konsidurd me rude this mornin fur larfin so, but I kuddent help it," she sed in that same vise.

"Don't menshun it. I hope it will okkur agen, as I quite enjyd it," I replide, almost blinded by my tremenjus inakkeracy.

"Yu didn't luk pleased," she sed, with her hies twinklin like frisky stars.

"Yu mustn't go by my luks," I answered sadly. "My featur hevin bin tampered with a gud deal, and the mussels hev bin twisted. My skin wudn't fit everybody."

"Is bizness well?" she asked, suddently changin the subjek.

"Well," I replide, "it's wus ; it's in a flurishin state of deokay.

It's rotten; worms air at it. Ruin's bekum 1 of the prevalin fashuns."

"They say we're behind the fashuns yere," she sed.

"Sumwot bakurd in dress," I answered, "but as regards dimen-shuns of stuff, aint tu be surpassed. Boots and hats in pertikler seem roomy and komfortabul in appearunts. The habits of yure people air ondowtidly loosish."

"Du yu like my feller citerzens?" she inquired.

"Konsiderabul," I sez. "Frum wot little I've seen, they seem tu be inexpensiv in kondukt, bleevin stedfustly in the savin faith, gud at receivin kindness, fond of the barm of Gillyud, and not tu be sneeged at with impoonity. But sum of 'em 'll hev tu be born agen sevrrel times afore they'll be much gud as angels. The perlisse arrangements air trooly wondurful, and thur ospitality most gratifyin."

"And wot's yure fust impreshun of our sex?" she asked.

"Favurabul," I replide. "Thur air perty faces, and hies as 'll melt a heart of stun, figgers as 'll make a man foller tu dwell on fur miles, vises as 'll drag a man down on his gnees tu make a fool of hisself, feet as 'll aggravate his komplaint, ankles as 'll make him giddy tu luk at; in a word, everythin necessary fur fillin more prizons, wurkhusses, and sylums then wos evur bilt."

While I wos speakin, her hies lukked tender and luvin. I bekum skeerd lest she shud take me fur onmarrid, and akt akkordin. Orful thote! I determined tu seize the fust opportoonty tu tell her my infirmity before she pulled her heart out and laid it at my feet, with all its trimmins.

Secin me pause, she sed in her silvery vise, "Thur's sadness in yure luk. Hev yu known much trubble?"

"Trubble," I sez, throwin my chest well forrud and holdin on

by the sittin piece of the chair, "I've sukked frum the breast and frum the bottle. 'Twoz in my fust taste of life's enjymnts, and hez bin the konkloodin flaver of all my rapturs. I've travelled muchly, and hev bin heavy laden. My fammily aint gud at barin trubble. It hez redoosed 19 on em tu everlastin ashes, and I alone stands proudly 4th, the only survivin relativ I've got. Wus than all, *I'm marrid* (yere I shut my hies). But her as wos tu sooth my akin brow made that akin brow ake wus. These air not the furrows of kare. This wun over the left hi wos plowd with a klose prop. This on the rite cheek is the sad impreshun made on me by the thrilling tutch of a skimmur. The bridge of my nose fell in wun nite, bein onabul tu bare the wate of a beer bottel; and these 2 front teeth fell out in a moment of forgetfulness. Her handritin wos very distinkt."

I stopped, fur I wos lozin myself among the kold cinders of parst sorrers. Thur wos hot koles beneath that wud burn if tutchted. I hed told her of my chains, and felt safe; but smiles frum the Widder's face hed fled, and she seemed thoteful.

I roze and put on my hat, fur I didn't wish tu be further questyund. So sayin I shud most probabul want brektust, I left her leanin her head on her hand, and direktd my korse tu the museum as kontained the flowin bole.



PART V.

SINCE then I hev drawd in sevrel peaceful breaths, but sum of yure people hev bin givin way tu thur feelins, and aktin in a manner onsootabul tu the virtuous rayn of Viktoriar. Them as let go all thur feelins prevusly hev bin exceedin sorrerful, and thur sperits hev gone down akkordin; but natrel vivacity hez bulged out in places, and I hev bin a hi witness of wun of the most distressin exhibishuns of viggerus oratory as evur fell tu my lot.

Fur sevrel seasons kum nekst burthday its bin my pleasin dooty tu give my stummick a fu playthings on or about the middel of the day. This kustom hez more or less bin attended with benifishul rezults, but 1 day it brote on wun of those suddent attax as we ken nevur 4see.

The follerin is as follers:—

Aktoated by sum of the noblest feelins of hunger, I entered a cellar as hed at 1 time bin pashunetly attached tu a warehus, but as wos now set apart fur the purpos of enkurrijin feedin operashuns. I ordered summot kalkelated tu demoralize the most patriotik stummick and shorten the longest life. Wun or 2 othur hungry-lukkin citerzens wos kormittin sooicide in the same way, but everythin wos silent except a tremenjus uprore perceedin frum the dish department.

Ten minits arstur I wos sittin back in a eazy state readin a nooz-paper, and exercizin my toom stuns on sum beef as wos well strikken in years, and as required more than wun tu masterkate. On puttin aside the paper tu hist in anothur sample, I missed a

spud. I tuk no notis, but went on readin the shaddo of a pusson as sot oppozit, and in a minit I see him delibretly fork anothur of onooshal size. I put down the paper, and lukkin him strate in the face, I sez, "Yure hisite aint pertikly diskriminatin in appearuntz. That bit of nurishment is about tu be inkorporated intu my system," and stickin my fork intu the tatur, I brote it back tu its original pozishun.

"I don't understand yu," he sez, tryin tu luk dredful with rebookin innercents.

"Then yeres fax," I kontinnerd, akcidently pokin the tatur in his hi.

"Whot du yu mean?" he rored, risin tu his feet and klinchin his fist.

"This," I sed, puttin miself in fitin attetood. "Extry pertiklers ken be supplide ketch wate."

"Kum out," he sez, movin tords the dore. "We'll argy this questyun furder."

Thinkin the debate mite be larstin, we tuk off our superflus garmints, and muved the fust rezolushun by toin the skrat. Our style of argyin wos as follers:—

ARGYMENT 1.

It wos very evident frum our taktiks as we wonted tu hit 1 anothur. Hevin sparred tu no purpos fur sum time, we suddently kum in kontak with great forse, and both of us immejutly sot down in the mud, waitin tu be pikked up.

ARGYMENT 2.

Both up tu time and pantin fur the fray.

"Hev yu any messije fur yure friends?" I sez

"Yes," he answered, "tell 'em I'm gettin yure funeral reddey."

We larfed 1 anothur tu skorn, and charged with surprizin fury. Receivin his stummik agen the top of my head, and embracin his lower extremitis, while he seized hold of the seat of my trowsurs, we whirled madly round, and wos agen piled up in 2 heaps among the slush.

ARGUMENT 3.

Like infooriated fireworks, and full of fitin, we agen met fur the purpos of bein stunned. We wos moderetly suksesful. In an instant, in the twinklin of a hi, we rushed blindly forrud, and then blindly bakkard intu a sittin pozishun, whur we stopped, tryin tu rekognize 1 anothur thru the konfoosin mejium of evanly stars.

"Air yu still in the flesh?" I inquired of a dim objek as appeared tu be my fo.

"A little bit," he replide, lukkin tu see if thur wos anythin missin.

"Then let's perceed with the diskushun," I sed, gettin up with diffikulty; and we perceeded akordin.

ARGUMENT 4.

He kame up slo and krukked tu meet me at the appinted spot. The whites of his hies wos a bit obskooored with mud, and his featuris jinrally wos very indistinkt. He wos spittin thick.

"Is that the best imitashun of yureself as yu ken perwide on the present okkashun?" I inquired, rubbin my hies tu get a klearer vu.

"It's perty ni yure bed-time," he answered evasively, and sumwot short of breath. "Them orbs of yourn is klozin up fur

the nite." Sayin which he hugged me in his luvvin arms, and arftur tryin tu brake me short off at the waste, we rolled over and over in the liquid dust.

ARGYMENT 5.

On toin the skrat fur the fifth time our pussons was very much disfiggered. We was kuvered with muck of the most virulent tipe, and our garminits showed sines of givin way in places whur sich a kalamity wud hev brote on instant expozure.

"Hednt yu bettur put a stitch in that wound afore it goes any furdur?" I sez, pintin tu a 3 korned openin in the butt end of his trowsurs.

"Luk tu yure own gashes," he answered, with sneerin in his tones; "exceptin wun bone button and a small rag, yure kostoom konsists chiefly of war paint."

"Kum on," I shouted, and he kum on head 4 must. I seized him by the skuft of his neck with both hands, and backed him intu a windo as kontained eggs, and he sot down in thur midsts. He was subsequently wiped dry with the flat end of a fire-shovel, as was viggerusly flurished by a young woman of about sixty summers, with a determind komplekshum, and as spoke with a strong swearin aksent.

By this time the krowd was assemblin. 1 boy was alreddy on the spot, and anothur was kummin. But the battle was over—the fo was holdin on by a lamp-post, ekstraktin pieces of glass frum his pusson, and groanin with konsiderabul vivacity and loss of blud.

"This yere diskushun must end," he sed. "The head quarters is willin tu go on, but the hind quarters aint—they're exkrushiatin tu a solum extreme."

"Thurs the moral as adorns the tail," I sez, suddently awakenin tu a rekolekshun of summot I'd heard, and pintin tu the bits of glass as he hedn't bin abul tu get out. "Them, krystal seeds 'll bust intu bloomin membries, and praps in appier moments, when yure on the pint of forgettin sum of the laws regulatin the distribooshun of the tatur krop, yu'll profit by the stern rebook."

He breathed sum advice in the form of a kuss, and rekomended me tu perceed immejutly tu a futur state, whur I might enjoy oninterrupted kombustshun. I made no reply tu this dredful implikashun, but put on my klose and konveyed myself home.

When the appy Widder opened the dore, she partly klosed it agen, and sed in jentle tones, "I realy kan't afford it, thurs so many kallin."

"I spose it's the great demand fur mōney as makes it so expensiv," I asked, amoozed at bein tuk fur a pawpur.

"Oh, mi gud stars abuv! Is that Mr. Goff?" she exklaimed, openin the dore at the sound of my vise.

"I bleeve its sum porshun of him," I sez, walkin intu the room and sinkin intu a chair.

"Gudness on erth!" she ejakerlatid, "whot dredful thing hez append?"

"Excess of zeel on wun side," I sez, "and broken kommandments and glass windos on the othur; konfliktin opinyuns and upsettin of argyments; the triumf of justis and bodily sufferin; laseratid raiment and spillin of blud; and a downrite likkin tu tatur felony."

"Ken it be possibul?" she sed; and I sez, "It ken," and went tu bed.

PART VI.

THEN kums a period of 'sufferin, interrupted only by grool, poltices, and internal applikashuns of nurishin food.

Fur sevrel days I lay in a rekumbent pozishun, kontemplatin kracks in the ceilin, and dwellin on othur and onappier times. The Widder nussed me like a child, and I felt at times as if my komplaint wud assoom a kronik form. When the evenins kum, she read to me. The subjeks varied. Sixteen shillin trowsers, breeches of promis, diabolikle akcidents, wilful and disastrus mariages, awful kases of triple birth, navel and military intilligents, distressen scenes in marrid life, unfortunet adventures with angels, all kum in thur turn. She hed a sweet shaped vise, and punktooated as she went on.

'Appy days!

Fur the fust time in my twisted kareer I diskivered that women ken du summot more then bile slops and luv. Her kindness made my heart big with gratitoodinal emoshuns of the everlastin sort. Lukkin at her thru sick hies, I fancied, more then sevrel times, that I kud see the Widder's wings. I onct ackused her of bein a angel, which she nevur solumly repoodiated, but playfully turned the konversation with korrektiv doses of Epsom salts.

Epsom salts don't projuce evanly vishuns. My experients is, they air tolerabul suksessful in kases of suddent luv. I shud say as fu angels wos evur seen thru the mejium of 2 ounces of the best. Poets wud starve on 'em. The stummick's the standard of the man; a strong un is kapable of anythin in luv, war, bole kumplaint, or the pashuns jenrelly, but a weak un disqualifies the hole bilin.

At larst, Time fled. Sevrel days follerd in pursoot. Wun nite, as I wos kummin round and beginnin tu walk about, we wos overtuk by a loud nok at the dore as sounded more warlike than the milk, and more noomerus than the bread.

I didn't feel so well.

The Widder perceeded at onct tu see whose boots wos on the dore step, and kawshusly let in a narrow strip of kold air as she inquired

"Who's thar?"

"Is Mr. Goff at home?" sed a vise as sounded heavy and abuv the middle age.

The Widder sed I wos, and immejutly as possibul three pussons appeared in the stately forms of human beins. I fastened my weskit with a boot hook and hurried myself intu a attitood of kommand. They bowed jerky, bein sumwot korperlent, and the heavy vise sed inquirinly,

"Mr. Goff, I bleeve?"

"A konsiderabul porshun of him," I sed, lukkin down at my weskit tu korroberate the akkeracy of the statement.

"Then it's my pleasin dooty tu persent yu with this," he replide, tryin tu smile as pleasantly as his obstinet featur wud allow, as he handed me a large blue dokiment as lukked like a pressin invitashun frum the Kounty Kourt.

"Air yu tired of life?" I sed, with a suddent outbust of indignashun at the bare suppozishun of a rit.

"I'm marrid," he ejaklated, sinkin intu a chair and barin his flannel buzzum tu the invisibul pinard.

"It aint the fust time yu've dun it, and dont let it be the kommencement of that sort of thing," I kontinnerd in a magestik vise, not noticin his interrupshun.

"Here's enuff fur all," I added, drawin myself up a inch or 2 abuv the attitood of every day life, and proudly slappin a pocket as contained three ha'pence and a bunch of kees.

"I'd skorn tu rob a man as hed nothin, or defraud a man as hedn't. My leadin principuls is justis, fair play, a gud sale for ile and drugs, and a equal distribooshun of human sufferin."

They stud up and smiled, as if amoozed at my flamin appearunts. My fireworks didn't singe em, nohow.

"Excoos me," sed the leader, "we're a deppytashun."

"A whot?" I sez, skarsly ketchin the meanin of the word.

"A deppytashun," he repeated, bowin strate frum the hind buttons of his kote, and lukkin as sweet as a treakled krab apple, "kum, Sur, tu invite yu tu enter the perlitikle arena at the nekst elekshun."

I asked 'em whot they'd hev tu drink.

The perlitikle leanins of the deppytashuns wos on the side of rum, hot.

"We've kum," he kontinnerd, "tu ask yu tu stand up fur the liberties of a kountry as gev yu burth, and fur the interests of a kounty as klaims yu as her own. Tho' she gnu yu only as a chield, she rekognizes yu as a man."

I nodded in the affirmativ.

The Widder sed she'd much pleasure in korroberatin.

"In yure long sojjern in the States yu hev marked the growth of new principuls as must replace the old; yu hev liv'd among a people as nevur see a king; hev eaten of thur bread, and drunken of thur kup—"

"Quarts," I ejakerlated with konsiderabul feelin.

"Ameriky," he perceeded, "hez bin yure trainin ground: Ameriky, the burth-place of Freedom, the land of the stars and

stripes, the kradle of liberty, the restin place of warriors, the home of the disappointed, the nursery of reform."

He paused tu wipe his shinin brow. I asked him if he'd prefer kontinnerin in his shurt sleeves. He shuk his head sadly, and tuk sum more rum.

"That gloryus institooshun," he resoomd, smackin his lips,* "hez set an example tu the blunderin old world, and the old world is gradooly openin her hies tu the grand spektakle. Ameriky hez emancipated her slaves; we will emancipate ours. The Union Jak must wave in the sunlite without a stain. Thur must be no pawpurs, and no peers; every man must be a soljer, and every woman a nuss. Perlicemen must be made virtuous, and postmen pure. The rapid inkrese of poppylation must be checked sumhow."

I sed as our postman was a bit diversified and undulatin in his luv (which wos breakin the noos jently); and as fur the mermaiden of the law, it wos wonderful how he stud it.

The Widder bustid out larfin tu konceal her amoozement; and all the deppytashun talkin at the same time the konversashun bekame jenrel.

Arftur a furder speech frum the leader, I was kalled on tu address em in reply. I sed:

"Mr. Deppytashun and Konstitoonts,—Thur air moments in every man's life. *I've* hed sevrel; but sum of em hev kum onawares, and hev smeared the trajik page. This moment, follerin parst us on its evanly korse, is the proudest our fammily hev witnessed. Proud moments don't muchly run in our fammily, but we're perty healthy konsiderin the onrelentin natur of our appetites.

* He refurd tu Ameriky.

"I bleeve I've relativs in *these* parts. They're poor, and konsesequently I've not bin abul tu devote much time tu the subjek ; but they'll vote plumpers fur the Union Jak. They ollis did frum the fust day it waved majestik over our workhus in the appy parst ; but the diet wosn't exilleratin, and I left fur the States.

"I've bin in a gud many states ; but my experients is that the marrid state busts all. It ni busted me, but Providents interfered and ticed Mariar furder west. It likewise ticed me furder east. I hope *she'll* die eazy.

"My politiks hev bin brewin fur many sentrys. My grand-farthers hev wore yeller weskits, and bloo nevur-tu-be-menshundabuls (Parlymentry langwidje) of librel shape and dimenshuns. Sum of em have bleeved more in early purpels, but all on em rallid round the Union Jak, and wos troo tu the gore.

"We hev fought and bled fur our kountry, and hev died on many a battle-field. We air reddy onct more tu die and defend our hearts and homes, even in furrin parts. We feel as we kan't du tu muchly fur a kountry as offers so many indoosements fur emigrashun, and perwides soop-kitchens fur them as won't muv frum thur nativ sile.

"Blessins kums down on us like rain. We kan't step between em. Luk at yure bills of mortality ! They air beyond all praize. They hev at larst indoosed people tu die regler. In old times they wos boled out anyhow. But nevur no more.

"Luk at yure steam tracks ! 2 cents a mile, and forty on em in an hour, sayin nothin of killed and wounded. It's splendid !

"Luk at yure luvin women and workin men. Who'd mend the stockins of futur ajes without em ? Furder, Who'd wear em ? Solum thoŕe !

"I'm in favor of inkreasin the census, but futur ajes musn't depend muchly on *me*. All my relativs hev bin ancesturs so fur. My mother wos a gud woman, but she died grandchildless, and I'm borderin on the sere and yaller, without hevin projuced any posterity. Its ard!" [This wos sed for effeck.]

The leader of the deppytashun filled his glass and sed, "May yu hev ten."

He forgot all about Mariar.

The Widder put her little hand on the kuff of my kote, and her perty lip trembled as she sed, "Don't give way, Mr. Goff. While thurs life thurs hope."

She mite hev sed more, but wun of the konstitoonts woke with a jerk, and inquired the time.

I handed him the bakky, and perceeded :

"Luk at yure prizons and yure publiks, how well they're doin. Prosperus tu a fault.

"Luk at yure workhusses, how well they're attended! Krowded like benefit nites all the year round.

"Luk at yure sylums; full as they ken hold, and more buildin. Whot if yu hev kluhs and diaments fur the rich; yu've spades and hearts fur the poor. That kant be rubbed out. Yure trump kard in the perlitikle game is a Queen, but yu don't all see it, and 'll lose. I'm kram full of reform, but the man as tries tu pull down V.R. frum the British flagpole pulls my trigger and loses his vote.

"That's the inside out of my buzzum.

"Fur them principuls I'm reddy tu die at an advanced age, kuverd with glory, and six fut of klay."

The klok struk twelve!

I paused and surveyed my aujience.

They wur arranged in a solum and impressiv group. The Widder sot lukkin up intu my face, as only dogs and women evur du luk up, and then she smiled as no dog evur kud smile, and as fu women evur du smile, and sed in a sweet subdooed vise, "Air the deppytashun marrid?"

"One on em hez a large fammily," I answered evasivly.

Thur they sot, every hi klosed, every head bowed down; wore out with thur perlitikle dooties, and sleepin with konsiderabul vigger.

Perlitikly speakin the Union Jak's furld arstur midnite. Human natur aint like injy rubber, nor ken even the oneazy head as wears a krown get up in the mornin if it don't go tu bed at nite. A sovrin's very much like twenty shillins in that respek. So I pulled out my watch, and sed in a kind of steam orgin tone,

"Konstitoonts! a bumper ere we part."

Majik words!

Six hies opened as if they hedn't bin shut, and three hands muved instinktivly in the same direkshun. The rum bottle wos the pint of interest. (This wos the third pint of interest they'd hed, and the koncentrated attenshun of the deppytashun wos beginnin tu tell.)

Alas! how strong the weakest on us air.

Konsiderin everythin, they stud up in a praizeworthy manner, but appeared tu be sufferin frum intense enjyment. Thur glasses wur inklined tu be sideways, and spilled over; but this irregularity wos speedily rektified sevrel times in sukcesshun. The leader gev a respekful apolojy fur treadin in his own hat, as hed bin waitin pashuntly fur his head sevrel hours. The main body listened with well-konceaied delite, and leaned agin wun anothur arm-in-arm. They seemed pashunetly fond of mujik, and both on 'em must hev bin a sentry.

When things was in thur places, I sed :

"Citerzins and mankind respektivly,—I'm delited tu gno yu. Yu seem tu enjy gud sperits. I shall be proud tu represent yu in Parlyment fur sevrel reasons, more or less. This hez bin an onexpektd evenin tu me, and I shall nevur forget yure kindness."

"Ken yu fite," sed wun of the main body onexpektdly sittin down, apparently alarmed at his own vise, but lukkin as horizontle as a dubbled-up pozishun wud allow.

"I ken, a fu," I sed, not kondecendin tu answer the questyun.

The othur main body leaned down and gazed intently at the face of his friend, but didn't seem tu rekonize him, and at larst turned sorrerful away.

I agen resoomed finelly onct more.

The evenin bein fur advanced in civilizashun, I sed :

"Jentlemen, I shall be glad tu go further intu the perlitikle questyun on anothur okkashun. At present, owin tu ill-health, we don't keep open artur the publik-houses hev klosed. This evenin hezn't bin big enuff fur a subjek of this size, but we've sevrel evenins ordered fur this week, and we ken, thurfore, hev anothur sittin. But afore we part, let's drink a bumper tu the Union Jak. May it nevur be blowed down, nor draggled in home-brewd blud."

The toast was drunk without a itch, and the larst of the rum parst off pleasantly.

I kondukted the depptytashun tu the dore.

"It's a fine nite," sed the leader, not noticin the rain, and mistakin the rays of a lamp fur moonlite.

"This isn't larst nite," I observed jently; "its tu-morrer mornin."

"When'll tu-day be yere?" he sed, apparently annyed at the delay.

"Tu-day *is* yere," I replide, showin him my watch tu konfirm the statement.

"Whur's the merry sunshine, then?" he inquired doggedly, lukkin at the end of his pipe.

"They hev'n't got it reddy yet," I answered, amoozed at his insashubul thurst fur informashun.

"They're a long time about it, as ushal," he sed, evidently attribootin the neglek tu sum perlitikle mismanijment, and kawshusly feelin fur the fust step.

Our front dore steps *air* rather awkwurd. They've puzzled me sevrel; but I nevur mistook 'em fur a rockin chair. Wun of the main body did, and we hed tu emply sum strong argyments afore he'd bleeve as he wos awake. He sed he wos thirsty.

They kept wishin me gud nite; but seemed onabul tu get a fair start. At larst they got thur faces in a line, and went off in a zigzag direkshun, singin snatches of patriotik songs.

We hed sevrel othur meetins, and a fu days arfter I ishood the follerin address:—



PART VII.

TU THE ELEKSHUN.

FELLER-SUFFURERS :

A REQUISISHUN, noomerusly sined by myself and sevrel othurs, whose handritin is sumwot kuryusly similar, hez bin planted under my hi fur inspekshun.

Frum this dockiment it appears tu be the jenral wish, as fur as we've got, that I shud let go my hold of fammily neck ties and domestik bliss and throw myself intu the perlitikle debauchery of an elekshun.

Perlitikle debauchery is a pussonal sakrifice.

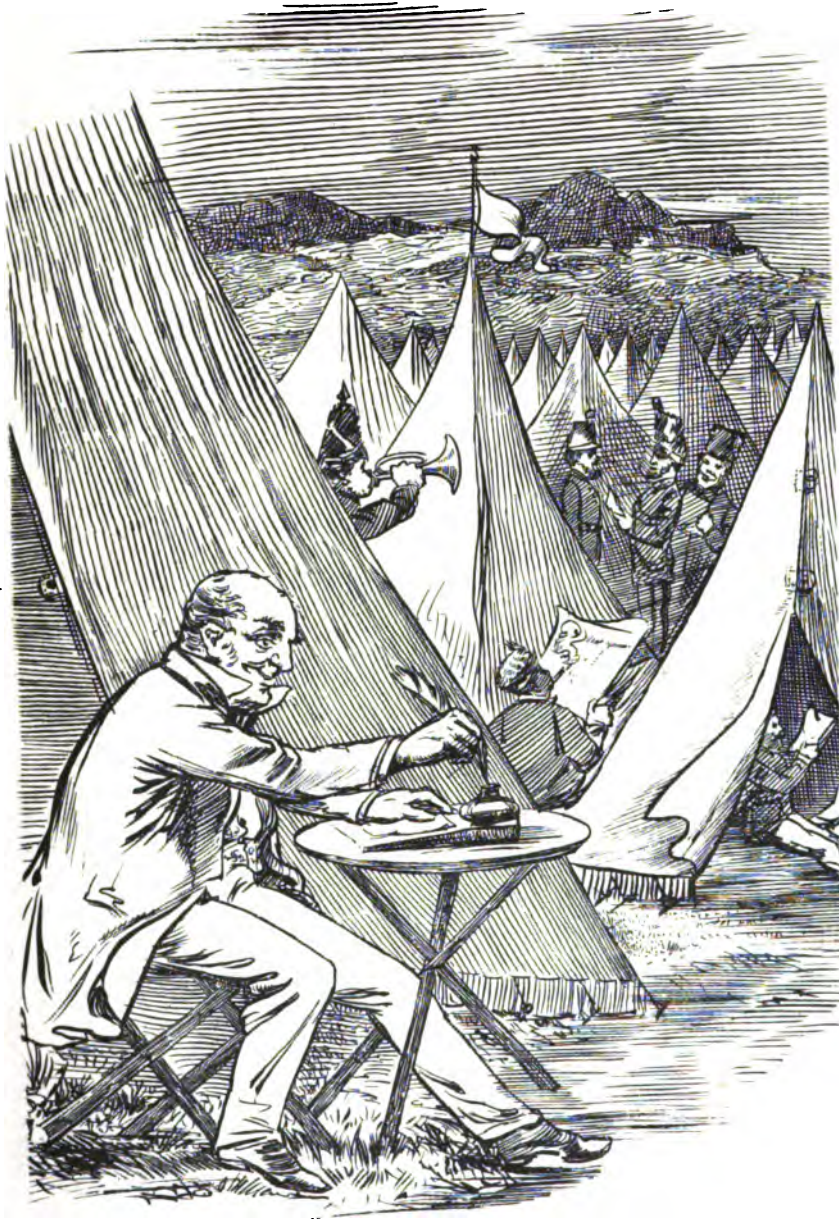
I'm ackustomed tu sakrifices. I onct offured wun on the altur of Dooty, but it wos unkondishonally deklined, as my charges wur konsidurd hi.

The nekst wos throwed with a lavish hand on the altur of Necessity, and ended in gd. in the pound.

The othur wos when me and Mariar laid the celestial kombustibuls tenderly on the altur of Himen, and set fire tu em amid tremenjus silents.

I'm now goin tu sakrifice myself in the lump on the gloryus altur of Liberty, pervided the funds subskribed is suffishent fur this patriotik purpos.

I'm sooted fur publik dooties.



THE N. Y. P. B. K.
PUBLIC R.
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Most of my time hez bin spent within site of a sperit kask, and as a enemy of short meshur I'm wuth a penshun.

The subjek of lickers hez bin a favourite study, and hez engaged much of my undivided attenshun.

The supply of water is a Nashunal questyun. The supply of whisky tu put intu it is a pussonal wun. Arfter noomerus experiments of a painful natur, it's my unbolussed opinyun that, pervided the stummick ken stand it, gettin drunk is only a questyun of time.

Wilfrid Lawson don't bleeve in sperits, yet he hez more rum idears than any man in Jamaikey. He hez bin offen let down, but he's still above proof—and ollis will be.

The United Kingdum-kum Alliance is a bad eg. Pump suckin is fust-rate fur younkens, but it aint in my line—not yet.

Good sperits is enjyabul; but, alas! they air tu often tampered with by sum pusson or pussons ungnown. I'm thurfore prepared tu bring in a bill fur the abolishun of adultery.

I'm in favor of klosin publick-houses durin repairs or when they don't pay. Shuttin 'em up durin church time is onjust tu the women; it don't giv 'em a fair chance of findin thur husbands as aint ollis in the dairy.

I'm a teatotal abolishunist.

I bleeve in the total abolishun of grool, rhuboh, jinger popp, nettle beer, and othur beverijes of a similarly flaterlent karaktur, but shall giv my onkondishunal support tu Skotch whisky, rum, nektor, ambrosia, frankinsents and m-r, etsettery.

Luk intu the parst.

Jamaikey rum, kombined with British men-of-war, in proper proporsuns, hev got the mitey oshun intu subjekshun under 'em. Thur's nuthin like rum fur puttin a little sperit intu histry.

I'm in favor of goin funder than Plimsoll. A bill fur preventin the overloadin of stummicks shall hev my attenshun. It wud save more lives on land than ken evur be saved on sea.

We're givin our women tu much liberty. We're pamperin 'em, makin fools of 'em—teachin 'em tu be men—spilin 'em. Women as women is delishus; but women as men is rediklus. It'll be time enuff tu teach 'em politiks when we ken qualify fur the dooties of wet nussin—not afore.

I'm in favor of the law lukkin arter young girls under sixteen, and old 'uns over sixty. As fur as possibul I'm in favor of lukkin arter the othurs myself.

I'm ded agenst Stuart Mill's rash policy fur givin the women perlitikle rites equal tu thur husbands. Whot shall we du at the day of elekshun if the women is allowed tu take liberty with us? I ken see as that won't bile.

Feller-suffurers, beware!

Men'll ollis be faulty as long as women air frail.

When a man sez he plays with only a moral bowl, yu'd better keep yure hi on his bias.

The man as bleeves in human perfekshun is tu fur gone tu be thar when it kums. It's wuth tryin tu see how ni yu ken get; but it's jes as well tu kalkelate on a probabul disappointment. The man as does his best does all as ken be expekted of him. If he don't turn out a fust-klass angel, he'll hev spiled hisself fur a fust-klass summot eltz.

Equality and fraternity is a perlitikle delooshun. A universal brotherhood's as fur orf as a united sisterhood, and that's as fur orf as distance 'll allow. It's agin a man's grain tu bleeve as he's no better than the wust, and agin a woman's natur tu luk funder than herself fur the best. Sum women air positive—tu positive. Sum air komparative, but a few on 'em air superlative.

I shall vote fur enkurigin the naked truth (except in skulptur figgers), fur freely propagatin the Gospel, and fur redoocin the price of sope—godliness and klenliness air a bit bakkerd.

I'm in favor of kristenin and ultimet vakcinashun, zgether with a moderet use of biled turkey and toasts.

I'm in favor of the gradooal introdukshun of posterity, and the immejut deth of them as don't like the luk of things temporel. We're swarmin tu thick.

I'm in favor of introdoosin a bill tu enabol childern tu selekt thur own parients. A gud many people I gno 'll then hev a gud chance of dyin childless.

I'm in favor of legislatin fur sinners as well as saints. Thurs more on 'em.

Thur air a gud many evils in this world.

Sum of 'em air Social. Some of 'em aint.

The man as bleeves they'll all kum tu a end mebbe is rite as fur as he's konsarned, or she's konsarned, or it's konsarned. But it's jes as well tu kalkelate also that whur they end othurs 'll begin. Sum of 'em 'll begin afore.

It's impossibul tu abolish sin; but it's possibul tu reduce suffurin.

I'm thurfore in favor of votin a plumper fur the possibul.

Why shud a futur kalf suffer fur a prevyus kow? or, a livin saint endure a sorrer fur a left orf sinner? or, a child unborn be punished fur a man that's dead? or, a angel be infekted by a poisoned fiend?

The man as klozes his hies in prayer so as not tu see the evils he meets aint doin much tu keep the young and foolish frum thur early errors or thur early graves.

I bleeve in pervidin hospitals fur people as air bad, but I furdur bleeve in doin summot tu keep people out of 'em.

The wust men hev onct bin innercent, and the wust women hev onct bin pure. None of 'em air bad enuff tu be deserted by them as ken help 'em tu be healthy, or gud, or othurwise.

KONSTITOONTS!

Don't be fooled by pettikoted platformers and weakneed moralists. If thurs a plague among yu—*and there is*—stamp it out.

Matrimony 'll keep the soljers goin. Thur'll ollis be gay Zulus as wont marry enuff, and heroik Turks as will marry tu much. Moral men as air piously miserabul with wun wife a piece wont stand by and see othurs tryin tu be gud and happy with either more or less. 'Taint likely.

If Solomon and David wur in the livin flesh, Gladstone wud konsidur Europe tu pure tu hold 'em, and wud remove thur bag and baggage frum moral grounds. If he hed lived afore the Kristyun era, thur wud hev bin sum vilent renches in Bible histry.

As it is, gettin marrid's like goin a fishing with wun worm; yu may ketch a gud un, or, whot's 'equally more likely, yu may ketch a bad un. Yure bait's spiled in both kases.

Fur aggravatin a man thur's nothin like the wife of his buzzom. Anothur man's wife won't du as well.

Thurfore I'm in favor of alterin the marrige laws as well as the land laws. Thur shud be short leases, so as in both kases the property kud be handed back with all impruvments if it aint wuth renewin. This is a meshur as must be tride tu be appreshiated.

I'm in favor of diskreshun, combined with valor. In all kases of dispooot between a man and his wife it's ollis better tu resolve yureself intu a nootral gender, and wait tu see which is the stronger sex, afore yu interfere.

I'm in favor of every man, woman, and child hevin a vote on the teeth qualifikashun (which 'll unfortunately exklood a gud many under six months, and a gud many over sixty years old); still I don't think we ken yet ventur tu extend the franchise tu the lower order of animals, as sum of 'em is wantin in intellijents, and a gud many of 'em air ondowtedly defishent in manners.

If yu want more voters thurs nothin like extendin the franchise. If yu want more wisdom its no use goin tu them as hev got none.

Bright, and Chamberlain, and Dilke, and the rest of 'em hev bin tryin tu persuade the wust as they air as gud as the best. As they thurselves don't seem tu be the best, it luks as if thurfore they're wus than the best.

Mebbe they're only foolin the workin man. Yu ken only konvert a ploughman intu a politishun by spilin him as a ploughman; jes the same as yu kud only konvert Jo Chamberlain intu a Konservative by spilin him as a misleader of a ignorant residuum.

The land questyun's still afore us, and ollis will be still afore us. We're krowded tu thick on sum parts, and tu thin on othurs. In the thin parts, I'm in favor of every man hevin a garden and every woman a perambulator. The study of Natur is soothin and purifyin. Thurs nothing like it.

The land laws want olterin. As I've got none myself, I'm in favor of anybody hevin sum of mine. As soon as I get sum I shall be prepared tu muv an amendment.

I'm in favor of dividin England intu small Irish farms. The rent fur the fust fu years tu be paid by the landlord, and after that the land tu bekom the sole property of the tenant, the tenant retainin the rite tu kompel the prevyus landlord tu effekt all reazonabul impruvments as time goes on.

A eazy transfer of land shud hev immejut attenshun.

The Rooshuns hev bin trying it in Asia fur sum time parst. It seems tu be agreein with 'em.

The Germans air follerin suit in sum smaller patches as air purty well watered round the koast.

But it don't luk as if hoistin flags on othur people's flag poles 'll help on the millenyum much.

A tu rapid development means subsequent weakness, and want of stamina means quick decay. Buildin in a hurry ain't no gud.

When a man offers yu summot as don't blong tu him yu'd better make up yure mind at onct how much furder yu're goin tu trust him. Dishonesty isn't ollis wunsided.

A Afrikan desert's a gud place for tryin Republikan experiments. Its roomy and dry and jes ripe for impruvments. The sile's sandy and the sunshine's about as willin tu help things out of the ground as yu ken reazonably expekt it tu be. Yu ken enter this yere yaller patch at any moment as the tenant farmer's promised land. A landlord hezn't bin konsidered necessary so fur. Thurs no wun tu objekt tu fixity of tenure, and yu ken hev the hole or part on Griffiths's valuashun. It don't take anythin tu keep it in repair, and evikshun's a thing ongnown. It's wun of the fu places whur the dream of a equal distribooshun of property assooms a praktikal form. The North Pole's anothur. In kountries whur thurs anythin that's wuth sumthin its unpossibul.

Agrikultur is natur's fust law. Sowin wild oats is the roodimentry beginnin, as jenerelly ends in a gud krop of sorrer. A man don't kare fur plantin 'em more than onct. Furdur, it does the land gud tu change the krops. If yu gro nothin but korns, yu'll hev tu put yure best fut foremost tu keep pace with

the times. Thurfore I'm in favor of introdoosin a bill fur manurin Kreashun with Radikle idears. Its a safe meshur. They're rotten. Thur aint strenth enuff in 'em tu du any harm, and they kant take root whur thur's lite.

But agrikultur don't suit everybody. A gud many of 'em don't make it pay, and sum of 'em kant. If yu wur tu give a kollier a farm, he'd jes as likely be krawlin under it half his time, and lyin down on it the othur half. That farm wud be more barren at the finish than if the barrenest of Barons had kep it.

We've gud laws, but redoosed profits. Everythin's well ordered. A man kan't marry his own grandmother, and he don't often bile over fur anybody eltses. Sum people don't take kindly tu the laws, but I guess the laws take kindly tu them.* The prizon cells air full of 'em. Skilly and toke's argyin with 'em. Thur's nothin like low diet fur makin people moral. Eddykatin 'em aint no gud. Yu may jes as well polish sum of 'em with furnitur paste.

Luk at our workin men. They *hev* helped tu make our kountry great. They *hev* built a empire that hez no sunset. Whur thur's lite thur's the British workman; whur thur's darkness thur he is in krowds. He's all over the shop. Luk intu histry—he's thur. He's bin useful in the parst; he wants tu be ornamental in the futur—thur's a new mujik in his sole. The days of the sackbutt hev parst, and the beer-barrell orgin reigns in his sted. Skool Boards air at him; they're tryin tu make him as miserabul as thumselves. Politishuns air at him; they'll let all the sawdust out of him. Republikans and sinners air blowin gas intu him; he'll bust.

* Every othur man is more or less dishonest, and the rest require karful watchin.

Thur's plenty of summot tu du in this world, and plenty of time tu du nothin in the next, but the workin man sets about his day's work as if he hed a week tu du it in.

The man as does the least work seems tu want the most pay, and the man as doesn't work at all seems tu require more rest than the man as does.

Thur's nothin like work and wages fur the workin man. Its no use pervidin him with cheap bread if he hez nothin tu buy it with.

I'm in favor of appintin sumbody tu luk arfter the depreshun of trade afore its tu late. Thur aint much but the depreshun left, and whot little trade thur is 'll be gone if we go on foolin with a wun-sided filanthropy, and keep tryin tu do the greatest gud tu the greatest number at the sole expense of ourselves.

Free Trade's a luvly idear when it pays. It sounds rite tu poets and painters, and piano players, and party politishuns, but when it don't pay its jes as well tu luk karefully at it agen afore yu admire it enuff tu manure it with furder dollars. Mebbe we've got it tu virulent, hevin tuk all on it tu soon. Them its agreein with keep rekommendin it. Them as don't like it wud as soon hev meazels. It don't seem as if it wud walk much furder by itself. Praps that's bekos its bin karrid tu fur.

I bleeve in pervidin gud homes fur the working klases—and furder, I bleeve in makin 'em live thar. If yu kan't make all on 'em virtyus, yu ken make sum of 'em komfortabul.

Unregistered angels shud be self-supportin. A idle man requires speshul leglashun. If he won't work enuff tu satisfy his appetite, etsettery, in this world, he shud be made tu dy enuff tu qualify hissself fur the nekst.

Able-bodied pawpurs aint wuth presarvin.

Onct on a time the British workman bleeved in work. He went tu bed in the twilite, got up with the sun, wiped his brow in the sunset, and thanked God that he hed strenth tu toil. I bleeve in the workin man as a workin man, but as anythin eltz he's nothin.

Luk at our soljers. Every wun of 'em is a host in hisself. Thur's no red kote in the land as kuddent raise a squad round him. Let danger kum to the Old Kountry, and thur 'll be no civilyuns. Women and childern 'll kry tu foller the fife and drum. Kripples 'll resolve thurseives intu a sub-kommittee of bustin torpedoes afore a fo shall tear down the Union Jak. That's a flag as 'll nevr form a pavement fur the fut of a konkeror.

The British Iles aint tu be touched. Nevur !

I'm thurfore in favor of makin every man a soljer as soon as possibul. If he aint wuth powder and shot he aint wuth anythin.

I'm in favor of gorey wars fur them az is that way disposed. But bleedin aint a favorite amoozement of mine. Fur thinnin overkrowded fammilies howevur, it stands onequaled.

If a thing's wuth fitin fur its wuth keepin when yu've got it. If it aint wuth anythin, let sumbody eltz fite fur it.

I'm thurfore in favor of makin every peer and every pawpur a soljer. Fustly, bekos the wun hez plenty of his own tu fite fur ; and sekondly, bekos the othur hez plenty of anybody eltzes tu settle down on. When everybody bleeves he's goin to possess summot as don't blong to him the world 'll be purty hopeful.

A defensive policy's fust rate when yuve nothin tu defend. When its othurwise its different.

But sum men seem tu hev bin born in a attitood of defence, and hev nevr bin able tu twist thurselves out of the kurve.

They spend half thur time in waitin tu be nokked down, and the othur half in waitin tu be picked up.

As long as they live they air like the worm that dieth not. Both on 'em air trampled on in the end.

I don't kotton tu worms. As politishuns they air tu pliabul and pusilanermus. If they hed votes John Bright wud flatter 'em till he spiled 'em. He'd make 'em bleeve they wur boar konstrikturs afore he'd done with 'em.

Fur a time the world wur satisfide with naphtha and ile, and Radikle gas, and Bright exhalashuns, and lurid vishuns of summot as ken nevur kum, and the innoomerabul residuum waited pashuntly while thur appetites wur bein whetted by false politishuns fur a futur feast on the impossibul.

I'm in favor of a furrin policy as don't wait tu be hit. The fust blow ollis skores wun. The sekond don't ollis kum orf.

Its no use postponin a war till yu've bin robbed of yu've ammunishun.

Nevur put orf till tumorrer any fitin as yu ken du tудay.

If thur's a fite brewin it's no use sending Gladstone out to squirt wind at the fo, and if John Bright went tu sum on 'em its jes possibul they mite mistake him fur a eatabul.

When thur's a man in the garden with burglar irons stickin out of his pockets, it's jes as well not tu waste much time in praye till that man's orf. The site of an adjacent blunderbuss 'll soffen sum karakters sooner than the gift of a fammely bible.

When a man pints a loaded gun at yu and makes bleeve its only a teleskope, yu'd better not wait fur a quarrel with that man, but take the shooter afore he blows yu intu a angel.

I'm in favor of layin in a gud stock of scientifik frontiers when we can get 'em cheap. If yu hev'n't wun as is wuth hev'in, yu'd

better get wun afore they're all bespoke. Thur'll be a great demand fur 'em by & by.

Bad uns air no gud except fur berryin grounds. The wus they air the more they kost.

Gladstone seems tu bleeve that frontier cemeteries air as gud as fortifikashuns fur defensive purposes. But they aint.

I'm in favor of a thousand years of peace—when we ken get 'em; but I'm lukkin forrud jes now fur a thousand years of othurwise, more or less. The millenyum hez hung fire, if sobbe it hezn't fizzed orf at the tutch ole. Lord Bekonsfield disappointed eddykated Librels by keepin it back without gettin the Irish vote upon the questyun. They sed he'd busted thur Konstitooshun.

Summot's the matter sintz Gladstone's bin in bloom. Thur hez bin a war in South Ameriky, which wos a Chilian, and a war in Turkey which wos a hot 'un. Thur hev bin fluds and earthquakes and tempests all over the shanty, and Radikle ruinashun all over the shop. Famine, pestilents, bad trade, parliamentry obstrukshun, and in the froot season thur'll be—stummick ake.

I'm ded agenst an Englishman as draggles his flag in the dirt. Sum Radikles karry the Union Jak upside down—pole upards.

When Gladstone gets nokked down—and it aint long afore he is nokked down—he gets up and walks orf as if he gnowed how it wud be, and hed done all as wos expekted of him by a grateful people.

He hez chucked away millions of money and armies of men, and hez satisfide a nation's honor by takin defeat in full payment fur sakrifices made.*

*He's ollis landin us in a ole is the Grand Hole Man. Statesmanship don't entirely konsist of a direkt axin of trees and a undirekt answerin of questyuns.

He kum away from Majuba tu soon, and went tu Kartoum tu late. Thur'll be a bigger bill and a higher hill than Majuba tu klimb nekt time, and the Kartoum niggers 'll want tu see summot more afore they bleeve much in the Union Jak.

He overloaded his fust ark with poektry, spiritool bilgewater, and a shifting kargo of perlitikle konvikshuns.

Its a wonder how the infant Plimsoll stud it.

He hez sintz overloaded our gud old ship with weak kon-ceshuns tu our foes, and kountless sakrifices tu them as don't pertend tu be our friends, handed over with a child-like belief in the simple doktrine—"Guv untu othurs everythin othurs wud hev yu guv untu them."

Its a Bright idear; but the kolor runs a bit when its washed.

If yu guv up everythin as everybody eltz wants, yu won't hold on tu anythin at the finish as is wuth fitin fur, and its jes possibul the millenyum 'll be tu wun-sided tu soot yu.

Mebbe if the millenyum 'll soot anybody, it 'll best soot them as hev kollard the biggest lot afore it sets in.

Thur hev bin a gud many Kommunes in the world, but the French Kommune was the most Kommune'y'un of the hole bilin. It was a Kommune'y'un of no cents, a unforguvness of sum Seiners, and the insurrekshun of a body of irrekoncilabul idjuts.

When a great people forget thurselves so fur as tu kum down tu democracy, they'll forget thurselves funder and kum down tu dem—anythin.

The Librel Government hez bin fickle as wuthless women, and feeble as weak men, and hev filled histry with the blunders of a hopeless and helpless inkapacity. They hev guv up whot shud hev bin kept, and hev undone whot hed bin well done. They hev smothered patriotism tu sekure place; hev misled a people

tu maintain a party, and hev fooled thur friends with promises as hev nevur onct bin kept, and hev fed 'em with prophecies as hev nevur onct bin fulfilled. They talk tu much fur men.

A man as fools with his friends and funks with his foes is not wuth backin fur dollars. We want hearts of oak at the helm ; sum as both friends and foes kan rely on fur at least summot.

The man as tries tu make yu bleeve as he's shakin hands with yu when all the while he's got his both hands intu yu're pockets is a useless ornament in the Kreashun as fur as yu're konsarned.

No kountry kan afford tu fill useless graves with useful heroes.

What is wuth fitin fur is wuth stickin tu.

When Gladstone fites fur hisself he don't ollis fail.

When he fites fur anybody eltz he don't ollis suckceed.

But he's ollis certin tu be onreliabul.

A maximist of ongnown truthfulness hez sed—

A fust klass liar shud hev a fust klass membry.

Gladstone hez a membry—a fust klass 'un. That is so.

But its okkurd tu hev a membry as ken remember anythin as we'd rather forget.

Luk at the follies of yure youth and the errors of yure age.

Luk at the follies of *his* youth, and the errors of *his* age.

Ach ! Kuver 'em up. Luk at summot eltz.

Thur's nothin like brevity if yu want tu be brief. Yu ken tell a man yure privet opinyun of him, or indikate how he's tu purceed intu futurity in jes about three words. Luk what an epitomist ken do fur Gladstone. He ken put two hours' hard talkin intu two minits eazy readin. Yet that epitomist may be komparatifly no use at disestablishin a Church, or a forest, or at tearin oles in the Union Jak.

Luk at yure Kolonies! Big nashuns of ripenin manhood as 'll not forget tu stand by yu as long as yu remember tu be troo tu them; luv in the old kountry as childern luv them as nussed 'em in thur early time, and taught 'em how tu walk when thur kradle got tu small fur 'em, and how tu fite when thur strenth kame. They've left the old hearthstun, but they've not forgotten it, and when a danger kums ni the Union Jak they'll rally round like men and dy-like heroes afore a furrin fo shall evur tear it down.

But Kolonies won't kotton tu a Kabinet of kowards, nor will patriots back up poltroons. Brave men ken only be governed by brave ministers, and if evur Britannia pegs down tu be a painted Queen of Sheba or a perlitikle Jezabel, or a pettikoted Judas, it'll be time fur sum of us tu go home.

This yere old Empire's builded on old foundashuns as 'll stand fur evur, but the pillars as rest upon 'em aint all of wun strenth. Wun of 'em 'll sum day guv way fust. If sobbe its the old Hindoo pillar, thurs no gnowin how much of the old roof 'll kum down with it. Thurfore, I'm in favor of karryin out the restorashuns and repairs of that Hindoo pillar at onct. Lord Randolph's runnin his hi round the base on it, and up tu the top on it, and he's not the kind of weazel as is likely tu fall asleep under rotten props and krumblin stun.

Thur hev bin two prophets in these days. The Mahdi wos wun of 'em. He's ded.

Gladstone was the othur wun. He's the wust we've evur hed.

He kan't even fluke a rite 'un. He prophesied gud trade and prosperus times with little or no inkome tax when he got intu orfice. The workhusses air full of fammelies as gnow how troo that wos. They've all on 'em qualifide fur the no-inkome tax,

but Gladstone's forgot all about 'em, and he's now boomeranging round in a ungnown orbit getting up summot tasty fur the next elekshun.

Parlyment wants refurnishin. A gud many seats 'll hev tu be refilled this time with summot as won't sag. The Librel Kabinet's bruk up, and a new un 'll hev tu be made. Thur aint no better material fur it than Hicks-Beach. Its durable and free from rot. Randolph gnows all about it. He's bin lukkin arfter our Woodstock purty well, and is now a fust rate man fur a larch konstitooency.

The Irish questyun aint yet drawed tu a klose. It hez bin enjyed by the universe and othur parts fur sum centuris, and is still afore us.

Fightin fur a equal distribooshun of poverty, and sheddin blud fur delooshuns jinrelly, the people of that anshunt sile hev okkashunally daubed thurselves ovur with war paint tu konceal the nakedness of the land, and so doin hev attrakted the atten-shun of the savijes of the fur west. Onct a feeble war-kry ishood frum among the kabbijes, and years aftur anothur bustid orf among the snow that kuverd the tatur forests of ould Ireland, and then it was ekoed back frum the banks of the Sent Lawrents, and then thur wos silents, and everybody seemed sorry he'd spoke.

NOW I'M PREPARED TU MUV THE FOLLERIN REZOLUSHUNS:

"That, in the opinyun of this house, Ireland is perlitikally and morally fly blowed.

"That nothin ken be dun tu bottel up the fizzin of delooded patriots.

"That the women is as bad as the men—only nicer.

"That the follerin remedies shud be tried :—

"Fust,—Enkurridge soocide, emigrashun, and natrel deth.

"Sekond,—Stop the supply of infants, and allay sweethartin.

"Thurd,—Giv all the women and childern a quarter's notis tu quit.

"And finelly,—Invite the seven plagues tu kum and enjy thurselves."

Ireland's a geografikal error. It's got sumhow intu the rong hemisfere. The shillelah patriots won't be satisfide till they muv it nearer tu the settin sun. I'm thurfore in favor of kartin it ovur tu Ameriky. The sile's tu poor fur a few, and small ruined farmers ain't noomerus enuff tu do any gud. Thur ain't suffishunt facilities offered tu all on us fur takin a hand in bad harvests and tater rot.

But yu kud draw nothin but hard lines with Home Rulers. They kan't thurselves. They're tu kombustibil fur anythin but firewood. They'll make luvly fire liters in the sweet by and by.

I shall oppose all reckless and suddent change. I konsider givin a man wun and six fur a shillin is a finanshul error as don't need furdur deskripshon.

The questyun of health is sumwot important. I've kep it in vu fur sum time, and if sent tu Parlyment nothin shall be wantin on my part tu purvent (as fur as possibil) deth frum kausin anothur elekshun in yure town.*

I've a number of bills reddy tu lay before Parlyment ; sum of 'em hev bin owin sum time, and wun pusson, a taller chandler, is pressin fur his money in langwidje as gnows no bounds.

* If anybody luvs yu enuff tu dy fur yu, yu'd better postpone thur larst moments as long as yu ken. Thur'll ollis be a gud many left as 'll let yu dy fur them.

FELLER-SUFFURERS :—

Now is the present time ; be up and doin. Vote with soverins on the ballot principul ; the undersined 'll see as they air kounted rite, and the numbers shall be stuck up every now and then durin the memoraboble day.

The Radikle flag is slippin down the pole in a fadid state, and at the moment of ritin aint more nor half mast hi. Them as is round it air all of a heap. The onparralleld deth of Oliver Kromwell and the hi price of pervishuns hev throwed thur kamp intu konfooshun, and they air illoominated with total darkness.

Everythin they've tutchted they've spiled.

They're out of sperits, and the beer kask hez guv way, owin tu overtaxashun.

Afore these alarming simptoms set in, sevrel as wur devoted tu the kause watched it nite and day. But it's all no gud. The Radikle fire is gone spark out, the Radikle flag is goin flop down. The Radikle poll is sketched bald, and Ickabod is the futur imaje and superskripshun of the hole bilin.

With feelins as is seldum equalled and nevr surparst,

Yures, pantin fur the fray,

ELIJER GOFF.

P.S.—The present mode of decidin perlitikle argyments by a mutool rendin of garmint as them anshunt loonatik did, is onsooted tu modern idears. I shall thurfore ishoo a track tu every voter, kontainin rules fur fitin and a few ints on treatin wounds and bruises, and blue lumps. My kormitty rooms 'll be supplide with boxin gloves fur the eddykashun of them as is onakustomed tu the franshise. Everythin necessary 'll be taut tu

enabul 'm tu let out strong frum the shoulder and go strate tu the poll. (Dentists and eminent bone-setters 'll be in attendance durin the elekshun.)

Furder P.S.—It seems tu be the determined intenshun of sevrel of the perlitikle chiefs and a gud number of the rank and vile, tu present me with a testimonial of the esteem with which thur manly buzzoms is kram full. It's a muvment as meets my unqualifide approval and cheerful sankshun. Ornaments is apt tu be locked up, and ultimetly melted down at an enormus sakrifice; thurfore on sound principuls it wud possess addishunal attrakshun if it kum in the form of a puss of sovrins about the size of a ten pound bladder of lard.

PART VIII.

WUN day I wos intervood fur the purpos of bein entered intu a dikshonary.

The pusson as kalled on me with this lawdoble objek sed "he'd tuk a gud many lives alreddy. and wud be appy tu take mine."

I told him "I hedn't quite done with it."

He sed I misunderstud him. He wos a litrery man, and wos ritin sketches of livin orthurs fur a large work he hed in the press.

"Hez Tommy Karlyle surrendurd?" I inquired, as a garrantee of the book's respektability.

"He hez," he sed, with pardonabul humility.

"And Dizzy, Gusty Sala, Tom Hud, Main Reed, Bosko, Topper, and the rest of em; hev they bin entered?"

"Yes," he sez, apparently endeavourin tu konfine hissself strickly tu inakkeracy.

"Well, then," I sed, "yu ken sit down fur my portrait."

He sot down.

He sed he'd ask me a fu questyuns, and tuk out his note book and pencil.

I lit my pipe.

Thur was silents!

"Whar wur yu born?" he asked.

"In a remote part of the nineteenth sentry," I answered.

"Du yu remembur the cirkumstance?" he inquired, with a vu tu test my membry.

"Not distinkly," I replide, utterly unkonshus of hevin spoke the truth; "my mother was ill at the time."

"Wos yure father present?" he asked,

"No," I sed, "he wos at a meetin of church-wardens, and didn't gno I'd kum. He kame home sufferin frum bowl komplaint, and seemed glad tu see me. He sot on me."

"Whot air yure earliest rekkolekshuns?" he pursood, lukkin intu my hies as if he expekted sum of my brains wud make thur appearunts.

"No trowsurs and korporeal punishment," I sed, referrin tu a mode of korrekshun adopted by my earliest friends.

"Did yu manifest any decided tastes at an early age?" he inquired.

"Yes," I sez, "I'd a taste fur meazles. I hed em three times."

"Wur yu fond of muzik?" he kontinnerd, not a bit dekomposed at the answer.

"Pashunetly," I sez. "I blowed a orgin fur ten years."

"Whot ken yu play?"

"Skittles, allfores, dominoes, poker, pitch and——"

"I mean whot instrouments," he interrupted.

"Nevur did," I sed, a bit skratte by his questyuns, and fur the minit forgotten his objek.

He lukked at me as if my kostoom konsisted entirely of kote-tails.

I was very ni resolvin myself intu a kommittee.

"Wos yure father well-tu-du?" he began.

"Middlin, but sints his deth I've heard he's better off. We don't korrespond."

"Hed he a noomerus fammily?"

"Yes, I wos the wun. He used tu say I was too many fur him, and nevur got tired kountin me. He did it with a strap."

"He's not livin?"

"Not sints his deth."

"When did yu fust manifest a taste fur literatoor?" he inquired, without stoppin tu smile.

"When I wos purty well advanced in pooburty," I replide.

"Wur yure fust ritins in poetry or prose?"

"I wos fust melted down intu thurteen vusses of poetry, brote on by a rediklus noshun that my manly buzzum wos made fur a woman's heart. I dedikated my idears tu Mariar."

"Wos she the lady of yure luv?" he asked tenderly.

"She ni killed me," I replide.

"With luv?"

"No, fire-irons."

"Then yu marrid her," he sed, noddin approvinly.

"I regret tu say yu've told the truth," I sez solumly.

"I hope she's well," he obsurved.

"Yu hevnt the pleashur of gnowin *her*," I sez, amazed at anybody hevin the kourage tu express such a sentiment; and I sied.

"It seems a painful subjek tu yu," he said, with a softened manner, as led me tu konklood he gnu summot of fire-irons.

"It *was* painful at the time," I sez, instinktifly puttin my hand tu sevrel places at onct, as hed bin interfered with in former days, "but the impreshuns air gradooly wearin out. Mariar is no more," I added, klosin my hies and tryin tu delood myself with the delishus idear.

He shuk me by the hand, and kondoled me with a fu kon-graterlashuns.

We purceeded.

"Whot wur yure next litrery works?" he inquired.

"Sum fujitive pieces as nobody evur overtuk; a book on bettin; a volum of anekdotes (konfuskated by gov'ment fur bein tu miscellanyus); a papur on the soldier's system, rekkomendin deth; and a pamflet on the beauty of bein ugly, also rekkomendin deth."

"Did they sell well?"

"Yes," I sed, "it seemed tu be the jenrel opinion I sold a gud many, konsiderin the number printed."

"Then this ortobiogrefy?"

"Yet," I sez, "it ort," without in the least gnowin whot he ment. I didn't understand his long word; he didn't seem tu understand my short uns; so we lukked inquirin at wun anothur.

"Thur air sevrel blots in yure book," he sed sternly, as if performin a publik dooty.

"Yes," I sez, "my pen spurkled."

"I refer tu moral blots," he pursood.

"Yes," I replide, "morals spurkled tu."

"Thur air pajes that wud be better omitted," he kontinnerd, without admittin my explanashun.

"A hunderd and thirty on 'em," I interruptid, by way of givin him summot indefinite tu work on.

"No, *not* a hunderd and thirty," he sed, bowin tu give forse tu the flatterin kontradikshun, "but *sum*. Moral ears will find diskords in yure book. Moral hies will be pained at sum of its pickturs, and it will be klosed with regretful sighs before it hez bin half read."

"Moral hies and ears kant altur the parst," I sez. "Let 'em hear and see whot hez bin, and then let 'em turn up thur shirt sleeves tu put it right. Kontentid morality means indifferents, and indifferents means kondamnashun." (I used the milder word as he seem'd a bit sensitif.) "Did pius people with klosed hies and ears evur du any gud? Did a man as nevur read anything but Genesis gno much about Revelashuns? Did evur a parson's son as wos nurished on precept evur turn out a kredit tu his fammily? Did evur a fireside Kristyun do as much gud as he might hev done if he'd let hisself loose intu the world? Did a man as nevur hed toothake evur gno whot toothake meant? or a T totaller that nevur felt the fever of thirst hev any idear of the temptashun offurd by a bottle of beer?" I stopped tu breath in triumf.

"In yure perlitikle address tu the elektors," he said, changin the subjek, "yu sed nothin on the questyun of Skool Boards. Whot is yure opinyun of 'em?"

"Thur's enuff tu stock a timber yard," I sez, "but all on 'em hez gnots, and waney edges, and so 4th. They've made a fundamental error in addmittin women. Thur's only tu places fur women: the kradle and the grave. Luk at Lyddy Bekker! Whot's she among so many?"

"Yu don't bleeve in women's perlitikle rights?" he sez, smilin pashuntly.

"Yes," I sez, "as I bleeve in women's soshul rongs. They shud be swept away. When a woman hez kindly introdoosed a large fammily, and watched over 'em till they ken watch over her, and hez warmed her husband's slippers (etsettery, etsettery), and hez helped the poor, and nussed the sick, she's done all as natur intendid. She wants no boards, except fur ironin."

"But in yure perlitikle address yu advokated givin votes tu women," he interruptid, turnin over the proof-sheets of my book.

"My perlitikle address vos adulterated fur a radikle konstitooney," I sed, winkin, in a marjinal note, and adroitly keepin the intellijents frum wun side of my face with my open hand. "A subsequent meshure wud hev konfinid thur votes tu questyuns touchin on the subjek of providin materials fur a futur census, and tu other questyuns relatif tu makin the pot bile."

"That's an important explanashun," he sed, writin it down with avidity.

"Du yu bleeve in abolishin the purchis system?" he inquired, arftur praisin the army with a fu disparajin remarks.

"Entirely," I sez. "When we ken get everythin fur nothin, we shall, sum of us, be appier. It appears tu be gettin a major jenrel idear" (millitery langwidje).

"How would *yu* refine the world?" he asked suddently, arftur sharpenin his pencil tu a pint.

"Fust refine the women, and then fasten up the men," I sez. "Thur's no othur method, and this un kant be redoosed tu a system. Thur air konstitooshunal diffikulties in the way," I sed, gettin puzzled with my hastily-prepared program, and hezitatatin whether tu suggest stronger meshures.

"Then thur's no hope," he sied cheerfully.

"Not this side the peter-blue-perfek," I replide. "A gud

many of us wud be the better fur sum impruvments, but without konsiderabul alterashuns perfekshun 's the dream of an onushally healthy stummick."

"Yu feel strongly," he sed.

"Yes," I sez (thinkin he refurd tu my health); "I'm a gud deal better than I wos. My doktor ordered me a bottle of wine every day fur a gargle. It does me gud."

He tuk down my doktor's name and address, and sed his throte hed bin sore fur sum time. I asked him if he'd hev a gargle. He sed he wud.

He gargled sevrel times.

Arter givin the remedy a fair trial, he lukked at his notes and resoomd.

"Whot do yu konsider the most remarkabul event in yure life?"

"My birth," I sed emfatikely. "I don't think it'll evur okkur agen."

"Whot wur yure pekooliarities as a boy?"

"Oles in my trowsurs, and frequent attacks of stummick ake."

"Whot wur yure favourite amoozements?"

"Makin pinkushons of boys with short jackets, and penwipers of boys with long uns; chewin injy rubber and unripe froot; thinnin over-loaded apple trees; ruinin Sunday hats; and tryin tu quench hunger, but without any permanent result. I onct set fire tu my granmother, but it wos only in fun."

"Hev yu evur met with any akcident?"

"Yes," I sez, "I onct lost the use of a soot of kloze thru bein robbed, and onct I wus fund insensibul on a dore step. It wos diskovered that I hed bruk my pledge. Thur wur a gud many

akcidents that nite. It wos New Year's Eve, and our throtes wur very slippery owin tu a sharp frost."

He turned over a new leaf.

"Yu refur tu hevin bin among the Injuns," he sed. "How did they receive yu?"

"Koldly," I sez. "We fust exchanged kloze, which put me intu ondispooted posseshun of a soot of war paint of the koarsest quality, tho' skarsley warm enuff fur the season. We then purceeded tu diskuss the desirability of my jynin a small party about tu start fur anothur world. I sed I wos tired, and wud like 'em tu take plenty of time tu konsider, so as not tu hurry it. They cut about a pound of very vallybul flesh orf me fur this remark, and then sed I kud sit down. I sed I kuddent, and deklined, fur stratejik and othur reasons. Fur sevrel days I seemed tu form thur principul amoozement. I parst a month of sufferin thar very pleasantly, but in the end got tired of so much sameness, and ran orf without wishin 'em gud by. When I reached the fust village, I put on a new soot of rhubob leaves. I lukked moderet well in 'em."

It wos tu dark fur funder observashuns, so he klozed his book and rose tu go.

"I hev tu thank yu," he sed, very ni upsettin me intu the twilite, "fur a very pleasant intervoo. Tho' yu differ frum me perlitikly, yu agree with me medicinelly. My throte's quite eazy now."

"Never gnu it fail," I sez, helpin him on with his hat and umbreller. "It's like all othur fissik, wun sized dose don't du fur all; thur's no regler standard fur the stretch of stummicks. Whot eazes wun busts anothur.

He began hummin a salm toon.

"The days air gettin very short," he sed, stumblin over the dore mat with a jerk as sent sum hot week-day sentiments out of him. "Winter 'll be ontu us afore we gno wur we air."

I reminded him we was only in early spring.

"I thote twoz latur," he sez, pullin out his watch tu pruv the korrekness of my statement. "Yes," he korroberated, "yu air rite within a minit or tu."

"Mind the steps," I shouted, seein him walkin on as if everythin afore him was uphill, and rememberin how othur politishuns hed missed thur futtin on a prevyus okkashun.

"It's all rite," he sez, goin head 4 most down three at a time, and perceedin in a rapid direkshun towards the bottom. "It's all rite."

He stud on the pavement as if wonderin whot hed brote him thur, and then with great delibrashun wished me gud nite. He sed he'd enjyd takin my life, and exprest a willinness tu do it agen.

I thanked him fur his gud wishes, and hoped I might hev a chance of doin him a simler favor.

He sed he didn't think he shud be abul tu kall agen.

Then he suddently sank deep in thote, and strikin abruply intu a windin direkshun he was soon lost tu voo.



PART IX.

THEN kums anothur period, and very ni a full stop.

The dooties of the elekshun hed kum ontu us with ackustomed severity, and hed begun tu tell. Natur kant stand more than a certin quantity, even fur the gud of our kountry, and sum of the noblest patriotik feelins hev bin offen obliterated by gripin pains of a kolikal kind.

It wos very ni bein so in the kase afore us.

I'd bin feelin upside down fur sevrel days, but the effeck wosn't suffishently onushal tu attrack my attentshun.

I thurfore tuk no notis.

Wun mornin, howevur, near the middle of the nite, when darkness hez everythin its own way, I experienced sensashuns as indoosed me tu bleeve I wos about tu turn inside out.

I sot up.

In the konfooshun of the moment my fust idear wos tu send fur the perlissee; but suddently rememburin it wos ten tu wun they wud take up the rong party, I abandoned the idear, and, arfter groanin plaintivly fur whot appeared tu be about three weeks, I fell asleep.

I dreamt I wos bein konverted intu sassingers.

It wos still dark when I agen awoke with a jerk as very ni snapped the spinal kord.

Without a moment's loss of time I opened my hies, and tu my horrer diskovered a pain under the bed kloze. On examinin it minootly I fund it blonged tu me. It wos a pain of extraordinary proporshuns, as kuddent be properly felt without bein appreciated.

It sumwot resembled a stummik ake projoosed by partakin tu freely of melted lead arfter a heavy supper. I'd nevur seen a pain like it afore, or arfter, or sints.

I'd gnown a gud many kinds of sufferin in my ante mundane kareer, but this time I'd kaut a Torture.

I tride tu konsole myself by rememburin hevin seen sumbody eltz inturnally expozed tu voo; but membry refoosed tu be a party tu any such decepshun.

I revood the parst.

Thur hed bin times when the Angel Mariar hed flapt her wings, and hed (tu use the sweet langwidje of the poet) made this "appy erth a L,"* and hed projoosed sensashuns as mite be korrekly deskribed as blongin solely tu this world; but membry indignuntly repoodiated the idear of my evur hevin bin turned inside out afore, even fur her. Tu du Mariar justis, she nevur tampered with me internally, tho' she meddled with my exturnal feelins tu a vilent extream, and made me offen regret that fissickle strenth shud evur akkompany mentul weakness. She nevur labured much under anythin, but if she did it wos under the delooshun that my head wos a stamp as required a gud deal of lickin afore it wud propurly stick tu her. She wos proud of the idear, and repetedly explained it in a manner as left nothin tu be desired.

Dredful gripin pains yere again set in, as required my ondivided attenshun, and fur sum time I wos kept fully okkypied in groanin over a brandy bottle.

* I'm afeard tu spell the word in full. People don't allow anybody but gud pussons tu use bad words. A parson is permitted by the most deliket tu kondam 'em 20 times in 20 minits; but if Elijer Goff ventured tu du it without wearin a surpliss, onct in 20 years, he wud get exklooded frum pius and peaceful homes, and be put tu eturnal silentz fur evur. Thuifore I ollis use the letter "Heil" alfabettykully.

If the nite hed bin meshured with a tape, it kuddent hev bin longer.

Darkness hed fell upon the earth, and thur it lay. Thur was no movin it.

I folded myself up in a blankit, and onct more relapsed intu thote.

Yes ; Mariar hed a rich vein of bad humor, and was gud at readin karaktur with almost anythin. It was astonishin how she kud pint out my weaknesses with a plain kitchen poker. She made bumps as she went on, and these in time made her frenolojikle studies very komplikated. I fancied sumtimes Mariar wanted tu be a korpse ; but the law forbids a feeble man tu attack a strong woman, kos she is the weaker sex. And so she still lives.

Thurs nothin in Natur so krool as a woman. Her kroolty is only equalled by her kindness, which varies a gud deal in suni and flucktooates in othurs. When they've dun purrin they begin skrattin and karryin on as if thur milk hedn't agreed with em. When they air in them moods its danjerus tu get within poker's lenth of em. When they aint in them moods, mersiful evans ! how they ken purr ! Even Mariar (she of my buzzum) purred onct, and placed her velvet paw in mine, and rubbed her head agenst me, and threatened me with evurlastin appiness, and vowed tu luv me in health and cherish me in sickness ; and yere I am on my back, but Mariar is fur away, and mebbe wun of many in the house of a Elder. I'm sorry fur the many (pertickly the Elder !). Whot a time he will hev !

Yere I was agen reminded of my internal possesshuns by a rumblin pain simler tu whot it mite hev bin if I'd swallerd a earthkwake. I'd evidently swallerd summot.

I bruk loose intu a kold prespirashun, and trembled like a kab hoss. I applide a tumbler of brandy loshun tu the parts affeekted. They appeared tu like it, and thur snarlin dyed away in the distance as I gradooly dozed orf intu Ameriky, whur I see Mariar at the head of a tribe of Injuns advancin tu welkum me with skreams of vengeantz.

The fashuns was diff runt thur. She wore a small kaliko aprun and was surmounted by a bunch of feathers; but this disguise wosn't adekquate enuff fur me. I gnu her as soon as I rekognized her face. Wus still, she rekognized me.

Thur wosn't a minit tu spare. With remarkabul suddentness I immejutly retreated my head intu a sandhole with a voo tu koncealment; but the Injuns diskovered the othur porshuns of my extremities, and made a targut on 'em. They let fly a shower of arrers intu me, and I fund it desirabul tu draw my head out of that sandhole. On lukkin rapidly round I purceived with sutprize, borderin on astonishment, that I hed the appearunts of a bird of ploomage.

In the excitement of the moment I tride tu fly, but I flapt my tail of arrers tu no purpos.

I shall nevr furget that moment of disappointment.

I thote I shud hev fell down ded.

Fortnetly, jes then a sarpint of enormus size kum tu my assistance and swallered me hole. Mariar and the Injuns wos lost tu voo, and things seemed tu hev tuk a turn fur the best.

I travelled down that sarpent pleasantly fur sevrel weeks, till I reached his digestif organs. He then begun tu play the gastrik joose with me, and I wos glad tu wake in great pain and find it all a dream.

It wos broad daylite this time, and the sunshine wos kummin

thru the winder searchin everywhur fur the nite, as hed abskonded with the darkness.

Thur was a nok at the dore.

I answered with an affirmatif groan, feelin very ill, and fur the time forgettin my place of abode.

"It's 8 o'clock, Mr. Goff, and a bootiful mornin," sed the sweet vise of the Widder cheerily. "Brekfust is quite reddy;" and away she pattered quickly down stairs, singin as if she was the mornin star.

I rose, refreshed by that sweet vise, and dressed myself with onushal velocity. Thur was skarsly time fur reflekshun. I hed a volkanick feelin kummin on, as kuddent be trifled with. I felt as if I was about tu erupt, and spurt out fire and brimstun with triffick exploshuns.

All at onct, afore I hed time tu make arrangements fur the alarmin event, I eruptid.

I don't think I evur felt such a grand and orful specktakle afore. Thur was no fireworks, bein short of brimstun, but my hies very mi shot out of thur sockets at whot they saw.

I bleeve I throwed up everythin but my perlitikle opinyuns.

The sunshine turned yaller and my komplekshun tuk the deliket bloom of diseased waxworks. I thote the end of all things, as fur as I was konsarned, hed safely arrived, and I gev a fu appropriate groans sooted tu the okkashun. The world begun tu go round tu quick, and I lost my futtin and went orf at a fearful speed.

Memby yere givs up all rekkolekshun. I bekum obskoord in a thick swoon and drew a total blank, which ensood.

PART X.

WHEN I kum round I opened my hies with konsiderabul kawshun, fur fear of findin myself in anothur world.

I fund myself, howevur, without much diffikulty, in this. I wos sittin on a box, leanin up agenst a warm print dress, with a kold wet towel round my head and a smellin bottle at my nose.

The scene wos still my bedroom.

I felt very kumfortabul leanin my face agenst the warm print, and wos almost afeard tu move, in kase I shud disturb my dream.

A sharp pain made me sit up.

I raised my hies, and beheld the Widder.

"Oh, Mr. Goff, yu did give me such a start," she sed, withdrawin her arm frum my head and blushin like a cherry apple. "Yu hev bin very ill," she added, blottin her hies with her hankercher, and tremblin.

I felt vakant, and gazed akkordin.

"Air yu better?" she inquired ankshusly.

"Will yu be gud enuff tu ask me the multiplikashun tabul?"

I sez in a low, weak vise, with a voo tu findin out whether I wos really awake in this world or dreamin in sum othur.

"Not now," she sed jently; "yu must rest. The doktor will be yere presently."

"The doktor?" I exklaimed in a vise as wos purty gud fur a korpse. "Du yu want tu kill me?"

I sed this lukkin intu her tendur hies with the kurrige of wun as didnt gno his danger.

She lukked down timidly, and sied as she sed, "No, Mr. Goff; I hope yu will see the flowers of many a summer yet. I will gather them fur yu if I ken, and will try tu make yure——"

Thur wos a long nok at the front dore, and the Widder nevir finished whot she wos sayin, but hurrid down tu admit the doktor.

But the doktor didn't kum, as he wos detained assistin anothur pashunt intu the world, and they didnt gno how long he'd be.

I went down and sot by the fire, and beguiled myself with grool.
The Widder lukked very sad.

She sed I must take kare of myself; the house wud seem so empty without me now; and she knelt down and sobbed at the thote.

I did all I kud tu sooth her, fur I kan't stand by and see a purty woman weep. It's like seein a dum animal dy.

A woman gnows when a man's heart is beatin, and I see it wos time tu konsult a medikle man.

So I put on my boots and went.

The doktor wos a stout man, and lukked as if he bleeved in takin plenty of nurishment in time. He wos very solid; hed the name fur bein very klevur, attended church, and wade 15 stun.

He nevir charged poor pussons if he gnu they *kuddent* pay; but, bein very klevur, he rote the figgers very thick fur them as kud.

Fond of gud things, and not sellin his own fissik, he depended a gud deal on diet. *He* didnt bleeve a beefstake wud du anybody any harm, and so his pashunts with weak stummiks went in fur 'em, in imitashun of them with strong 'uns. He hed the satisfakshun of hevin a very wide cirkle of suffurin friends.

"Gud mornin," he sed. "Take a seat."

I did so, and sot down.

"Whot is the matter with yu?" he inquired, sinkin heavy intu a spring chair.

"Frum symptums obsurbed within the larst 24 hours I'm indoosed tu bleeve I'm not so very well," I replide, not wishin tu giv him any klue as mite enabul him tu diskovur whot wos my komplaint.

"Whur du yu feel rong?" he asked.

"Here," I sez, movin my hand all over my weskit mournfully.

He felt my pulse and lukked at his watch.

I asked him if I wos rite by Grinnich time.

He said I wos fast and irreglar, and wanted windin up.

Thinkin our front-dore key mite be sootabul fur this purpos, and save a new 'un, I offered it tu him; but he sed it wos tu seryus tu joke about.

He *is* a full-sized 'un.

"Hev yu evur bin ill afore?" he inquired, lukkin at me as if I wos about tu let off a pervarikashun.

"Yes," I sez; "I've gnowd sevrel diseases intimetly, and hev partuk free of mortifikashun. I onct fell and bruk a kommandment."

"Show me yure tong," he sed, drawin his chair klose tu mine.

I did so. He sed twos a bad 'un.

"Hev yu any pain?" he inquired, seein me move about on my seat as if I wosn't quite satisfied with my pozishun.

"Konsiderabul," I answered. "Thur's summut like 4ty-bladed knives traversin my alimentary kanal, and I've bin aktin like the whale as onct got friendly with Jones. I'm afeard sum-times I shall squish up like a rocket, and then all of a suddent I'm like a thunder-bolt."

He wiped his glasses and lukked at me with 20-kart-hoss power.

"Wur yu strong when yu wur young?" he inquired, examinin me attentifly.

"I onct went so fur as tu upset the skoolmastur," I replide.

"But did yu enjy gud health?" he asked.

"Immensely," I sez; "bleeve I nevir wos so appy as when I wos well."

"And when yu wur ill whot wos the matter with yu?" he inquired, as if annoyd at the oncertainty of my konstitooshun,

"I suffered a gud deal afore I wore weskits, both outardly and innerdly. The same observashun applies tu trowsurs. I hed sevrel attaks of kompond frakshuns in the skull, and onct tuk a prize fur the biggest wart. He certinly wos all he purtended tu be."

"But these air all triflin matters," he sez impashuntly. "I want tu learn if yu air konstitooshunally sound."

"Sound!" I sez; "yes, in wind and limb. I ken blow a trumpet and beat a drum with any man, and shuddent be fur behind in a retreat."

Arfter hevin guv him furdur partiklers tu humurus tu menshun, he appeared tu swell out intu a grand idear.

"Yu air sufferin frum gastro enteritis mukosa," he sed, leanin back in his chair with evident satisfakshun.

"Thank yu," I sez, risin tu go.

"Stop," he sed, takin up a pen; "yu hevn't yure perskripshun."

"No," I sez, movin tords the dore; "I'll kall fur it at the undertakur's. I ken ordur a koffin at the same time."

"But I ken kure yu," he sed.

"Nevur mind," I sez, puttin on my hat; "if I've got gastro enteritis mukosa, I kan't do bettur than let natur take its korse."

Thur's no remedy fur words like them. If it hed bin kolery, or skurvy, or biles, or spontanyus kombustshun, I kud hev seen the gud of fizzik; but fur gastro enteritis mukosa!—not me!!!

"Whot's in a name?" he sez, dramatikerly koting frum the immortal orthur of Shaxpere, and smilin with a rore of larstur. "Yure komplaint is gnown amung ornery people as bole komplaint, or English kolery; gastro enteritis mukosa is but the perfeshunal term."

"Oh! then," I sez, returnin tu my seat, "I ain't so rotten as I thote; but yu'd kill sum timid people by speakin in ded langwidjes. Long names and short stabbin pains 'll upset anybody as wosn't born in the Tower of Babul. Whot times them wos, tu be sure!" I added, reflektin on that tremenjus porshun of the world's unnatral histry.

"Ah yes!" he obsurved. "Yu refur tu the konfooshun of tongs. That wos a long time ago."

"Well," I sez, "judgin frum sum of the tongs I've heard speak sints, the konfoozin effeks don't seem tu hev wore out. The wun that beguiled me intu wun of the most dementid kondishuns as evur a man kud be brote down tu, pruvud as fresh at konfoozin as if Babul wos still intu our midst."

Sumthin here seemed tu attrakt his attenshun. He wos lukkin at my head kuryusly, as if summut wos the matter.

"Am I goin tu kombust?" I sez, alarmed at a komplikashun of symptums as begun simultaneyusly tu set in in all direkshuns.

"Not jest yet," he sed thotefully, as if deferrin the klimax fur sum wize purpos; "but yures is a remarkabul head."

"It ain't on sale," I sed; "but thur's sum fu porshuns of my inside as I shud like tu dispoze of;" and I groaned with kon-siderabul feelin, fur the percesshun of 4ty-bladed knives wos agen in moshun.

"I shud like a kast of it," he sez; "as I'm engaged in studyin the funkshuns of the brain in konnekshun with the formashun of the skull."

"Du yu want tu make waxworks of me?" I inquired with poreful interrogashun, and preparin my pusson fur self-defiance.

"Nonsents," he sed pleasantly; "sit down."

As I evidently misunderstud him, I resoomed my seat.

He barked gruffly, tu klear his throte, leaned back in his chair, and, mistakin me fur a inflooenshul meetin as hed ovurflowed tu much, he purceeded tu address me as follers :—

"Frenology is a splendid study. In the hands of the ignorant it is a folly, but propurly understud it will pruv the greatest of all the sciences. Onct redoosed tu fixed laws it will hev a mitey infloonents on futur ajes, and we shall wun day wunder how it wos that the people of past time put it aside as worthless, and left it only tu the onedykated tu teach and praktice. External observashun alone may teach summot, but the startin-pint in the study of frenology must be a profound knoledje of the kon-strukshun and fissickle properties of the head. The akshun of the young brain upon the young bone, and the infloonents of the young bone upon the young brain, must be klosely observed. We must find out why heads differ in thur sekshuns, and why certin formashuns shud indikate (as they most certinly do) pekooliarities of temprement, and different degrees of mental power. We must diskovur by experiments the effeck of preshur on certin parts of the infant skull; and on kontinnerd preshur on the different bumps in early youth, ere the bones hev hardened intu thur final formashuns. Yu ken nevur altur 'em in age——"

"Mariar kud," I sed, onabul tu forget all she had done fur me in this respek.

"Only by fraktur," he replide quick, as if annoyd at the interrupshun. "The moldin, I repeat, must be done in infancy and early youth. The skull onct hardened, jentle preshur loses its effeck, and vilent preshur pruvs fatel——"

"Wud a moderet applikashun of fireirons between the venerabul age of 40 and 50 altur a man's moral karaktur?" I inquired, almost fallin headlong intu the bleef that everythin hed bin fur the best.

"Frum a frenologikle pint of vu, no; but," he added smilin, "as a korrektiv it mite akt benefishul in leavin an impreshun on the membry that may remind wun of the unsatisfactory results of a prevyus error."

"How wud a poker rut like this ere un kount?" I sez, pintin tu wun of Mariar's deepest tokens of untold luv.

"Nothin," he replide, "as an indikashun of yure karaktur, but it speaks strong fur sumbody eltzes. It's simply a bump on the rong head."

"I spose these mistakes du okkur even among frenologists," I sed, resignin myself intu ordnery feelins, and drawin a long breath as I onct more diskovered anothur pain lurkin under my weskit.

"Yes," he sed; "in the imperfeck state of our gnoledje of this great study, mistakes du often arise, and bring the subjek intu ridikule among people who will not and ken not think fur thurselves; and so day arfter day, and year arfter year, the shallo krowd air disheartened by thur own ignorants, and the hidden truths air kovered over by masses of spekulativ rubbidje, heaped up by men who rite before they think, and so mislead and mistify rather than explain and direkt. But," he kontinnerd, wipin his brow, "thur will kum a time when all thur false theoris

and foolish doktrins will be swept away and be replaced by fixed principuls and immutabul laws, based on summot sounder than a mere superfishul konnekshun between bumps and koincidences."

I wos purceedin tu bust out intu tremenjus applause, when the front dore bell wos vilently rung, and the doktor bruk his diskourse short orf tu lissen. Thur wos the hurrid skufflin of heavy boots, and the muffled sound of men's vises in the hall.

"Exkoos me," sed the doktor, "thur's summot the matter."

My feelins koincidin wið his voos, I tuk up my hat and muved thru the dore.

He shuk me by the hand as if he wos biddin me an etarnal farewell, and handed me a perskripshun. He sed he'd kall and see me on the follerin day, when he expeckted the medicine wud hev done me gud. I exprest my willinness tu feel better tu any extent, fur sensashuns of an alarmin suddentness wur ontu me.

Thur wos sevrel people in the lobby holdin up anothur frenolojikel study, as lukked pale and headbruken. He wos bleedin merrily. His trubbles seemed tu hev kum ontu him very hard in wun place, and more or less in sevrel othur places.

I asked 'em if it wos a reward fur bravery. They sed it wos the result of unkurbed affekshuns. His wife hed ketched him talkin tu sumbody eltz's sister, and hed explained her voos on the subjek with a dolly-peg. She hed appealed tu his reazon frum the outside. He lukked as if he'd like tu be onmarrid, without a fammily tu mourn his ontimely end.

Alas ! how marrid sum of us air !

I tuk my onnatrel feelins home, and only spilled a groan or tu on the road. The Widder sot at the windo, leanin her head on her hand and lukkin very sad. Her purty face flashed intu a

appy smile when she saw me kum, and she flew tu the dore tu meet me.

"Oh, Mr, Goff, yu've bin such a long time. I was tremblin fur fear yu wur tu ill tu kum back. Whot did the doktor say?"

"He sed I've got gastro enteritis mukosa, and I'm quite of his opinyun," I replide.

"Hez he guv anythin tu kure yu?" she inquired, without askin whot sort of a disease it was that hed bin upsettin my system.

"Yes," I sez, "I'm tu swaller this," and I pulled out the perskripshun.

"That's rite," she exklamed cheerfully, as she drew the arm-chair up tu the fire, and direktd my korse intu it. "Yu mustn't go out agen tu-day. Yu must stop and talk tu me. Wait pashuntly while I go fur this; I shan't be long," and the purty Widder bounded lightly away with the perskripshun in her hand.

I felt at that moment that I didn't want tu dy.

PART XI.

THE almanak was purty akkerate fur the nekst 2 days, and the dates follered wun anothur in prazeworthy rotashun. If anythin was troor than the rest it was the inkonstant moon; but how she ken face up without a blush arfter seein whot she hez seen thru the nites of her long watchin I'm not in a pozishun tu say. But troo tu time she do kum, and she do luk down on the wicked old world, and do see the doins in the darkness and don't blush.

The days seemed very long, but they was a bit diversified by onnatrel sensashuns; and my attenshun was every now and then direktd tu some new symptom of a rediklus natur.

Arfter indulgin hisself with fifty years of gud animal sperits, and a korrespondin period of miscellanyus appetites, as hev kept up a kontinual drain on the finanshul system, a man don't take kindly tu gastro enteritis mukosa. Thur's sumthin about it as luks as if his stummick was turnin ongrateful fur parst favors, and wosnt workin in harmony with the sole. He feels that in spite of hevin done all he kud tu live fur evur, his efforts was likely tu pruv onsukcessful; and he begins tu think that as fur as he's konsarned eternity is resolvin itself intu a mere questyun of time.

The evenins parst pleasantly. The Widder sot and read tu me as she hed done afore, and her vise groo sweeter, and onct I told her the nitingales hed no chance, and that the robins wosn't in it. But I wos sorry I sed it, fur it seemed tu stop the muzik, and a tear kum intu her hi as she laid the book on wun side.

A woman's heart is like a kole mine; the furdur yu go intu it the darker it gets, and if yu ventur in tu far the fire-damp of luv 'll be ontu yu, and yu'll be smothered alive.

When the books wos klosed the Widder taut me chess. Fur hours we trifled with kings and queens as if they'd bin flesh and blud. At times the battels groo furyus and hot; our gnites and bishops fote like devles; and we mued our kassels about till in the konfushun I kuddent find my base of operashuns. Then when all wos lost and my nobility wos beaten, and thur kassels destroyed, and everythin bustid up, the Widder wud luk up rite intu my face so cheerin and komfortin that I forgot the prevyus disasters, and prepared fur anothur defeat.

Thurs nothin like a woman fur givin a man kurrige. It aint as she guvs him any greater likin fur loss of blud, but afore her he's ashamed of bein a kowurd, and so he goes on gettin his head kracked, till natur kindly steps in and throws up the spunge.

He's rewarded with a vus of poekry inscribed on a pavin stun.

All at onct, and quite onexpektid, kum my birthday. It was akkompanied with the equinokshul gales and immense loss of life. The Widder persented me with a bible she hed jest bote at a fair. It lukked splendid under the naptha ; but the kontents turned out tu be arranged sumwot loose, the bindin hevin bin done by a pusson as wosn't interested in the subjek. The fust 2 chapters of Genesis wos follered by a treatis on bile, and Revelashuns wos preceeded by a fu pages of loosish salms. It reminded me of a gnife I onct bote as turned out on the follerin mornin tu be a korkskrew. The book of Jeremiar wos upside down, and Joel wos missin. The Widder sed she didn't much like the front piktur. It wos Napoleon krossin the Alps. It lukked onsootabul, as the hoss wos painted green.

But they ken sell anythin under naptha.

I onct hed a stall, and sold erbs as wud kure anythin. A man as hed a stall nekst mine at a gud many places performed mirrikles. I've seen a lame pusson peg up slo and krukked on krutches, drink a bottle of his fizzik, and walk galey off as if nothin hed happened. I've seen that same kripple kured hundreds of times. He wos a most obstinet kase, and follered the doktor frum town tu town. The larst time I see him take fizzik he walked orf with a perliseman, as guv him three months fur presoomin tu be inkurable, and fur hidin his nose in anothur pusson's handkercher. He seemed cheerful and full of sperits.

When a man gets tuk prizoner in the battel of life he shud be so. He's treated like a jool of priceless value. He's tuk tu the biggest buildin in the town, and karfully put away under lok and key jes as if he wos a diament. He's kep in health by the doktor, is prayed at, tu, and tur by the chaplin, is waited on by

the officer in charge, hez everythin kooked fur him, and isn't allowed tu pay. The anxietis of the outer world air kep frum the inside of him with great kare; his kloze is pervided at the kounty expense, and air in pint of kolor and strenth all that the umblest kud desire.

His kountry 'll go further.

They'll take his wife and childern intu anothur large institoo-shun, and give em all the props necessary tu support life. Sum-times the props 'll give way, and then they'll berry the remains without pomp and without price.

I've seen it done.

PART XII.

WHEN I went home 1 evening I fund the house full of childern dressed fur enjyment. Fur a minit I thote Mariar hed arrived frum Utah with a konsinment bequeathd tu her by a munificent Elder. I wos on the pint of makin a forrud muvment tu the extreme rear when the Widder stratejikally tuk me in the flank and klosed the dore.

"I've invited a party, Mr. Goff. All these childern hev fathers and mothers," she sed, purtily tappin her little hand on my shoulder as she saw I wos onabul tu konceal my surprige at the intelligents; "and all of them will vote fur yu," she added, smilin 1 of her appiest smiles, and lukkin up jyfully intu my hies.

I stud speechless, so sed nothin.

Whot a masterpiece of a woman! She tuk my umbreller, and helped me off with my kote, and hung up my hat, and led me intu the room.

"This is Mr. Goff, my dears, kum tu romp with yu. Mind yu take gud kare of him," sed the Widder, introjocin me tu a krowd of little angels, that klosed around me with a shout of delite, and skreamed agen in thur sweet innercent jy.

I wos overkum by the piktur, and so fur forgot my intrests as tu wish they wur all mine. Then a thote of the hearth stuns I'd seen kum tu me, and a vishun of sum women I'd gnawd as hed onct been young kum afore me, and I wondered how much futur sufferin wos done up in them small parcels.

The childern klung tu me and larfed, and shouted, and thur wos a regler hurrikane of jy when I kissed round the cirkle of cherry lips that seemed intended fur the purpos.

I very ni mistuk the Widder fur a child, she lukked so sweet.

Jes then a tear as I hedn't seen fur forty years kum intu my hi. I skarcely rekognized it, and kuddent stop it; it fell among the golden hair, and I felt as if a long fastened up feelin wos bustin out frum my heart. I seemed tu be tastin summot in age as I shud hev tasted in youth.

Fur the fust time in my life I hed privet reasons fur bleevin I wos a wasted man.

But then we romped as the Widder hed announced, and thur wos seryus riotin, and I wos made a perlisseman of the civil forse, and wos thurfore illtreated, and wos finelly lokd up in a kubberd tu the satisfakshun of all konsarned. Then I bustid out frum my kaptivity and kaptured all the rioters, and sentenced em tu apples and pears and nut krackin, but they only larfed at the punishment, and arter it wos over they begun riotin as bad as evur. Then I konverted the kitchin intu a reformatory till they begun tu steal the jam and get sticky with treakle, and the Widder interfered jest as I wos assistin in a bad kase of ginger-

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bred larcency. We wos all turned out of the kitchen, and I wos dismissed frum the forse.

My disgrace wade heavy on me. I lay down in a korner of the room, and wos mercifully hidden frum the vulgar gaze by a table-kloth. Then kontrary tu my own opinyuns I wos pronounced ded by a tiny little doktor as examined me with a walkin stick. Thur wos a gud deal of larfin durin the berrial service, and the korpse very ni kalled sum of em tu ordur. At larst it wos over, and they erektid a splendid monyment of furniture over my rottin remains.

I wos, howevur, miraklusly restored tu life by a bold but simple operashun with a kommon pin. A korpse must hev bin ded sum time as kud stand the test. It made me rear up in full bloom.

Then they klimed upon my shoulders, and krawled between my legs, and picked my pockets, and tickled me with feathers, and smoked my pipe, and got lost in my hat; and then we played blind man's buff, and puss in the korner, and hide and seek, till I fund a man heszn't fizzikle strenth enuff tu be a child.

The Widder wos as appy as the childern. She played with em in a jentle way they liked; she told em storys they loved tu hear; she fed em with things they hed longed fur; she nussed em when they wur tired; and folded em up warm when they went home.

I nevr see so many hours of happiness krammed intu so short a time.

That nite when the childern hed gone, and we sot alone, the Widder sed it wos a pity I hed none of my own, as I wos so fond of em.

I sed it wos, and I felt a bit sad; but twoz tu late tu begin now.

"All things air possibul," she sed devoutly.

I lukked at her inquirin; but she went on with her sewin and sed no more.

I smoked my pipe in silents, as I lukked back intu my life, and fund it hedn't bin whot it mite hev bin; and that I hedn't done whot I mite hev done; and as I lukked at the sweet face of the Widder bendin karmly over her work, I wished that Utah, and all that it kontained, kud be struk out frum the map.

PART XIII.

THE women stud by me tu a man.

How troo a woman's instincks air! I nussed thur babies, I played with thur childern, and kissed em; and with alarmin inakkeracy I told thur husbands that I envied em. Every mothur thurfore sed I wos a fit and proper pusson tu represent em in parlyment.

I addressed a meetin komposed entirely of women. They wore bloo ribbons, and brote refreshments. They seemed pleased tu see me. Sum of thur perlitkle remarks indoosed me tu bleeve they'd bin marrid sum time. The speeches didn't appear in print, as the reporters sed they kudn't hear a word as wos sed in konsequence of the babies, and the variety of subjecks bein diskussed at the same time by the aujience.

Kanvassin fur votes wos, howevur, attended with sum danger. Wun nite I wos lukkin tur a konstitoont when I suddently fund myself in a entry. Sez I, "Elijer, respekted sir: If it gets much darker thur'll be no daylite left fur tumorrer; yu'd better turn back prevyus tu bein murdered.

I wos in the act of wheelin round on this timely advice, when I kum in kontack with a warm substants, as appeared tu be the main body of a female woman. Afore I kud kall assistants a pair of arms wos throwd round my neck with grate akkeracy, and I wos pashunetly kissed by sum pusson or pussons ongnown. My presents of mind fur the moment fursook me. It wud hev bin a tryin moment fur a member of parlyment. I hedn't time tu extrikate myself from the orful mistake when—

"Sammy, my luv!" sed the plump apparishun, in a sweet tone, "I'm so glad yu've kum. It seems years sintz we met."

"Sentrys," I murmured, in low, soothin tones, not wishin tu kause tu suddent a shock.

"How stout yuve growd!" she exklaimed in a surpriged vise, as she folded herself round my dimenshuns.

"It's greef," I sed, with a long sigh, as I tuk hold of her hands tu keep em frum gettin intu furder mischief.

"Greef!" she repeated. "Hev yu bin upset?"

"Yes," I sez, "like koles, and frequent."

"Poor Sammy!" she murmured, puttin her cheek klose tu mine, and leanin agenst me with natrel grace. "Yu wont leave me agen?"

"Nevur!" I ejackerlated, losin myself in the part I wos takin, and nevur thinkin of the fearful effex of my spereted utterents.

"Then I am yures fur evur!" she xklaimed, with alarmin liberality, as she onct more folded me in her luvins arms.

It wos *very* dark. That's the wust of darkness; its so easy tu make a mistake.

At larst I konsidered it proodent tu brake the spell jently; so I sed, "Luvly maiden, hev yu evur heard of Elijer?"

"Yes," she sez. "He wos a profit."

"Indeed," I sez. "Wos he in the ile and drug line?"

"Don't be foolish, Sam. Its wicked," sed the maiden.

I stud reproved fur sevrel minits, thinkin whot tu say.

Then I ventured anothur interrogashun, with a voo tu establish my identity.

"Did he du bizness in Ameriky?" I whispered.

I don't think Samuel kud hev whispered in the same tones as I did. I fund her arms relax thur hold, and her cheek lift up frum off my breast, and her hands go klean away. Then thur wos a rattlin of keys in her pocket, and a gratin of summot hard on summot ruff, and—the maiden hed struck a lite.

Tu say as I lukked guilty wud be sayin komparatively nothin. Tu say as she turned vilent wud be a mere naked figger of speech. Tu say as I hurid home wud give no adeqwate noshun of the velocity of my muvmments. I felt like a bird of passige. But innercence ken fly as well as guilt.

When I alited in site of our house I drew up and formed myself intu a solum perceshun, and walked as 1 man.

The Widder sed I lukked warm.

"Yes," I sez. "Kanvassin fur votes 'll open the pores as well as anythin I've yet diskovered."

"Hev yu bin suckcessful?" she asked, with a sweet luk as sounded like a reproach.

"Modretly," I answered. "I've hed a purty gud run this evenin."

"That's rite," she ejakerlated. "Kum and sit down. Supper's quite reddy."

And I sot down, and forgot all about the prevyus akcident, fur the Widder's face wos full of smiles, and her eyes wur full of lite, and her words wur full of hope, and all the darkness seemed tu hev bin left outside in the street.

PART XIV.

NOMINASHUN day arrived with a punktooality as mite be equalled but nevur surparst. Every livin thing seemed tu be on the alert. Perlitikle maxims fluttered in the breeze, and the evans went in a plumper fur bloo. Thur wosn't a yaller kloud tu be seen. Natur seemed tu be ded agenst us. Bizness subsided intu a blind standstill fur sevrel hours. The kloks didn't seem tu be intrested in politicks, so went on chuckin thur moments away as if thur wud nevur be any end tu em. I kan't say how fur thur idears 'll tally with the aktool fax, not bein in the sekret ; but it wos quite purty tu see em goin on in thur pashunt perseverin way. I klok 'll nevur allow hisselt tu be inflooned by anothur. He goes on strikin out his privet opinyuns. It don't matter tu him if he's an hour or tu rong ; he sez everythin he's got tu say with a desishun as 'll admit of no kontradikshun.

Kloks air very like politishuns in this respeck.

At the appinted hour, a bloo karrige drawed up at the dore.* The hosses wore yaller harness, and the koachman wos simlerly kaparisoned. Thur wos a tremenjus krowd of childern kollekted round the perlitikle charyut. I kum promptly forth amid the cheers of the multitood, and wos instantly whirld orf frum thur admirin gaze.

I started frum my peaceful home that mornin with a bloo silk handkercher and the best intenshuns. On my return the handkercher wos missin. The best intentshuns wosn't required, and I wos allowed tu bring em home.

* This 'eres quite a akcidental drop down intu poetry, not bein intenshunel.

When we entered the hall thur wos tremenjus shouts, groans enuff tu stock a battel field, and pussonel remarks of the most revoltin natur. The blessins resultin frum freedom of speech wos obvyus. The perlisemen kept karryin em out.

The inquiries arter my departed mother wur noomerus tu a fault. They didn't appear tu realize she wos no more. I reko-mended sum of em tu go and make thur inquiries intu anothur sphere. I wos formally persented with an onooshally hard tater under the left year.

As an artikel of nurishment a tater is vallybul tu the human race, but fur external applikashun the human race is as well without em. I konsider em onsootabul fur perlitikle purposes.

I wos proposed and sekonded, and the show of dirty hands wos in my favor. The speeches wosn't heard, but appeared at full length in the papers, notwithstanding the reporters wos upset and very ni boled out at the beginnin.

My speech meshured about 2 fut 6, and kontained a gud many idears I'd nevur heard afore. Reporters ken sumtimes read a pusson's thotes better than he ken hisself. Luk at the parly-mentry speeches, and then hear em. Thurs no komparison between em. It's a pity they aint read out of the noospapers instead of bein read intu em.



PART XV.

AT larst the elekshun day set in. The mornin bruk in a manner as kuddent be mended, and the face of Natur bore no trace of prevyus sufferin. The air was barmy, fur the sun was risin in the yeast.* It shon more in sorrer than in anger. The sparrers twittered and chattered as if they'd all got votes, and the men with warnuts yelled like skalpers.

Charyuts kum rollin in with thur frates of luvly women and brave men. They wur dressed more or less. The kostooms was varyus—sum hed trowsurs with 1 leg, othurs hed legs with 1 trowsur ; sum was perfekly armless, sum hed overwhelmin great kotes, othurs hed hats as throwd a shadder like a U tree. Still *all* on em was dressed, and wore ribbons and heavy sticks ; and every 1 brote his, her, or its vise with em fur the publik benefit.

Thur was sum as represented big drums, sum as skreamed like fiddles ; vises as kum up frum the bottom button of the weskit, and vises as wheezed out frum no whur pertikler. Thur was muzishuns as hed perlitikle opinyuns, and muzishuns as hedn't. A German float as kept hisself warm by runnin up the roomatic skale, and a German band as demi semi shivered in the mornin air. The drums didn't kum out till the battel was over.

Yu kan't perswade a big drum. It gives a decided opinyun at the start, and it sounds the same note at the finish. It's the most biggoted instrooment as evur fund its way intu a band. I onct resided in 1 fur a short time. It was at a speritool meetin. 1 of the sperits nokked me on the head with a gittar. I demanded satisfakshun, and was instantly akkommodated hy anothur sperit

* This was onct an original joak.

as akkosted me with great vilance. I've no furdur rekollekshun of that nite beyond wakin up in a busted drum as stud in a kornor of the room.

Our arrangements was very kplete. Thur wosn't a lokal prize fiter or a brave barge mariner as hedn't sum perlitikle mishun. They performed thur dooty with a zeal and simplicity as was quite touchin, konsiderin they hedn't votes. They kudn't hev drunk more fur the kause if they'd bin blessed with the franchise.

My proud sperit fluttered out of bed with the sun, and swooped early intu town.

I was well received with cheers blended harmoniusly with groans, stuns, etsettery. I bleeve bad egs air plentiful in these parts.

A man kan't go intu parlyment with klean hands, he hez tu shake so many dirty uns.

Jenrally speakin, a gud shake of a friendly hand is fizzick I'm parshul tu; it does merrikles, and don't interfere with our ordinary funkshuns; but I'd as soon shake hands with the infirmiry klok as with sum people. They don't mov in my cirkle—nevur.

Wun of my konstitoonts as kuddent be rekognised without the aid of sope, treated me like a brother. He lukked black, but he sed he was bloo tu the backbone, and was prepared tu go on votin fur me till he kuddent see. He'd voted twice alreddy, and when I met him he was perceedin tu rekord his perlitikle konvikshuns onct more. He sed a gud many on em hed bin follerin his example, and, with the aid of a few ded uns, Elijer Goff wud be at the head of the pole.

Here he tuk off his hat and shouted, "Hip-pip-hikkup-hooray." Then he was silent, and his head lobbed about as if it was tu loose in the socket.

He wos thinkin ovur a grievance. "Luk here!" he sez, klosin his hies and trajerkally holdin out his hand, "none o' them yallers wud touch that, and why?" and his head dropt on tu his dikky.

"It don't luk temptin," I answered.

"It's 'onest," he sed with a bust of indignashun.

"But it aint klean," I replide. "Hev yu guv sope and water a fair trial?"

"Yes," he sed doggedly, "I hev."

"Then try sum openin medsin tu help the pores," I sed. "Yu kan't expekt Natur tu wurk it all off without assistants."

"Tu late! tu late!" he muttered savijly. "They hev shund the proffered hand, and now my principuls is bloo fur evur."

"Kobwebs," I sed majesterkally, "stand troo tu yure kolours, but don't kram yureself with delooshuns. Yu've bin mixin sperits with yure politiks, and they've fermented. Sort yure friends, and use plenty of sope. Don't push yure fist under everybody's nose. Yu ain't as big as them as ken guv yu 2 in five up fur size, nor so gud as them as hev hed twenty years' start on the rite road. Every man hez his fitin wate, and every woman her reserve bid. Even childern 'll vote krukked in front of lolly-pops."

"Whot're yu goin tu stand?" he asked, after pawsin tu get at the meanin of my remarks. "I've jes 1 more vote as is open tu a resonabul offer," and he noddod familiarly at my weskit sideways.

I lukked at him in sorrerful silents.

Fur a minit he seemed tu forget whur he wos; then suddenly remembrin, he seized my hand, and holdin it in both his own, he gurgled, "Elijer, my friend, a pint of 'arf-'n-'arf 'll du it.

I kan't say no fairer perlitikly," and he lost his balance. A perliseman fund it fur him, and they went home arm in arm.

As I stud lukkin at the politishun and the majesty of the law pursooin thur zig-zag direkshun in the distants I fund anothur politishun helpin hisself tu my watch. I turned round on him with as quick a suddentness as bekum the okkashun, and I sez, "My luvly konstitoont, arfter yu with that sundile. Yu're out of yure turn," and I ketched him by the skuft of his koller and shuk him. He appeared surpriged at his mistake, and appealed tu me not tu choke him, as he wos a Freeman, and hedn't yet parted with his vote.

I lukked at him rebookinly at arm's length, and I sez, "Hev yu any approximet idear of the alarmin konsequences of yure komplaint?"

He answered the questyun by droppin on his gnees. He sed he'd a wife and childern dependin on him fur support.

"Yu kan't get a honest livin fur em by stealin," I sez sternly. "Thur's tu much kompetishun in that line, pertikly in the retail. Sukcess 'll bring a handkercher or a ornament, but failure is follered by kaptivity, slops, stun-krackin, and othur prizon amoozements. It wos nevur intended that a man shud walk about doin nothin, warmin his hands in othur people's pockets."

He sed he wos very poor.

"Poor!" I sez. "A man is nevur poor when he hez health to work, and a wife tu luv, and childern tu klimb ontu his gnees; nor ken a man be rich if he hez neither."

He appeared tu be a man of mean temperature. He sed he wos a orfan. No mother or father hed evur suckled *him*. His mother, the only wun he evur hed, died without seein him. His father wos involved in konsiderabul obskoority. When quite an

infant he was deposited in the buzzum of anothur fammerly simlerly destitoot with regard tu fathers, and ultimetly handed down tu posterity thru the mejium of a charitabul institooshun.

I asked him whot his perlitikle opinyuns amounted tu in round numbers.

He sed he was bloo, and wud vote fur me if I'd let him go and stir up tupennorth of jin with arf-a-krown.

I kalled him a mass of bribery and korrupshun, and was perceding tu make a fu kopyus remarks when a perliseman kum tu his assistants.

When he stud in the dock he was sober, and sed it was all thru drink. He sed if the churches hed ollis bin open like the publik-houses he shud hev bin a better man. As it was, he was marrid and hed a fammerly, with no visibul means of livin without work.

They lukked arter *his* interests fur three months.

Anothur of my konstitoonts onfortnetly akkompanied sum silver spoons frum a strange house, and subsequently exchanged em fur a year's imprizonment. He sed it was all owin tu keepin bad kompany. If he'd kum home by hisself, without the spoons, it wuddent hev okkured.*

Perlitikle dooties quicken thurst more than anythin I've evur seen. People kuddent stand the franchise if the publik-houses was klosed. Yu kuddent get pussons tu du all the dirty work if yu didn't give em summot besides water tu wash in; and nothin weaker than hot sperits wud swill down the perlitikle parts of speech on an eleckshun day. They're downrite klaggy.

I've heard a gud many dialekts in my time, but the perlitikle

* All on us repent at the finish. If we hed tu begin agen, we shud sin more scientifikelly.

dialekt squatches all. A politishun's langwidge 'll admit of no deskripshun, as it don't luk well in print; but fur givin an idear of the warmth of his feelins, I shud say it wud admit of no impruvment this side the grave.

The bonesetters hed a heavy day. They hed tu settle a gud many grievances, and tu adjust a gud many perlitikle dislokashuns. I've gnowd a gud many patriots. I'm indoosed tu bleeve patriotism begins at home. Party feelin begins anywhur. It runs highest among them as don't gno whot they're fitin fur. Questyuns that shud be settled by the brain air jenrally settled by the body, the justis of a perlitikle kause being mostly determined by the number of injuries the respektive partis ken stand. If it's a diskusshun between kings and queens, it's konsidered etyket tu spill the blud and berry the bones of thousands; but if it's between 2 ordnery people, a fu benefishul drops frum 1 wound, or a black hi, is konsidered an ample apolojy, and at onct decides who's rite.

Thur was a gud many argyments of that sort during the day. Sum of em kum under my immejut notis. 1 man objektet tu a broken head, on the rediklus ground that he didn't like it. His only komfurt appeared tu be that he'd korreketed a few errors on the othur side. Anothur konsidered that his frunt teeth hed sumthin tu du with the gud of his kountry, and he seemed sorry he'd lost em; and a kole-heaver went so fur as tu express his determinashun tu endure evurlastin kombustchun if he didn't avenge an indignity as hed kum tu him in the form of a bloo swellin under the left hi.

Thur was a good deal of natrel perliteness among 'em. I see 1 man hit anothur an invitashun tu sit down, which he did. He got up and let out a simler kompliment frum the rite shoulder.

They wos both very much siled, and parted in a friendly way, kallin 1 anothur by thur unkrystyun names.

Politishuns vary. Sum of 'em may be honest, but sum of 'em aint. They dont ollis let yu gno whot they're goin tu rob yu of nekst.

Afore the day wos over I ketched anothur of 'em perilitikally inklined. He wos goin orf tu poll with my breast pin. He lukked surpriged, and seemed sorry tu postpone his vote.

"Is yure hisite weak?" I sez, reachin back my buzzom fastener, and lukkin at him with a forbiddin smile as boded no gud.

"Yes," he sez, humbly. "I'm a great sufferer. I ken skarsly distinguish what ought tu blong tu me, and what blongs tu anybody eltz. I'm afeard its gettin wus."

"Yu shud konsult a perliseman," I sez, "afore it gets tu fur. If yu go on mebbe yu'll hinder yureself frum getting intu a honest workhus."

He sed it wos okkurd fur him, but he wos born so. It seemed tu run in the fammily. His mother hed it, and wos konfined in prizon."

I asked him whot his perlitikle principuls wur, and if he hed any relashuns livin.

He sed he wos a son of toil, and wos in favor of doin less work and earnin more pay—not as it mattered much tu him, fur his old woman tuk in washin, and that's whot did it, as fur as he wos konsarned.

Then the krowd pressed us apart. He went out of site rapidly, and I went forrud on the tide that flowed intu the hotel.

But people seemed stun blind tu my intrests. I lent myself fur perlitikle purposes, and wos returned tu my friends by a overwhelming minority. My principul supporters wos sevrel times

upset by the noose of our triumphant defeat, and tords bed time thur disappointment got the better of 'em. Sum of the workin klasses fair tottered under thur load, and was evidently staggered by the state of the pole. I met with a gud deal of kindness frum sum of 'em. 1 man kordially shuk me by the hair. I bleeve they tuk him tu the infirmry. It wos understud he hed met with a akcident, and hed a rush of blud tu the noze.

When it wos gnowed that I wos outnumbered, and that the yallers hed karrid thur viktim in triumf, I stud out on the balkony tu address the krowd.

Tu say as I wos warmly received wudn't du justis tu the aktool fax. Thur's no word in the English langwidge as kud.

When yu introdoos stuns and sticks intu any langwidge it bekums more forcibul. Even rotten eggs 'll impart sum addishunal beauty.

I lukked down the throtes of the thousands as turned up thur faces with open mouths and glarin hies, as if I wos gud tu eat, and wos about tu be distribooted among 'em. 'Twud hev bin a dredful moment fur a early Kristyun. I tried tu chuck a fu words intu 'em tu be goin on with, but they refoozed 'em, and howled and hooted like zoologikles at feedin time. Then all at onct thur kum on a heavy shower of rain, stuns, eggs, hail, warnuts, and the wust froots of the earth. I never see the elements so noomerus. Fur a fu minits we wos obliged tu get under kover. Umbrellers mite du in times of peace, but on an elekshun day they air nowhur.

When the storm hed sumwot subsided, wun of my friends handed me a speakin trumpet, and I thanked 'em thru that fur the honor I'd done 'em that day. As I'd nothin tu lose, I blowd em up thru the trumpet fur tryin tu imitate wild beasts

in vise and manner as they hed bin doin, and fur sayin a gud many things as a wild beast wudn't sile his mouth with. "But yu kan't humbug Natur," I sez. "If yu aboozse the present, the futur 'll be down on yu afore yu gno whur yu air. Thur's a fixed proporshun fur penalties, and yu kan't get off by payin 6 pence in the pound. I've nevur gnowd natrel retribooshun miss fire. Sum of yu don't gno this, and kondukt yureselves like ostriches. When yu've done summot rong, yu stick yure heads in a hole and think yu're out of site; but yu'll soon wish yure kote-tes was longer and stronger, fur Natur kicks ard. Thur's no kases of mistaken identity in stummick akes. Sum of yure fathers walked 8 miles tu work of a mornin, and 8 miles back tu bed, arter 12 hours of hot sunshine on thur bent backs, and eat and drunk and karrid red cheeks, and sed thur prayers fur ni a hunderd years, and then died ard, blessin a krowd of sorrerin great-grandchildern. *Yu'll* nevur see yure childern's childern. Yu shorten yure hours of labor and yure hours of life. Yu're more dissatisfide with more wages than they wur with less. Yu're up latur in the mornin, and up latur at nite. Yu burn tu much gas."

Jest then a eg as hed a narrer eskape of bein a warbler flu intu the trumpet, and stopped my speech; and anothur storm kum on heavier than evur, and bruk all the windows. My friends pulled me in by the kote-tes, and kondukted me home stratejikally thru the back dore, while the perliikle tempest was thunderin in at the front.

PART XVI.

THE follerin Sunday arfternoon, as I was stumblin among the graves whur I was born, I met with the lamented bones of a ancestur. Thur was a heap of 'em lyin under a broken stun, as hed a broken inskripshun. * * "neezur Goff" was mercifully left on wun 3 kornered fragment. On anothur irreglar piece of the same stun was the solum words, "7 wives."

I stud uprite in admirashun.

"That was a man, if yu like!" sez the old parish grave skoop, hobblin up and turnin over a bone with his stick. "I berrid him."

"How is it as he's worked his way to the surfice?" I inquired

"Worked his way tu the surfice," he repeated with evident impashunts. "Why, it's a wunder he hezn't worked his way klean out, and jined hisself tugether agen, and walked orf. Thur's no less nor 7 wives under *him*," he added, as if he was tryin tu konvince hisself as well as me. "I gnowd he'd nevur keep down amung 'em."

"He must hev bin parshul tu wives," I sez.

"Parshul," he sez; "twoz his hobby. He was ded on 'em; and so he is now," he added, chucklin over the solum joak.

"Irreverend sir," I sez, addressin the anshunt dignitary of the church, "I've privet reasons fur bleevin them bones blong tu me."

"Blong tu yu?" he sed, inkredulus, with surprige. "How many sets of bones du yu require in this world?"

"I bleeve funder," I sez, not notisin his questyun, "that these bones was orijinally a unkle of mine, and when in the flesh they walked about in the kapacity of my father's brother."

"What name hev yu bin nurished under?" he asked, plantin his stick in the ground in a attitood of interrogashun.

"Elijer Goff's my image and superskripshun," I sez, with bekom in pride, "and long may it keep klear of a tomb stun."

"Amen!" he ejakerlated, frum the mere forse of habit; then suddently seizin hold of my hand he sed exultinly, "I'm proud tu say I berrid yure father, and I berrid yure mother; and—— in fak I berrid the whole bilin."

"Praps yu'd like tu berry me?" I sez, thinkin it as well tu pass the kompliment. He sed he'd gnowd more onliklier things, and hoped as he mite be spared tu perform the sad office.

I told him thur was no immejut hurry. He sed, "No, thur *wasn't* no hurry," in a quiet pashunt way, as led me tu konklood he was gud fur anothur sentry.

On his rekkomendashun we went intu his old ancestrul kottage, and smoked a pipe tugethur. He gnowd the histry of the noomerus Goff's frum the prefis tu the printer's name. They appear tu hev bin much given tu marryin, and as fur as possibul strongly opposed tu dyin. They didn't advokate temprance, but tuk kindly tu superstishun, bleevin that a surpliss ollis kovers a gud man, and that Britons nevir will be slaves. Between 'em they managed a kristnin almost monthly, and was nevir gnowd tu get tired of biled turkey and jin. Sum of 'em seemed tu think they kud get on without the Ten Kommandments, and lukked upon laws as onnecessary luxuries. A fu on 'em went so fur as tu luk forrud hopefully tu a thousand years of peace.

The worms seemed tu relish *them* jest the same as if they'd bin pussons with a moderet taste.

Old Ebneezur (now bones) was a man of enormus affeckshuns. He led seven blushin brides tu the altur afore natur konsidered he'd made suffishent atonement fur bustin intu life.

In spite of all these blessins he died ard.

I wos sorry fur him, and at onct put him down fur a new tombstun. The old grave skoopers sed he'd see it wos properly done. I left the inskripshun tu him, as he'd more experients in skriptural histories, and understud the subjeck thru.

When that tombstun wos finished it bore the follerin

Epitaff.

Ebueczur Goff,

Born in Hope.

Died in the Workhus.

(bein quite ripe.)

He wos a honest man and a noomerus father.

He hed 7 wives, and wos respekted by all as gnu him.

He wos mortally wounded at Bunker's Hill,

And arftur lingerin in the enjyment of gud health
fur ni 50 years,

HE DIED,

And lies here

DED.

He wos well gnoun at all charitabul institooshuns, till
deth guv him permnent relief.

As a parish konstabul, krier, and klark, he onct stud
onrivaled ;

And bein frequently marrid, his virtu remained
unshaken tu the end.

PART XVII.

I HAD finished T, and hed lit my pipe, wun blusterin evenin, arftur a busy day, and wos sittin with my feet on the fender, talkin tu the Widder, when thur kum a feeble nok at the frunt dore as indoosed the Widder tu exklaime, "I wonder who that ken be?"

"Nobody with any kontribooshuns fur *my* poor's box, I'll be bound," I sez, goin on with my pipe.

The Widder went tu open the dore, and in a fu minits returned, bearin in her arms a brown parcel, and in her hand a note.

"A little boy brote these fur yu," she sed, handin 'em tu me jently, and lukkin very kuryus and purty as I purceeded tu open 'em.

The letter, not bein' a bloo 'un, lukked innercent enuff, but the parcel hed a misteryus and furbiddin appearunts. I opened the letter fust. It read as follers:—

"DEAR LIJER,—

"I've jest kum intu onexpekted posseshun of sum rubbige. It's no use tu me, not bein litery. I thurfore send *yu* a bundle of it. Yu ken make whot use yu like on it, as the man as rote it's ded. He died in the sylum. They sed he wos a promisin young man. He promised tu pay *me*, but nevur did. I hed tu seize his bits o' things, tho I didn't want tu; but he sed if I didn't sumbody eltz wud; so I seized 'em. I wos a bit sorry fur him, but a landlud kan't afford many feelins fur individool kases. He hez tu spred 'em over so many. Rent days air very exhostin in this respek.—Yures stedfustly,

"SILAS JERRYBIM.

"P.S.—How is it as yu hevn't bin tu servis at the Bore and Pigskin lately? I hope yu hevn't lost all appetite fur thurst."

"It's kind of Jerrybim tu send me rubbige," I sez, turnin over the parcel tu find the gnot ; "but let's see whot the sed rubbige is kompozod of. Jerrybim isn't a vagabone as a rool."

We opened the parcel, and fund the rubbige in 8 small packets of paper, named, and dated, and sealed.

"It'll take me a sentery of Sabbath days tu read all on 'em," I sez. "Whot on earth and oshun ken they be about? Sum on-it luks like poekry," I added, lukkin down intu 1 of the smallest packets, and purceedin tu open it.

"Shall I read them tu yu, Mr. Goff, while yu go on with yure pipe?" asked the Widder, eagerly. "I'm fond of readin."

"Air yu?" I sez, in a artful tone of surprige. "Certinly yu may. I kud sit down and listen tu yu fur the remainder of my natrel life," and I handed over the packets, and settled down intu a pozishun of komfortabul attenshun, and smoked.

Whot a evanly posseshun is a brite and appy woman. Evanly even in the purpel distants.

The Widder was as pleased as if I'd done her a kindness. She put away her work, drew her chair up tu the fire, and guv a playful little koff. Then takin up the packets and arrangin them beside her, purceeded tu read 'em as they was numbered.

The fust was No. 1, and read as follers :—

Isolalea.

ALL down among the lilies by the old brook's rugged side,
Where the long grass fondly droops to kiss the wave,
Where blossoms, sweet and fair, with their incense fill the air,
And new beauty springs again from Beauty's grave :

'Twas here among the lilies in the green and silent glade,
Where the birds have sung their sweetest songs of joy,

Beneath this old yew tree, ere I met with Lolalea,
That I dreamed in happy moments when a boy.

Time fled, and other lilies came, and faded with the years,
And my childhood glided from me like a dream ;
Then my loving Lolalea, like an angel came to me,
And we gave sweet vows of love beside the stream.

And O ! among the lilies, as the years flew quickly past,
Fair young faces like my Lolalea's came by,
And in every cherub face her own I loved to trace,
For I loved her with a love that could not die.

* * * * *

Once more among the lilies that are fading by the brook,
I sit dreaming 'neath the yew tree as of yore,
But dreams of joy have fled, for sweet Lolalea is dead,
And the music of her voice will come no more.

Ah ! bloom again, ye lilies, and flow on, sweet sobbing stream,
Sing here once again, ye birds, your song to me,
But warble not with joy, as I heard ye when a boy,
For ye're singing o'er the grave of Lolalea.

The Widder laid down the paper and put her handkercher tu
her hies. The vusses hed made her sad.

"Don't let 'em upset yu," I sez, gulpin down my own feelins.
"It's only his fun. He didn't mean it. Thur's no *real* poekry
rote now a days ; it's all adulturated with money makin," I
added, thinkin tu konvince her funder.

"But he must hev dearly luv'd Lolalea," she sed, lukkin at
me thru 2 big tears.

"It don't ollis foller," I replide. "Luv's very much like everythin eltz as don't resemble it; them as talks the most does the least."

"But luk at the paper," she sed, handin it tu me; "it's bin blotted with his tears."

"Its jest as likely tu hev bin blotted with jin and water," I sez, rememburin sevrel poets I hed met in times parst as hed divided thur idears with sperits.

"Oh, no! He kuddent hev bin a bad man tu rite so tenderly of his ded luv," she sez, lukkin at me as if implorin me not tu disturb her bleef in his gudness.

It wud be a blessed thing if all men wur whot innercent women bleeve 'em tu be.

But they ain't.

I returned the Widder's luk with a sigh, and handed her packet No. 2. It wos headed, "My First Vapour Bath," and appeared tu hev bin rote sum time.

My First Vapour Bath.

My doctor is a despot. He presides over a court beyond which there is no appeal. I should as soon think of declining to fall in with the views of her Majesty's Government on a question of income-tax as I should think of disobeying one of his mandates. He does not impose a term of imprisonment with the option of a fine, but he suspends my freedom and substitutes physic for food. He does not define my case as one requiring a retributive "five bob or a week;" but he throws my stomach into a state of anarchy, and smiles blandly at the agonising process. He covers scraps of paper with unintelligible hieroglyphics, and bids me confidingly swallow what he has thereon mysteriously specified,

and submissively carry out what he has thereon illegibly commanded. If I, in my feeble state of physical prostration, suggest a more merciful treatment, he opens the door and sorrowfully wishes me good-bye, as if I was about to step into the grave and be no more seen.

One day rheumatism got hold of me, and I sought his aid. "Take a vapour bath and rub that in," he said in an indifferent, off-hand way, as he handed me the prescription he had prepared.

"A vapour bath," I faltered timidly, in a voice husky with anxiety and broken with horrible rheumatic twistings. "Will not a warm bath do as well, doctor?"

"Decidedly not," he replied in cold, cruel, remorseless tones. "You must have the vapour bath at once; and I will see you in two days. Good morning."

The last words were said more cheerfully, and were accompanied by a warm, reassuring pressure of the hand. I glided out into the sunshine.

There was no grave outside the doorstep, as I almost feared; but I had a kind of presentiment that I was walking towards one, and I felt convinced, too, that any violation of the illegible statutes on the paper in my hand would be followed by disastrous consequences,

I had never experienced the pleasures, or the pains, of a vapour bath, and knew nothing of the process. I had heard them spoken of as being invaluable in some kinds of disease, and I had read in certain advertisements that, for the insignificant sum of eighteenpence, a person might be operated on by steam to any extent. There my knowledge began and there it ended. As to the mode of administering the vapour I knew nothing. If the attendant had taken off my clothes, and had suspended me

over the steam of a boiling tea-kettle, I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that I should have had entire confidence in the efficacy of the system, and should have submitted with the conviction that it was operating beneficially. If he had bidden me sit on a saucepan of boiling water, and had beguiled me with an old newspaper, I should have meekly complied with his instructions, and have remained faithfully at my post until ordered off. Still I believed, as I left the chemist's shop (in which I had deposited the hieroglyphics) with the bottle of liniment in my pocket, and groaned myself into a cab, that I was being hurried off to a very different and far more trying ordeal.

I began to anticipate the process.

In my simplicity I imagined myself in a room, thick and hot with steam, sitting dejectedly in a corner, and simmering down to a required state of skin and bone. And I thought, too, that in that same chamber of hot vapour there were other victims also, sitting sad and motionless as myself, and looking very dim through the thick haze, patiently awaiting the dissolving of their bodies and the ultimate bleaching of their bones; for it seemed to me that subsequently the bones would manifest themselves in a remonstrative way. Then, with livid cheeks, I contemplated the return home of cadaverous faces and weak legs to the sorrowing friends who anxiously awaited such portions of our substance as we might be prudent, or fortunate, enough to retain. And I tremblingly wondered what Mrs. Simpson would say when she saw my sunken cheeks and collapsed form return to its post at the head of the table; and also what the chubby and cherry-cheeked little Simpsons would think when they saw, with their young impatient eyes, my feeble attempts to carve the Sunday joint, and witnessed my abortive endeavours to look

paternally substantial and dignified. I remembered that John Ruskin had said something about age losing its honour and youth its reverence, and I became concerned lest the reverential feeling should depart from the bosoms of the youthful Simpsons when they realised the dreadful reduction that had taken place in the person of their sire.

I was beginning to tremble with anxiety.

The desirability of turning back presented itself to me with irresistible force as the cab drew up in front of the establishment that contained my imaginary chambers of horrors. I glanced helplessly at the painted sign that suggested various modes of refined torture. There was the Russian suffocating method, the Turkish simmering process, and the melting down in hot vapours. There were hot miseries and cold miseries; saline unpleasantries, partial wettings and complete soppings; the whole, or part, to be obtained on terms that placed them within the reach of the multitude. But the multitude seemed to wag their heads derisively and pass on. They were not to be turned aside by the temptations priced upon that board. Some among the stream of homeward-bound looked averse to water, and hurried on. Others looked as if they never had indulged in the luxury of ablution, but had lived, and sighed, and fulfilled their destiny so far in a state of grime. Even they passed on.

Slowly I crept from the cab, every movement being pregnant with agony, and passed onward through the yawning portals to meet my uncertain fate. As I entered, a gong sounded through the dreary passages, and a head protruded through a pigeon hole on the right. I addressed myself to it in an imploring sort of way, and intimated my wish to be carefully steamed. "Eighteen-pence" was the unfeeling reply that came through the pigeon

hole in company with a ticket for my guidance. "John! vapour bath," shouted that same cold voice, and cold echoes repeated them up the empty corridors; and on the stairs stood John, sternly beckoning me to follow him.

He was a man on whom forty summer suns had shone without any very decided success. They had not made him beautiful, nor had they developed him very cruelly. His appearance was singularly impartial—neither for him nor against him; but there was on his face an expression of unalterable sadness, like to the sadness of one whose path had been over battle-fields, or among shallow graves, where protruding bones seem like skeleton fingers pointing out new victims to Death.

I slowly ascended the stairs, and followed the sad figure in the shirt-sleeves. Each step added to my pain, and each moment to my anxiety. My nerves were collectively performing their functions, irrespective of my personal comfort, and my confidence in their great usefulness became seriously shaken. Still in a feeble excelsior style I continued the ascent, and having gained the first landing, I proceeded with an *andante* movement towards an open door through which John's coatless form had disappeared.

I believe at this moment my feelings were of a purely selfish character. Mrs. Simpson and the youthful results of our union were forgotten; domestic ties snapped like fiddle-strings; and in my world just then there were but two people—John and myself.

The room into which the sad spirit beguiled me was small and uncomfortably wooden in its general effect. There was a bath lying down in one corner and a cupboard standing up in another; behind the door there was a large square corn-bin kind of structure of unpainted wood, and near the window a small

dressing-table, supporting a toilet-glass of miserably meagre proportions. One square yard of unsaleable carpet lay stretched upon the floor, and one cane-bottomed chair, that had the appearance of having been sat upon, leaned against the wall in an apparently exhausted state. Over all there was a green light coming in a weak, melancholy flood through the Venetian blinds, which melancholy light gave a decomposing appearance to John's unhappy features, and imparted quite a sepulchral glimmer to the scene.

The door being closed I proceeded in great pain to hang up my hat and to remove my clothes, with an instinctive knowledge that a condition of nudity would be imposed before the process began. John stood passively behind me, coldly examining (as I thought) my boiling qualities, and calculating, with cruel indifference, the number of pounds avoirdupois that would be missing from the Simpson estate on my return home. At last he was aroused from his attitude of contemplation by the removal of my last stocking, and at once proceeded to the corn-bin. I noticed as he raised the lid that it was pierced with a large hole, on the probable use of which I for a moment speculated; but it was only for a moment, for my attention was directed to the front of the structure, that all at once opened in the manner of folding doors, revealing to my astonished gaze the inside arrangements. There was certainly nothing suggestive of comfort or ease within those bare boards. A piece of wood laid cross-wise, with a towel spread over it, seemed to represent a seat, but it looked very uninviting to a man whose skin formed his only protection. By this time, however, I had become resigned to any fate that could await me; and when John requested me by a silent gesture to seat myself within that timbered sarcophagus,

I did so with the air of a martyr who looks upon death as the gate of life.

I had hardly time to adjust myself in the position of a heathen god, when the front doors of the bin closed before me, and the upper lid descended overwhelmingly upon me. I shut my eyes at the sudden probability of a final crack on the head, but the next moment, finding myself unharmed, I looked around. My body had disappeared, but my head was protruding through the hole that I had innocently supposed was intended for another purpose. I felt as if I was illustrating a Chinese method of inflicting corporal punishment.

In order the more completely to separate the mind from the matter of the Simpson representative, the sad spirit in shirt sleeves had wrapped a towel round my neck, so that my head had the appearance of being served up like a boar's head at some civic feast.

John had now resumed his attitude of contemplation directly in my front. We were both silent. Within the bin, that now contained my mortal remains, there had set in an alarming hissing, such as might proceed from a nest of infuriated snakes, or a bursted steam-pipe, and with it a sensation of humid heat such as I used to think Professor Anderson's pigeons experienced ere they came so unexpectedly out of the cauldron. For a few minutes I sat perfectly still, gazing inquiringly into John's soulless eyes, as a captive would gaze at his jailer through the dish-hole in the prison door. A more unresponsive pair of eyes I never saw.

There was no comfort in them. It seemed as if tortures and fears like mine were of daily occurrence with him; and so without sympathy and without hope I sat and simmered, and felt,

as the heat increased, that my substance was trickling from a million pores. I don't think it would be possible to feel more defenceless than I felt then in my utter nakedness. I faltered out a remark pregnant with anxiety, but it brought forth no response from the sad, imperturbable figure in shirt sleeves. The unresponsive eyes turned coldly towards me, gave me one calm, passionless look, and then turned away. Then a long pause again, while the hissing proceeded in the neighbourhood of my unprotected legs, the foot-plate every minute growing hotter, till at length it became unendurable, and I had to lift my feet and keep them suspended in the hot air.

My attitude at that time was, I think, the most undignified it would be possible for a man to assume, but fortunately the box concealed all but my head, and kept the outer world in ignorance of the resemblance I bore to some of the freaks of nature I have seen preserved in spirits. Still I believed even then that for the entire absence of dignity I was compensated by an entire cessation of pain. I began to speculate in my mind whether after all evaporation was not an easy method of releasing the soul from its tenement of clay. True, the surviving representatives of the defunct Simpson would be puzzled where to erect the headstone, and where to place their flowers on the future anniversaries of this melancholy day. True the neighbours would be disappointed when they saw no emaciated mutes and no panoply of woe, no richly-plumed hearse, no prancing steeds, no coffin, and no crowd. It seemed almost like an injustice to them; but here the thought itself evaporated, for John aroused himself from his reverie, and advanced as if about to remove my head on to a dish. I felt that something that would seriously affect the Simpsons was about to take place; but

he merely applied his thumbs to the swollen veins on my temples, and then turned away without a word, as if he was satisfied I was not done. This time he left the room slowly, as a man with a solemn but settled purpose. It struck me as my eyes followed him to the door that there was an expression on his face, a wearied expression, as if he was tired of death-scenes, and was the unwilling medium of some impending act of retribution. I awaited his return with an anxiety I am sure my face betrayed; for when, after what appeared to me a long absence, he returned, he looked at me with a glance more rapid than usual, and exclaimed in tones I shall never forget, "You've had enough."

From that moment I have looked upon John as a man addicted to speaking the truth. From that moment I have looked upon him as a reliable authority on the question of *quantum suff.* Yet, after all, to say that I had had enough was giving but a feeble and insufficient idea of the fulness of my satisfaction. To say that I was grateful to him for his keen perception of the case as it stood would be but expressing the truth in the minimum. I cannot conceive the feeling of gratitude being carried to a further point, for although my sensations had been perfectly painless, yet owing to the weakness induced by twelve months of ill health, and the nervous misery that had come with the light of three hundred and sixty-five days, and the horrible fancies and disturbing dreams that had come with the darkness of each night, I felt unable to endure the enervating effects of the simmering I had been undergoing; and when the emotionless face and the mechanical hands came to the bin-side for the purpose of releasing me from my seething captivity, I felt a renewal of hope that was as delightful as it was

unexpected. The towel was removed from my neck, the lid was lifted, the doors opened, and, oh, joy! I saw through the steam that my body was not all bone; in fact, my appearance, though extremely pitiable, was positively reassuring. Through all the melting down I had experienced I still retained a fair proportion, such as, with the aid of a skilful tailor, might be palmed off upon the world as a manly form. But it was a somewhat timid hope that had come back to me, for as I sat there linenless and unmoved, steaming like an old coacher of the summer days gone by, I wondered if there were other ignominious tortures to follow, and whether John's mysterious movements were for or against. I watched him anxiously as he placed some towels temptingly before my eyes, and I almost deluded myself into the delicious supposition that I had passed through my troubles and still lived. But there was nothing but cold justice in John's eye, as he beckoned me forth from the bin. I felt it would be a waste of innocent feelings to expect mercy from him; so I followed as he directed. I saw the tall cupboard in the corner opened, and I have a dim recollection of hearing a sepulchral voice say, "Go in."

I have found by subsequent investigation that there is no lettering over the doors of that tall cupboard, but I could have sworn that at that moment I saw there the words, "Pray for Simpson's soul."

I was struck by the absence of any special appeal for Simpson's body, which, from my narrow view of the question, seemed to be not without its claim for prayerful regard. I felt that John's behaviour placed him beyond the reach of my forgiveness, and I resisted a foolish impulse to wish him good-by.

I could never understand how it is that a dying man should

care to have another look round at the few trifling objects that lie about him in this world when he knows that he is on the point of entering another ; but we see it on the scaffold and we see it at the stake, and as I entered the tall cupboard I knew the sensation myself. I looked round the wooden room, at the coffin-like bath, at the leaden man with a green light resting on one side of his face and a deep neutral shade on the other, then took another step forward and found myself boarded in on every side. But the outer world was not quite excluded from the cupboard. There was an opening that admitted light, and commanded an unnecessarily excellent view of the green and grey features of the solemn attendant. The opening also admitted sound, for I heard the voice that had bidden me go in now bid me hold back my head. I was more docile than the lamb that is led to the slaughter, and I obeyed the sepulchral voice. As I did so I looked up, but seeing nothing but darkness I prepared for the worst, and closed my eyes. Ten thousand thunders ! there came upon me that instant a splash and a shock that made me leap up into the darkness with a broken gasp, and contracted muscles, and a faint cry that ended in a gurgle ; and the torrent came upon me as I gurgled, and I writhed and twisted, and put my hands up to my face and gave myself up for lost. But the torrent suddenly ceased, the doors of the cupboard suddenly opened, and when I had squeezed the water from my eyes I beheld the motionless form and the pitiless face of John. Had it not been that his severity had made him so distasteful to me, I should have rushed into his arms and clung to him, for I felt that unless somebody intervened between me and my destiny the odds would be considerably in favour of destiny, and the little Simpsons would be sireless.

From that moment, though John's features underwent no change, his manner did. Incredible as it may seem, and as it did seem to me, he became positively kind. He took a bath sheet and placed it around me, and rubbed me, and gave me a warm towel, and put the place in order, and before I could thank him he passed silently away.

Left to myself, I rubbed my bodily remains dry, and then applied the liniment, and rubbed that dry, too, and then dressed, for even if there had been other tortures I should have declined them. Long before I had finished I felt a different man. My rheumatic pains had departed, and they did not return. There was a newness of feeling and a sense of purification that were very enjoyable. I felt rewarded for the unnatural treatment I had received, and in my heart I unreservedly forgave John.

I was grateful to find that on my return home there were no perceptible portions of my body missing. Mrs. Simpson said I looked clearer about the skin and brighter about the eye, though she pronounced me damp about the hair, and, if possible, a bigger goose than ever; but, as she always accompanies her uncomplimentary remarks with a kiss, I like them, and although she makes uncomplimentary remarks very often I do not get tired of them. When I told her the history of my first vapour bath, as I have told it here, I saw from certain gleams in her eye that she would have asked John some terrible questions if he had done as I feared he was doing; for although ten years have passed since first I called her wife, and although nine little troubles have come upon us with their great pleasures, still our hearts beat together in unison as they did in the twilights long ago. Our hopes and dreams are undivided as they were then, and whenever the spirit of decay steps between us with his scythe, as he will one day do,

there will be an emptiness in the life that is left behind, and a grief in the heart that lives, that can neither be told by hot tears nor be lettered upon cold tombs.

The Widder was amoozed at Simpson's trubbles, and larfed as she read 'em; but she put down the packet without a smile, fur the larst fu lines stole intu her heart, and softened her luk.

"It's all in the same handritin," she sed, thotefully, "but it don't sound the same as the poem, except the little bit at the end. He must hev bin a strange mixture," she added, lukkin intu my face fur a korroberatin luk.

"Yes," I sez, "men air strange mixtures. I've gnowl sum as yu kud pull intu pieces, but yu kuddent pull a groan out frum 'em. Them same men hev kried quarts at the deth of summot they luvud."

"I kan't endure seein a man weep," sed the Widder, mournfully.

"It means a gud deal if he's a *real* man," I sez; "a woman's grief kums out with her tears, but a man's life kums out with his. Women kry tu offen tu du thurselves any vilent harm. It takes a gud strain tu bust a heart."

"Hulloa," I sez, takin up the nekst packet, "yere's more vusses. Let's get our handkerchers reddy."

The packet wos labeled, "Echoes," and, like the othur, wos dated 1866.

Echoes.

SING that sad song again, for it brings back to me
 The memory of hours passed away;
 It comes like the echo of music I heard,
 When the young heart was glad, and the life page unblurred
 By the tears of an after day.

HIS TRAVELS, TRUBBLES, AND OTHUR AMOOZEMENTS. III

'Tis the song which she sang in the still eventide
As we stood 'neath the starlit sky ;
And it seems when 'tis ended again I should see
The tear in her eye, and the smile she gave me,
In sweet hours of rapture gone by.

O! the heart that I loved has been hushed into sleep,
And the voice that was sweetest is gone ;
And the stars seem to mourn, as the night winds tell
The message they bring from a far away bell,
That for ever seems tolling on.

Yet that sad plaintive song, like an echo of joy
Borne back o'er the dull lapse of years,
Brings a dream of the past, that the heart loves well,
Though 'tis mingled with sorrow the tongue cannot tell,
Or eyes weep away with their tears.

The Widder's vise trembled as she read these vusses, and she
put 'em aside without a word. I wos busy koffin, fur the poekry
ketched sum bakky smoke in my swaller, and ni choked me.

The Widder's hies wos beginnin tu luk red. Her tender heart
kuddent stand quiet, lissenin tu anothur's sorrers. I thote she
lukkéd purtier than any woman I evur see as she tried tu smile
at me thru her tears, and leaned her face on her hand.

"I don't think I shall be abul tu sleep tu nite, Mr. Goff; I
feel so sad," she sed plaintivly.

"It'll take summot more than poetry tu keep me awake," I
sez. "Poekry jenrelly sends me tu sleep."

"But think of him dyin in a 'Sylum. What he must hev
suffured!" she sied.

"It's very 'ard," I sed, touched by this new voo of the subjek, "very 'ard! Sum men seem tu get more'n thur share of suffurin in this world—sum less."

"Everythin hez bin wisely ordered," she replide solumly.

I thote of Mariar and my wastid life, and of sum people as hed nevur paid me, and thur wastid lives; and I wondered if it kud be so.

I tuk up the nekst packet tu change the subjek, and fund it labeled "A Run with the Hounds."

"This is more in *my* line," I sez. "He kan't be melankoly in this 'un," and I parst it tu the Widder with a air of triumf, and then leaned back in my chair tu lissen.

A Run with the Hounds.

"THE hounds meet at Ystrad this morning. Shall we go?" asks my friend and host, as he rises from the breakfast table and walks towards the window overlooking the Vale of Clwyd. "You can have the bay mare and I will take Albinus." I express my delight at the proposal, and the horses are ordered for ten o'clock.

It is a bright morning, but clouds are passing across the sky, and shadows are gliding over the broad breast of the mountain ranges to the east of this charming valley. There have been storms during the night, and the gathering clouds foretell more. The little stream in the lowland shines like silver as the sunlight rests on it, and the hill sides are diapered with the russet of the ferns that are dead, and the bright green of the gorse bushes that have not yet lost their blossoms. Miles beyond the mountains are lost in mist, and their forms seem to melt into phantom shapes that suggests fancies of a matterless world. High above

us is the old ruined castle, with its outer walls standing upon the steep rock and nestling among the luxuriant ivy that has clung around them for centuries ; and far away in front of us are the gentle undulations of Ystrad, with the white square modern hall, surrounded by leafless trees and broad sweeps of pasture land.

Ten o'clock has arrived, and the horses are at the door. My host appears booted and spurred. He is dressed in the dark green coat of the hunt, while I am fortified with top boots and a reefer.

"The mare has a tender mouth, but ride her with a light hand and she will please you," observes my friend, as he springs lightly into his saddle, and pats the neck of his favourite chestnut.

I have not followed the hounds for years, but have almost shut my eyes to all else save the cruelty of the sport ; yet as we trot down the gravel drive and out into the lane, I feel the old enthusiasm, and the old love for the chase, come upon me as strongly as ever. The beautiful animal bears me swiftly along with a splendid action, and seems impatient to try its speed.

We soon reach the foot of the hill on which the picturesque town of Denbigh stands, and proceed along the turnpike road, with Ruthin eight miles in our front. Suddenly diverging to the right, we enter the long lane that leads to Ystrad, having on our left hand a broad stretch of landscape, and on our right a pretty view of the town on the hill.

We are joined by other horsemen, and proceed leisurely to the hall, where all meet preparatory to entering upon the campaign. There are several ladies present in carriages, but none on horseback. The field is composed of a deputy-lieutenant, and officers, professional men, clergymen's sons, and gentlemen-farmers ;

dressed in various costumes, and generally speaking fairly mounted. The signal is given to start, and huntsmen and hounds move rapidly away, eager for the sport.

A broad stretch of ploughed land is the scene of the first cast. Other fields extend beyond and around it, and the view from the road on the top of the hill we have reached is a fine one. But the rain comes down at intervals in heavy showers, and the sky is laden with clouds that are coming from the south. A stiff breeze is springing up, and I feel cold as I sit quietly looking at the wet, cheerless country around, waiting for a find. The ploughed lands are soft and splashy, and the furrows and ditches are full to overflowing. It is hard walking and heavy riding, yet we do not mind it, and the gallant little horse of the huntsman gallops over the sloppy earth, again and again, fairly hiding his legs in the splash as he flies along. The other horsemen move quietly down the roads, which are perfect rivers of mud, and await the signal to join in the chase.

All is silent for a time ; then we hear a well-known sound as the foremost dog catches the scent ; the others quickly follow, and now there is the full music, so grateful to the huntsman's ears. A hundred paces in front of the dogs the startled hare is flying from her hiding-place, frightened by sounds she perhaps has heard before. Rapidly she bounds along, in a succession of jumps, over the rough ridges of newly-turned clay, and climbs the slope at our feet. Suddenly she turns to the right, then downwards, and again upwards across the broad brown field, through a thick hedge, over the pasture, down into a patch of low land, then across the white road into a timbered acre or two at the foot of the slope. Meanwhile the dogs, with their noses near the ground, are patiently following the scent. While

on a straight run they follow quickly, but at a turn they are for a moment puzzled, yet it is only for a moment ; the line is caught again, and the foremost dog is treading in the footsteps of the hare. On through that same gap in the hedge, and swiftly over the green field, down into the low ground, unerringly they fly along, as if they saw their victim beyond ; and now as they rush along there are broken sounds of music from mouths that thirst for blood, and there are twenty anxious faces that watch them, and twenty eager horses that are impatient to join in the chase. But the squadron is not yet formed. Some are here galloping over the green slopes, some there dashing along down the narrow roads, some mad-brain heading the hare amid the hearty curses of trained sportsmen ; men on foot running like maniacs, others, less ardent, climbing some vantage ground, and an old farmer on the highest stump looking through a telescope a yard long.

Down and down they go into the lowest patch of green, and as the dogs pass into the plantation there is an ominous silence, and every ear is strained to catch another cry from the puzzled hounds. Horsemen halt, foot followers come up to the front, and the squadron anxiously awaits the signal to charge again. Hark ! there is a yelp, and another, and now the welcome chorus. The scent is once more caught, but there is no full cry, no wild galloping over straight miles of country ; the hare has again turned, and is coming towards us, the dogs rapidly following on the track. Now she passes through a high hedge that will try the horsemanship of many. Over goes the dun with its gallant rider, and close behind it comes the brave old chestnut that jumped these fences fifteen years ago ; away they fly over the dull green field beyond, leading the line of horses that follow in the jump. The handsome gray refuses the hedge, and turns

down, with others, into the lane. Such an animal, with a stout heart upon it, should run in a straight line.

Every face is now turned towards the hill-side, thickly timbered with pines, and margined by a broad winding stream at its foot. The hare has rushed there to find a hiding-place, but closer and swifter follow the terrible foes, sure as retribution and unerring as destiny; closer and louder sound the yelps of the blood-thirsting pack, and there under the pines, where she hopes to find safety, she will die. Onward among the bare trees sweep the sanguine hounds, maddened by the joy they find in the keener scent, and the coming death scene, with its brief feast of blood lapped warm from their torn victim. The horsemen linger on the outskirts of the cover, which they cannot enter, and move along in the direction of the fierce sounds, which the breezes bear from the hounds, that are each moment growing wilder in their horrid rapture. But the chase is almost at an end. Each stride brings the pack nearer to their prey, and now, as the tired hare sees her pursuers, her eyes start from their hot sockets with an agony of fear. She makes a final bound for life down the abrupt rocks that cross her path; but it is in vain—the pitiless dogs are crowding after her, and filling the cold forest with their savage discords. In a moment more they are upon her, and she dies, torn in pieces by a dozen mouths, that devour their prey ere the straggling horsemen reach the scene of their hurried banquet.

Strange! that as I leaned against a tree, with my arm through the bridle, and my hand upon the neck of the proud mare, I should feel ashamed of being in the picture. Strange! that just then laughter should sound discordant, and smiles should seem cruel. Strange! that the pines should sigh, as if they sorrowed over the passing of so small a life.

Hark! Once more the huntsman's horn rings through the damp air, and is echoed back by the damp hills.

The unsatisfied dogs are called away while they are yet licking the blood from their large loose lips, and again they are led to the broad ploughed field to cross another scent and to run another course, for the agony of one little hare is too short for the pleasures of one long day.

The next follows in nearly the same direction, but the hounds are baffled among the pine trees, and she escapes. A third is sought amid a drenching rain, and after we have crossed the swollen stream which carries the dogs down upon its foaming surface, the well-known cry of the harrier is once more heard, and the wild excitement of the horsemen is again renewed. I forget the cruelty and the scene of blood; the hounds are in full cry and other horsemen are ahead. The brave mare that carries me does not like the splash of hoofs she can pass, but rushes onward to the front, and gallantly flies over hedge and ditch without a miss, needing neither whip nor spur. Her great heart cannot brook defeat, but gamely she works her way to the head of the now straggling line. Onward over fields that slope down towards the valley, and over streamlets that are swollen into deep torrents, and over hedges that are naked and black, but thickly jewelled with rain drops trembling on every spray, and sparkling in every fitful sun-gleam. Away over the sodden turf and the soft wet clay, caring not for wind or rain, forgetful of danger, wild with excitement, and madly revelling in the invigorating ecstasy of the chase. But the dogs are too swift, the doomed hare too slow, the pleasure too brief. Every stride is beginning to tell. The hounds are gaining rapidly on their victim, and the life of the beaten hare is drawing fastly to its close. "Up!" it is the

last fence, and bravely it is taken. The foremost dog now in the centre of the sodden field draws close to the hare, and makes its final spring. There is a chorus of merciless cries, a surging circle of dogs round a bloody centre, a mangled, lifeless form, a licking of lips, and it is all over.

And now homeward through the rain; well soaked and well splashed, we trot briskly along. I am over head and ears in love with the beautiful bay that has carried me so willingly and so well. I feel the bloom upon my face, and the fresh blood in my heart, and an appetite that when I am cupboardless I shall pray not to have.

* * * * *

That evening I fell asleep in the firelight, and strangely I dreamed. I saw myself dashing along at the head of the horsemen, with the hounds in front gaining upon the hare, and the country passing, as I had seen it that day; and on and on we flew, and the sunshine lit up the earth till it seemed more lovely than the land I had known. Away over the flowered fields and the blossomed hedgerows, 'neath trees that bloomed with the bloom of eternal summer, and by the side of streams that flowed musically over the glittering rocks, and along lanes that were full of fragrance, and by the side of waters that were full of joy. The cry of the savage hounds broke horribly upon my ear as I drank in the delicious music of the birds that sang aloud in that lovely land. Yet still I followed the terrible sounds, and still the doomed hare flew on in her wild terror, with glaring eyes and bursting heart, till — oh, merciful Powers! there came a sudden blaze of light that seemed to open in our path, and strike us for an instant blind. The hare leaped up and fell; the dogs, checked suddenly in their flight, slid on, as they crouched in

fear ; the horse that bore me reared up and pawed the light, and then, as if spellbound, sank upon the earth, and stared. I stood astride the fallen steed, trembling in half blinded terror, with my face turned wonderingly towards the mystery that had come before me. Then the splendour opened, and there came forth from the avenue of glory an Angel of Pity, bright from the Pavilion of the Throne. I bowed my head and sank upon my fallen horse, and when I looked again towards the light I saw the Pitying Angel bending sadly over the panting hare, and I heard a voice, the like of which I had never heard on earth, ask, "Who is he that seeks to take thy little life, and in his wantonness would blot thee out for ever from among the fair creation?" Then I buried my burning face in the horse's mane, and the dogs hid their cruel fangs among the flowers, and the birds broke off their song and sang to us no more ; and when I dared to look again towards the light, I saw a tear gathering in the Angel's eye as she raised the sinless hare tenderly in her arms, and, looking at me with a sad reproach, passed again through the cloudlike portals of the glory whence she came.

It was only a dream, yet it left a vision in my eye and a feeling in my heart that seemed to sadden the memory of the hunt that day, for beyond the recollection of the wild delirium of the chase and the joy of rushing to the front, there comes to me the loud yell and the little cry I have heard before—a cry that denotes agony, and a yell that proclaims death ; and even though the life that passes has no share with us in the shame and sorrow, or the pain and pleasure of our world, yet to me a joy is sullied when it is purchased with the price of suffering, even though it be only the dying agony of an unoffending hare.

"Poor little wee thing!" sed the Widder, with a tender smile, that wud hev bin almost tu much fur a man. "How happy it must hev bin nestlin close tu the angel's heart."

"I wish he hedn't sed anythin about that dream," I sez; "it's made me want tu nestle, fur *I've* bin a gud deal worried," and I sot lukkin intu the fire as blazed away as cheerful as if the parst hed bin the most amoozin event as evur okkurred.

"Yu must be pashunt," she sed. "Thur may be an angel watchin over yu at this moment. We kan't tell."

"Angels don't seem tu take much interest in ile and drugs," I sez. "No latur than yesterday a pusson died as owed me twenty pounds, and he's left nothin behind him except his mortal remains, and a krowd of sorrerin krediturs tu mourn thur loss. But we kan't interfere with the parst, so let's perceed with the futur," I added, takin up anothur packet, and openin it reddy fur the Widder tu read. It wos numbered with the figger 5, and wos headed, "In the Twilight."

In the Twilight.

ONCE more in the home of happier years,
 With the twilight shades around!
 While the dark sad trees, like mourning plumes,
 Stand dropping their tears on living tombs,
 Where all joy lies dead, but love still blooms,
 Like a flower on an old grave mound.

Ah, me! how quickly the years go past!
 How swiftly the hours go by!

It seems but a day—yet, years have gone,
Bearing their sorrows and joys along !
But leaving behind sad echoes of song,
That linger 'tween earth and sky.

And out from the past there seem to come
Sweet sounds, that the lime trees know,
And music, that never will cease to dwell
In the heart that cherished and loved it well—
Ay, loved too deep for the tongue to tell,
In the long, long, long ago.

And far in the solemn and silent night,
With the moon and stars o'erhead,
The eyes that weep, and the heart that's sad,
Keep their watch for the visions that made them glad,
Ere eyes grew dim, or the brain grew mad
With love for the love that's dead.

But tears may fall from the eyes that watch ;
And grief may throb in the brain,
'Till the heart grow cold, the eyelids close,
And the brain find rest in its long repose.
Sad dreams will rise from the river that flows
Through life, and bring anguish again.

“How is it,” I sez, seein the Widder lukkin very silent, “that
when a man hez anythin on hand in the way of grief as he puts
it out in vusses?”

“I think it must be that they ken put so much in so fu words,”
replide the Widder, tryin tu sigh away the effex of the poekry.

"That's jest it," I korroberated. "If they tride it in proze, they'd nevr gnow when tu stop. I've gnowd people rite fur a hole lifetime and nevr say anythin; in fak, very fu on 'em du say anythin."

"I ken skarsley bleeve as the poor jentleman as died in the 'Sylum rote all these papers. Still thur all in his handritin," sed the Widder, takin up the nekst packet, and lukkin at it kuryusly.

"Is it poekry?" I inquired.

"No," she replide, "it's proze; it's called, 'My Landlady.'"

"Then," I sez, "if it's proze, his landlady wosn't a angel like——." I finished the sentence with a luk as seemed tu ring thru the house.

The little hand as held the packet trembled, and the face that bent over it blushed, and the sweet vise warbled as the Widder began tu read packet No. 6.

My Landlady.

My landlady is rather fat, and quite forty. She looks as if she had once been young, and when young, fair; but time has toned down the lustre of her eyes, and sobered the expression of her face. She now smiles the smile of a matron, and speaks of her grandchild without wincing.

Ten years of widowhood have proved that her late husband, though a most estimable man, was not indispensable to a continuance of her life; yet she mourns him still, and in certain moods she fairly revels in a flood of eloquent eulogiums, that make me regret, with her, that the world cannot produce another like unto him.

The history of her life, which has been presented to me in a:

very fragmentary form, contains many touching passages illustrative of the cruel operations of Time. From a confidential communication she made to me at our first interview, it appears that she was originally intended as an ornament for a much higher position than that in which she now shines.

Fortune at one time smiled upon her house, but "smiled only to deceive." A succession of disasters snapped the ancestral fabric, and down it came. The tide of prosperity receded, and bore away on its sobbing bosom the accumulated glory of six generations of bakers (this I learned from another source). She naturally felt proud of her accomplishments in those palmy days; of her knowledge of music and skill in painting; of her love for languages and her graceful dancing; and the hundred other attainments which had shed a lustre over her girlhood.

In referring to the sad change in her social altitude her grief naturally got the better of her grammar, and she had long ago discovered that unaspirated vowels could not express wrongs like hers. I did not then fully realise the wreck that receding wave of Fortune had left behind, but I know now, and I have wondered with her how she could ever be happy in a position in which monotint studies with a blacking brush were all that compensated her for the loss of her exquisite painting of the golden days gone by. It was unutterably painful to find that the brilliant execution on the piano of former years had subsided into an inaccurate performance with one finger, and that her lingual accomplishments had gradually undergone a process of disintegration, till the syllabic atoms were all of a heap. Her sylph-like figure had, from causes over which she had no control, persistently developed itself into a form that could never be described by the geometrical definition of a spot. The dancing

that had once charmed every manly eye and fluttered every manly heart had slowly but surely declined in grace, and had lost that fascinating power which the confirmed waddle of after years could but imperfectly replace.

No wonder that she sighed when she spoke of the past ; it would have been better for her if she could have forgotten it ; but it was not to be. Her hands, now so large and red, were once white and small. Each time she looked upon them now she was reminded of what they had been before she tumbled from her high estate and filled her own coal-box. Then, when the stern duties of the scullery or the kitchen came upon her, day by day, she loved to forget her whereabouts in a dream of her girlhood ; but no dream has ever interfered with the punctual preparation of my weekly bill.

In caligraphy my landlady is not proficient, but this does not detract from her greatness of character. In her figures she is painfully legible, and I do not think there is a woman anywhere who can add up a column with more freedom than she does. One and two are five, and seven are fourteen, and eight are twenty-five, and the thing is done. I have known her spell cabbage in many abbreviated forms, but there have been no abbreviations in the price. She has written "pade" at the foot of my weekly bills so often that I have begun to doubt my own accuracy. I do not wonder at this when I remember the number of false impressions she has removed from my mind. There was a time when I could not conceive it possible for a man to consume the quantity of provisions that I am assured, by her periodical statements, have been disposed of by my digestive forces week by week ; but it would be madness now to resist the conviction that animal life, so far as my case is concerned,

requires more nourishments than is generally considered necessary for one who wears an ordinary-sized waistcoat.

I once ventured meekly to remonstrate with her on her allowing me to ruin my nervous system by an inordinate use of tea. It was not that I then felt any ill effects from my excess, or that I had any very vivid recollections of having indulged in the beverage unusually strong ; on the contrary, my urn has never to my knowledge contained a liquid darker in colour than pale brandy ; but I had foolishly conceived the idea that the pound of green tea referred to in every week's bill would eventually prove disastrous to the mucous-membrane of the stomach. She evidently endeavoured to avert the danger, for subsequently my tea had no colour at all ; and on one occasion, having failed to detect any flavour, I curiously looked into the urn, when I found to my surprise that the fragrant leaf had been omitted altogether. She had told me that her memory often failed her, and this little omission corroborated her statement. I blush at my simplicity at this time in supposing that a reduction in the quantity consumed would be followed by a corresponding reduction in the weekly item. Such an absurd idea never entered *her* mind. Misfortune had not yet reduced her to the study of trifles. She looked at things comprehensively, and from the mere force of habit she could enumerate the items of my next week's bill as she could those of the week before. It mattered very little to either of us whether she took sixpence off the tea and put sixpence on "sope ;" or whether she reduced the outlay on milk and stuck it on "coles."

Sometimes she condescends to explain why my expenses have an upward tendency, but always apologises for troubling me with the mention of so unimportant a matter of detail.

My landlady's powers of conversation are surprising. I have known her stand at my door with a coal shovel in her hand, and pour forth a torrent of words with an unbroken fluency that could not be exceeded. The process of fire-trimming invariably warms her into speech, but it is not until she has taken up a strong position, with a good line of retreat in the rear, that she really commences the attack.

The subjects of her discourses are not very various, but each one selected by her is treated exhaustively. The unfortunate defectiveness of her memory will, no doubt, account for the trifling contradictions which I have noticed in the recitals of past events given at different times. On atmospheric changes, however, she speaks with wonderful accuracy, and keeps me regularly posted up in any alteration that may take place; but the topic on which she loves best to dilate is that connected with the antecedents and future hopes of our neighbours. How she has collected so many facts relative to the stuck-up people on the one side and the struck-down people on the other has ever been a perfect mystery to me. She knows the extravagant proceedings that are ultimately to prove disastrous to No. 3, and the economical measures that are necessary to sustain No. 1. The lodger on the right has incurred her displeasure by wearing two pairs of clean boots per day, and the lodger on the left has excited her admiration by dining in town on Saturdays, and by putting out his gas at nine.

I have often had occasion to think that the meat safe must be very defective in construction, and that the cat, to which I am a stranger, must have been educated secularly, and kept in lamentable ignorance of the inflexible nature of the eighth commandment. I have known ribs of beef carefully removed

from my table on Sunday, and placed in the larder for security ; but by some mysterious agency, which my landlady has never satisfactorily explained, they have been abstracted without my authority, and have never been seen by me again. She has hinted darkly at the dishonest habits of certain vendors of rubbing-stones that frequent the back of our premises at fixed matinal hours, and has also lamented the unfortunate sympathy that is said to exist between them and domestics generally. She has further explained to me the ridiculously simple arrangements which are intended to assist the back door in resisting the efforts of any person or persons burglariously inclined, and she has given me instances of the larder in question having been stripped of everything suitable for conversion into chyme.

It is quite pretty to hear her laugh as she announces a fresh depredation, and I sometimes feel that these periodical cases of petty larceny form cheerful episodes that break up the monotony of every-day life. I blush to own that I was once guilty of imagining that a resemblance existed between the cold beef reported to have been purloined and that which afterwards formed an appropriate centrepiece on the table of my landlady. Happily, I am conscious that such suspicions are very contemptible, and I have often sincerely wished that in order to avoid them my landlady's tastes were not identical to my own, so that it would be almost impossible for me to recognise in her leg of mutton the remains of my ribs of beef. This similarity in our tastes would, with anyone less respectable than my landlady, have led to dishonest practices ; as it is, the mistakes that have arisen from it have frequently led to a remonstrance on my part and deep expressions of regret on hers.

But there is another circumstance that has occasioned me inconvenience.

It appears that we have residing permanently in our house a number of vagabond mice that indulge in the most criminal habits, and take the most unwarrantable liberties with my property. I have never seen anything to corroborate her statement, yet evidence is not wanting to prove that what my landlady states is perfectly correct. I have known a pot of my preserves more than half demolished in a single night; and as for sardines, they have on more than one occasion been taken, in the aggregate, box and all. This would indicate that these lawless mice make raids on my cupboard in well-organised bodies, and carry on their nefarious operations with a fair amount of ingenuity, and certainly with considerable success. I once succeeded in tracking them, but it must have been quite an exceptional case, as they had in this instance playfully perpetrated a practical joke, simply transferring the sardines from my chiffonier to my landlady's cupboard, and had not, so far, refreshed themselves with more than the second row. We adopted several ingenious devices that in ordinary cases have proved successful, but in this they were absurdly abortive. Patent traps, rendered irresistible by a fascinating lump of toasted cheese, were placed invitingly for the marauders, but to no purpose. Cheese was evidently not considered a delicacy. We tried bacon, but with the same unsatisfactory result. With a desire to appeal to all tastes, we submitted candle, but even that dainty esculent failed to tempt the cunning creatures that had been so long pampered with the contents of my cupboard. Yet they evidently understood our hostile attitude, for they did not return for some little time after the trap and its delicious morsels were pronounced ineffective, and consequently removed. At length, when they did return, they attacked with a vigour un-

precedented in the chronicles of their tribe, and at one time it seemed doubtful whether the chiffonier itself would not fall a victim to their rapacity. An idea floated in my mind. I would secure the temporary assistance of all the cats in the neighbourhood, and declare the whole place in a state of siege; but the alarming consequences that might result from such a course presented themselves to me so strongly that the strategic measure was abandoned; and after mature deliberation, I resolved to purchase a Chubb lock, and resort to the disagreeable alternative of locking up. My landlady partly disapproved of the measure, inasmuch as she considered an ordinary lock would do; but on this point I was immovable, and the cupboard became impregnable. The pantry, however, remains in an undefended state, and my landlady, being of so contented a disposition, hesitates to make any alteration in existing arrangements, but simply sympathises with me in my losses and speaks cheerfully of her own.

Among other weaknesses that have grown upon me in my solitude, I find a partiality for bottled beer at supper has become, perhaps, the most confirmed. Smith, who occupies an adjoining room, is similarly afflicted. He is very unlike me in most things; but in two particulars we are twin-like: we order our beer from the same brewer, and we order it in dozens. This resemblance is all the more striking when we consider how utterly we are opposed in all other matters. Smith, for instance, goes to bed very late, and doesn't get up very early. I go to bed two hours before midnight, and rise four hours before Smith. Even in the trifling matter of costume we are most unreconcilable. Smith believes that primary colours are essential to his happiness; I take an opposite view, and content myself with feeble tertiaries.

He exceeds me in an eye-glass, but I overlap him in the size of my umbrella; and so it did seem strange that on the one question of beer, a question on which so many differ, Smith and I should agree. This agreement, however, has led to some confusion—not as to principle, but as to the quantity consumed.

In one of those lucid moments that seem as a rule to come upon us when we can the least utilise them, it occurred to me, as I sat pondering over one of my weekly bills, that there was some unexplained mystery in connection with the very subject on which I and Smith agreed. It appeared to me that there was no arithmetical reason why the item charged for "bottel beer" should be gradually enlarged when there was no corresponding increase in the consumption; yet, on referring to the past, so unpoetically recorded on a file of bills, I found evidence that plainly convicted me of having become, by easy stages, an habitual drunkard.

At the risk of appearing a perjurer in the eyes of any twelve patient and just jurymen, I could have sworn that I had not exceeded my first week's number of bottles in any succeeding week, and that therefore the charge of intemperance and the charge for beer were both unjust. I meekly asked my landlady if she could account in any way for the discrepancy; but I asked her delicately, for I feared she might think I doubted her integrity, and I knew that she would never have forgiven this.

How could she?

She went to chapel twice on Sundays, and would not be persuaded to laugh or clean boots on the Sabbath day. She had, too, a missionary box that never grew heavy, and a Sunday heart that never grew light. I never knew her receipt a bill without concluding the somewhat tedious process with some pious

utterances ; nor have I ever known her fail on these occasions to remind me how hard it is for poor honest people to live.

Notwithstanding her piety, my landlady was a woman of vast domestic experience, and seemed able to grapple with any question, however subtle ; and so to her this new question of beer would probably prove a mere trifle, and most easy of explanation. Her first idea, however, was that I must be mistaken. I shook my head sadly but respectfully, as one who had tried that idea before and had found it untenable. She immediately invited me into the cellar and pointed out the place where my bottles stood.

We found that Smith's bottles ranged themselves in dangerous proximity to mine, and the notion flashed upon us that Smith in the hurry of the moment and darkness of the midnight hour might visit the wrong store in mistake. His thirst often remained unsatisfied long after the rest of the household were in bed, and such a mistake was easily made ; so here we examined Smith's case, and finding it suspicious, we condemned him without a hearing, and my landlady voluntarily offered to keep our bottles in different cellars and prevent any further confusion. The item for drink hereafter resumed its normal insignificance, but just then the butchers raised their prices, as one man, and up went the item of meat. Except on moral grounds, Smith might just as well have gone on with his mistakes, for the weekly total had apparently by this time assumed the immutability so closely identified with the laws that kept down the passions of the Medes and Persians.

It *is* hard to cook for one, and my landlady, with a frankness that always disarms me, admits it ; yet I do think she considers my happiness too lavishly when in providing me with a Saturday steak and a Sunday chop dinner she places before me enough for a family of ten.

I was taught in childhood to dislike anything approximating waste, and before I had fairly made myself cognisant of the fact that following Saturday and Sunday came the washing day, and following close upon the washing day came ironing day, and after that the charwoman and cleaning day, I not unnaturally experienced remonstrative sensations that were entirely the result of this early portion of my education. Even now it does occur to me that Smith's larder must be but feebly and inefficiently represented at these domestic festivities, or that the appetites of the working classes must be, relative to mine, in the proportion of three to one, which is giving a high tribute to the gastronomical attributes of the said working classes, a tribute I have certainly, more than once, had reason to suspect is richly deserved. When you see a solitary man toss the bones of two ducks into his fireplace at one sitting, or annihilate two or three pounds of tough steak, you cannot avert the reflection that continued competition in such a matter would gradually induce a habit totally at variance with the sober dictates of a well-regulated stomach. Yet it has been my sickening privilege to see the feat accomplished by an unassuming artisan, whose specific gravity was registered under ten stone.

Of course my landlady, being mortal, has her weaknesses. She has a deeply-rooted prejudice against lady lodgers; cannot admire, or respect, a gentleman who buys his own grocery or makes his own tea; disapproves altogether of social gatherings in apartments; never has the courage to put the gas meter on at the full, and is dead against the hall lamp. In extenuation of these trifling weaknesses, it must be said that ladies *do* ring the bell too often, *do* betray their suspicions in locking everything up, and most certainly *do* correct or explain without the least

consideration for a landlady's tender sensibilities. Then, again, think of a gentleman condescending to make his own tea! or buy his own butter! One can scarcely wonder at the unanimity of opinion among all shades and classes of landladies on this point; and I certainly do not wonder that my landlady, with her lofty antecedents and her undiminished love for the noble and the true, should curl her soiled but patrician lips at such a fall from the dignity of manhood. But why she should be so timid of gas and so neglectful of the hall lamp has always been a question beyond me. Then, too, I fail to divine her reason for objecting to furnish my room with a coalbox, unless it is that, in her consideration for my comfort, she prefers seeing that I do not on the one hand roast myself to death, nor on the other hand deny myself a fair amount of warmth, such as the seasons might require. This I should not call a weakness; it is only a peculiarity.

As I have said, these trifling features cannot, and do not, detract from her greatness of character. What are these little failings compared with the number and strength of her virtues? Those who know her as I do will bear testimony to their insignificance; they will pity her in her misfortunes, and respect her in her humble sphere, surrounded as it is by evidences of a refinement that even poverty cannot set aside; they will listen to her monodigital music sorrowfully, and endeavour to imagine what it once was; they will trace troubles in every aspirated vowel, and blighted hopes in every unaspirated H; they will see industry in her hands where once they might have seen the marbling of patrician blood; they will think of the sad workings of time when they see her form, and miss the music of her better days when they hear her voice; and as for those whose privilege

it will be in after time to see her bills and check her addings up, they will but feel with me that it is a pity that poverty should ever come, or that those who have once risen should ever fall.

The Widder seemed tu enjy that packet rite thru, and forgot all her tears.

"That brings the histry of the world up intu supper time," I sez, puttin down my pipe and tyin up the papers we'd read in a bundel by thurselves, and arrangin the othurs fur futur akshun.

"I'm glad it wos not a sad wun like sum of the othurs," she sed, risin frum her chair.

"It's jes as well," I sez, "as the gastrik jooses don't kare fur tu much sorer. It interferes with thur dooties, and then thur's a row in the house, and sumtimes a funeral sets in."

We hed supper, and talked of the papers the Widder hed read, and then the supper wos kleared away and the readin wos resoomed.

The nekst packet in order of konseketif rotashun wos kalled "Sudden Death ; or, Love at First Sight."

"My gudness," I sez, "that's a promisin beginnin. Thur's all the dreads and desires as evur wos, frum the fust of Adam down tu nekst Kristmus Eve in that 'un."

"I hope it will be a luv tale and end appy," sed the Widder.

"It won't be troo tu life if it du," I sez, judgin frum my own experiunts ; and sinkin intu profound silents, I lissened as she read packet No. 7.

Sudden Death; or, Love at First Sight.

A NOVELETTE IN THE MODERN TWADDLE STYLE.

"COUSIN LOUIE—Mr. Mortimer."

"Fred—Miss Staveley."

The waves heard this upon the sands at Southport.

Mr. Mortimer was myself.

Miss Staveley was—an angel.

I felt it when I looked through my blushes at the beautiful face, with downcast eyes, ripe cherry lips, golden hair, blooming cheeks, delicately chiselled nose, marble forehead; in a word, the every feature of Miss Staveley. She *was* an angel, and I felt like one unworthy to be in her heaven. Her divine beauty made me for the moment dumb, and when she raised her blue, tender eyes, and looked at me through *her* blushes, I felt that I should like to sit down, for the paralysis of love was upon me, and I was sinking rapidly into that blissful state of wretched imbecility that accompanies the first taste of things celestial upon earth.

It was all so sudden, too. I felt perfectly defenceless.

I had walked about, and had been wheeled about, the world for twenty years, and had looked upon faces that were very fair, and I saw that they were good; but beyond what I had read in medical works, I had no particular reason to believe that Nature had done me the favour to provide me with a heart—a heart capable of such unaccountable things as I had seen recorded in almost every novel published in three volumes. Nor had I in the least anticipated that I should ever be so far lost in the heights of imagination as to fancy myself in Elysium while standing

upon the Southport sands. Yet it was so ; and I knew it was so ; but my tongue refused to utter one word of what I felt. I coughed, and Tom Malperton (whom I shall ever hold responsible for the doings of that day) mocked me. I gave him what I considered at the time a withering look, but he didn't fade, and when he smiled at Miss Staveley the withering went back into my own heart. But *she* didn't smile, and I thanked her in my thoughts. Then I felt a little courage come, and go, and then come again, and at last I spoke.

I have no recollection now of what I said, but I remember that my throat was very rough and dry, and I remember, too, that Miss Staveley laughed, and Tom Malperton laughed ; but *her* laughing was rich music—Tom's wasn't. And I blushed more than ever, and looked down at a pretty little foot that peeped out from the circle of white embroidery encompassing the hallowed spot of earth on which she stood. Then Tom (whom I was beginning to hate) said something very ridiculous and childish about a resemblance between my face and a red, red rose. I tried to laugh, and felt sick, but I was glad to find Miss Staveley saw nothing amusing in his impertinent reference to my face, and this time I thanked her with my eyes.

Then there came another awkward pause, the most awkward I ever remember. I couldn't raise my eyes from the toe of that little boot, and the angel in front of me seemed lost in the study of a pebble, a dirty little pebble, that had somehow got upon those almost pebbleless sands, and *would* keep near the end of her umbrella. She turned it over so gently and lovingly that I wished I had been that pebble, that she might so toy with me and forget all else save me. But the wish and the pebble were almost forgotten when Tom Malperton broke out into shameful laughter, and said a thing that made my very soul jump. Could

I believe my ears? He asserted I was "struck," and Miss Staveley heard him. He added, he didn't wonder, for his cousin Louie "was a regular stunner."

Oh, how she blushed! She was a trifle hard, too, upon the pebble, and she buried it in the sand, and I felt it would be appropriate to the occasion to shed a tear upon the mound—but didn't.

I have a dim recollection of having said some very silly things, about the waves coming by and by to sob over it, and about the sadness associated with a solitary life by the sea, and about several other things that had no fitness whatever either as to time or place; but when I looked up and saw the hateful smile upon Tom's face, my feeble poetry gave place to an expression that was intended to identify him with the most stupid of the brute creation. I verily believe that, if he had remained upon the scene much longer, I should have consigned him to a still lower place; but a sudden idea seemed to strike him. I saw by the twinkle of his eye that mischief was in his thoughts, yet I felt nothing worse than his presence could come.

Although I had liked Tom Malperton well in the days that came before this day, I could scarcely endure his presence now. His manner to his cousin seemed to me painfully familiar. I felt a shock every time he spoke to her, and I was full of indignation when he threw his jokes at me in her presence. Such a change in feeling I had never known before.

All at once, in the midst of one of those lulls in the conversation that came then, as they so often come where people have too many feelings to interpret in too short a time, Tom turned gravely towards his cousin, and said, "Will you excuse me this morning, Louie; I have an important engagement at eleven,

and it is now half-past ten. I am afraid I shall be late. Fred will take good care of you in my absence—won't you, Fred, old boy?" and he turned to me with a look I am afraid Miss Staveley noticed, for she did the red, red rose; and I have every reason to think I did the peony as I stammered out something supposed to be indicative of my pleasure in my appointment as Miss Staveley's cavalier.

We stood looking at the retreating figure of Tom Malperton as he walked towards the town, turning round occasionally to wave his hand and shake his fist in the privileged manner of an old friend; and when at last he reached the promenade, and was lost to view, it occurred to me that *I* was Fred and that Miss Staveley was Tom's cousin Louie.

She was standing in the same position as when she buried the pebble in the sand; and when I looked down I found the mound gone, and ——. Well, I was getting jealous of that pebble; over and over it went; tickled into one place and then tickled back again; looked down on tenderly by those lovely eyes, smiled at by those lovely lips, caressed by the end of *her* umbrella, touched by the sole of *her* foot.

"Ah, me!" I sighed, and she sighed, too, but her sigh was an octave higher than mine, and immeasurably sweeter.

There we stood on the sands, with soft murmurs of the sea on one side, and the soft murmur of the breeze on the other; the flat waste of sand before us, and the flat spreading town behind us; the clear warm sun in the clear blue sky, and two hearts that were beating quicker than they had done in their days of loveless rest.

I don't know how long we stood without speaking; but all at once there came over me a sense of the magnitude of my

responsibility, and with it came an unaccountable thirst. I coughed, and tried viciously to swallow something that persistently refused to be swallowed. I would have given a jewel for a lump of ice or a slice of lemon ; a glass of sherry would have been nectar ; a cluster of grapes, ambrosia ; anything to clear my voice, that I might express melodiously the rich music of my mushroom love.

I believe at that moment I must have been standing over at the knees and trembling, as I have seen old cab horses stand and tremble, for the sudden attack of love had made me weak, and had upset all the coolness that I flattered myself I had acquired. I must have been out of sorts, for I cannot in fairness to myself believe that in health I could have been so suddenly reduced to a condition totally at variance with all the estimates I had formed of my strength. I am supported in this belief by the fact that when Miss Staveley at length raised her eyes and looked at me, she exclaimed anxiously, " Mr. Mortimer, are you ill ? "

What a delicious moment ! Those sweet, tender eyes were now gazing anxiously at *me* ; that little hand was laid on my arm ; that young heart was all in a flutter of fear lest I should die. Can you wonder that I should feel worse, when an increase in the graver symptoms brought me such unmeasured happiness, and might destroy for ever the reserve that had existed ? Can you wonder that in husky tones I should feebly express a fear that I was about to faint, and that I should try to induce a flabbiness of body and a looseness of limb in support of the idea ?

" Hadn't you better sit down until you feel stronger ? " said Miss Staveley, with a look of increasing anxiety that made me happier than ever ; and she added, " I will run and dip my handkerchief in the sea, and place it on your forehead ; it will revive you."

As I write this in after days, I am conscious of a blush when I record the fact that I deliberately sank upon the sands, and tried to impart to my body a jelly-fish limpness that would place me beyond the suspicion of acting. I fancy I therein succeeded. Then, too, in addition to my other symptoms, I found I had sat down in a puddle that the tide had left behind, and no one could possibly believe *that* was a premeditated act. The thickest cloth becomes saturated in time, and so I found, but I didn't in the least care, for I was becoming hardened; and I felt, as I saw that angel form flying towards the margin of the laughing waters, that my happiness was far too great to be interfered with by bodily sensations of any kind. And when she came back, blushing and out of breath, and placed her cold, wet handkerchief on my brow, and tapped it daintily with her fingers, I sat entranced. What mattered it if the salt water did trickle down my nose, and from my chin, and into my eyes, and down my neck! I was too bewildered with the circumstance and pomp of love to notice it. The happiness was so great I began to fear it was all a dream, and I tried if I could wake, foolishly forgetting that if it was indeed a vision that had stolen beneath my closed eyelids it would leave me when the eyelids were upraised. But, no! it was no dream. There *was* water at the end of my nose; there *was* a puddle on the sand; and there, too, standing over me, watching the effect of her ministering, was the angel I silently adored. She looked anxious still, lest all her ministering should be in vain, and the reaper should there and then treat me as a flower.

I felt that there was no barrier between us now, that the spell that held me tongue-tied was broken, that in future we should be at least friends; and as another hope fluttered in my mind the

blood came back to my cheeks, and my heart throbbed wildly and heavily, as if it yearned to leave its own poor casket for a better.

It dawned upon me then that I was in love—*madly* in love with an angel that had come to me in her pity ; in love with a fair creature I had not seen half an hour, and might never see again. The thought reduced me to a state of profound misery, and I believe that if I had been ten years younger I should have thrown my arms around her neck and sobbed for hours.

There I sat, impostor as I was, allowing myself to be treated for an ailment I never had. The very waves seemed to splash their reproaches towards me ; but I cared not—I was happy.

It was such ecstasy to meet her gaze and see her timorous smile, and hear her voice when she asked me if I was better ; but very dreadful to hear me falsely whisper, "No, do it again."

Then she did turn the handkerchief again and patted it, and ran her fingers through an unruly lock of hair that would come in the way. And when at last I ventured to smile and impress a wet, salt kiss upon her unsuspecting hand, and tell her that I feared years of devotion could not repay such kindness as hers, she blushed more deeply than I had seen her blush before, and seemed to have no strength or feeling left in the little hand I had kissed ; so I kept it in my own, and pressed it, and looked on it passionately, and kissed it again and again. Then all at once she seemed to remember where it was, and withdrew it gently, telling me she was sure I was well now, and saying she thought I might venture to walk a little.

Her words were sweet laws to me, so I took the embroidered lace-edged handkerchief from my burning forehead, and wrung the salt water out of it, and tore it in my earnestness, and made a

number of very foolish observations apologetically, and did all kinds of ridiculous things that, looked at in the cold, passionless light of after years, appear undoubted evidences of insanity; but it was the insanity that makes us believe in earth, and yearn less for heaven; that makes us want no other angel than the one we have found—no other scene than that in which she moves—no other music than her voice—no other beauty than the beauty of her face—no other treasure than the fulness of her love—no other idol than herself.

I rose very slowly, and very reluctantly, from the damp sand, for I feared that the sympathy I had excited in Miss Staveley's breast would be withdrawn when she saw me numbered once more among the able-bodied; and in a measure it was so, for when I had brushed all the sand from my clothes, and tried to pull my wet collars into something like a sense of their position, I looked imploringly at her, but found no tender look in return. To my intense mortification, she was again calmly looking down and again tickling that confoundedly happy pebble. I looked for that particular stone days afterwards with a view to vengeance, but I never saw it again. Whether the tide came up and mercifully bore it away into the silent depths of the ocean, or whether it had been gathered by the children whom I had seen playing upon the sands, I can now never know. But it passed mysteriously from the shore.

Then I spoke in a low, tremulous voice: "I am sorry, Miss Staveley, that I am well again, for I was *so* happy when you thought me ill and cared for me so tenderly, and—and you forgot all about that peb——." And then I broke down, and felt that I had said something very childish, and that the reference to a paltry stone was anything but manly.

"You cannot mean what you say, Mr. Mortimer; you *did* look ill, but you did *not* look happy," she replied, still looking down, but evidently a little confused.

"I swear to you that it is so," I exclaimed, gazing earnestly into her lovely face, and feeling as if I was about to fly.

"Hush! Mr. Mortimer," she said impressively; "there is no tumult here to drown your words; they may rise higher than earth!" and a shade came over her face that made her look more heavenly than ever.

"They *must* rise higher, or *you* would not hear them," I replied, forgetting all my previous confusion and timidity, and trying to flash out my soul upon my tongue. "I would give up all this world can offer in exchange for the light of your eyes, and the pressure of your hand, and the music of your voice, and——"

"Stop! Mr. Mortimer."

Oh, the lovely artlessness of that soft little hand that was placed upon my mouth. It stayed a torrent of words that came like an overflow from the heart. I don't know what I should *not* have said if it had not been there to press back the stream and bid me pause; but I kept it to my lips, and kissed it, and would not let it go; and then there was pleading, and reasoning, and questioning, and at last calmness; but I still held that little warm, soft hand, and vowed I would *never* let it go.

"Would that I could win your heart as I have won your hand," I exclaimed, "for then we should never part, even though the mighty ocean came upon us and overwhelmed the earth. In death, the grasp of this hand would be tightened, and the souls that passed upward together would never be torn asunder"

"Oh, why do you speak thus?" said Miss Staveley, trembling

very much, and looking as if her eyes were full of tears, and her head bending down still lower as if to hide them.

"Because I love you—madly, passionately, devotedly love you! I loved you the first moment I looked into your eyes, and I shall love you for evermore. Years ago I saw you in visions that came to me in the dead of night, and in after-time I felt a yearning for what I had seen in those dreams. But I never dreamt that it would come again in the sunlight as it has come now; I never dared to hope that the phantom that appeared to me in my sleep would ever return in the warm palpitating beauty of life that I can press thus."

But, just then, that also was not to be, for Miss Staveley sank fainting upon the sand, and it was my turn to run to the laughing waters, and bring the sopped handkerchief to the pale brow, and watch the drops of water running down her neck, and sparkling on the end of her nose, and toppling over the forehead into her eyes; and it was her turn to look on me as a ministering angel, and gaze up into my face with a smile of thankfulness, and (oh, that I could dare think so) to keep ill as long as she could.

How those moments fled! I knelt by her side, pleading for my love, and drinking in the sweet music that fell from her lips. We spoke of our childhood, of our young sorrows and early joys, of the years to come, and of the new hopes that had sprung up within our hearts, and long we sat in that delicious dream of love. Then a shadow fell upon us, and it was Tom Malperton's turn to laugh at us again, and to interrupt our happiness by his untimely appearance; but I could smile with him now, and there was a beautiful autumn morning some months after when his presence was not an interruption, and when his laugh sounded like the music of old times; for the love that budded into life that day went on

flowering in the sunshine on the sands, and the fair promises I gave in the fulness of my heart were followed by more solemn vows given in calmer moods. So at last, when that autumn morning came, Tom Malperton came with it, as my best friend, to see his cousin Louie as Miss Staveley for the last time, and to hear me promise to love and cherish her, as I meant, and mean to do, and to see me driven away from tears, good wishes, and old shoes, with my blushing wife—his charming cousin Louie, whom he still persists in calling a regular stunner.

She is more, for years afterwards, as I write this, she is the mother of a number of little Mortimers, all of whom are very noisy, very fond of dirt, and death on jam.

"Oh, that is purty!" exclaimed the Widder gleefully. "I've a great mind tu read it agen."

"Thank yu," I sez, feelin as if I'd hed enuff; "I don't think we shall hev time tu-nite. Evenins air very okkurd in that respek. Thur's no stretchin em tu soot individool voos."

"But isn't it purty?" she asked, wishin tu bind me tu sum pertikler opinyun on a subjek as interested her so much.

"Well," I sez, "puttin aside konsequences, it is sumwot agreeabul; but, as a rool, anythin as appeals tu the heart treats the head as if it hed nothin tu du with the questyun. When a man's in luv, his opinyuns on anythin livin must be received with konsiderabul kawshun."

"Does luv muddle a man?" asked the Widder with surprige.

"Muddle him!" I sez; "why it makes a downrite fool on him. It seems tu treat reason like rubbigge, and changes a pusson tu

that extent as his dearest friends wudden't gno him if he hedn't any distinguishin features in the way of kostoom."

"I shud like tu see yu in luv, Mr. Goff," sed the Widder, larfin.

"It wud be a magnificent specktakle, as shud be enkouraged with slo fiddlin and fireworks," I sez, fur onct in my life jokin on a seryus subjek. "I bleeve I shud be as onreliabul as the rest on em."

"Is this the larst?" she sed, in disappointed tones, as I handed her sum vusses called "Villiam's Lament," as formed the larst packet.

"Yes," I sez, "that's the larst, and it sounds like anothur sad un; yet I didn't notis any jin spots on it. Praps he hedn't any more tu shed."

William's Lament.

R ! AINT it a sin, when a feller hez bin
A doin his best to prosper and win,
By backin a hoss'fur an 'andfull o' tin,
Fur that hoss to deliberately die?

It wouldn't a mattered so much as it do,
If I hadn't lost all, but stuck to a few;
But things as they stands looks uncommonly blue,
For my pig, so to speak, is no more.

The facts air as follers, and stubborn they be :
If the hoss had a run into one, two, three,
That hoss wud a bin nigh a "pony" to me,
For I backed him to win, and a shop.

And if he'd a won, as that hoss could hev done—
 Fur a better I never see stripped in the sun—
 I'd a pulled off a pot of two hundred to one,
 And hev started a hoss of my own.

But—R!—I'm fair sick, when I think of how thick
 I put down the shiners, and lost by a trick ;
 Fur there wasn't a hoss in the world that could lick
 The great hoss that I backed fur to win.

Now, look, *here's* a puss! why it looks vus and vus,
 Fur there isn't a copper, there isn't a cuss.
 A'ch! Villiam! you'd a better bin drivin your bus,
 Than backing a dead-un that day.

The Widder sed she didn't quite understand "Villiam's Lament," and thurfore didn't enjy it like the othurs. I guv her the meanin of it, and she read it agen, and liked it better ; but sed she enjyd the poekry as made her sad the most.

Whot a strange and luvly blessin is a woman.

It wos gettin late, fur the time hed parst quickly, and we hed bin interested in the ritins of the poor ded jentleman. The Widder sed she felt sorry thur wos no more tu read, and asked me if I thote as Jerrybim hed any othur packets among his rubbigg.

"I'll soon see," I sez. "Jerrybim's jes as likely tu hev a heap on em as he's kept tu lite fires with. He'll guv em tu me if he

hez, fur his feelins on the subjek won't amount tu more than tuppence a pound, and Jerrybim's an old friend."

The klok struk twelve afore we hed finished talkin over the papers the Widder hed read. They hed made an impreshun on her, and she spoke very tenderly of the poor mad riter as hed parst away, fur she thote "it wos sad, very sad," she sed, "that wun as hed luv'd as he hed luv'd, and hed dreamed the bitter dreams as he hed dreamed, shud go out intu the dark mystery so young, and shud leave the beautiful sunshine, and the sweet flowers and the delishus fragrance, and the richest mugik of the earth behind. But," she added solumly, "Perhaps 'tis best, fur who ken tell whether the pathway of his futur wud hev bin thru tears, or whether the added days of his sad life wud hev bin spent whur light and sunshine, and flowers and fragrance, nevur kum."

PART XVIII.

A EVENIN or tu arfter, jes as I wos sittin down in my pew at the Bore and Pigskin, the purty little barmaid kum tu me with a sweet smile and a musikle "Gud evenin," and sed, "O, Mr. Goff, I wos nearly forgettin I've sumthin fur yu," and she ran orf tu a drawer and brought me a small parcel tied round with red tape and sealed with red wax.

"I spoge it wont go orf," I sez, lukkin at it karfully tu see if thur wos a main spring, or a trigger, or any othur infernal emblen attached tu it fur sum dedly purpos.

"O, no," she sed, smilin without the least sign of alarm, "its quite safe, or Mr. Jerrybim wuddent hev left it with me."

"Jerrybim, eh?" I sez, surpriged, as if I'd nevur heard of his hevin bin thur afore. "When did he kum?"

"He was yere larst nite," she answered, "and he waited till klozin time, expectin tu see yu. When he left he guv me this parcel, and sed a boy hed brote it frum the Sylum fur yu."

"Do yu ekspekt Jerrybim in tu-nite?" I inquired, puttin the packet intu my pocket, with a feelin of suddent impashunts tu get home.

"O, yes," she sed, britely. "He dont offen miss; but its early fur him yet," she added, lukkin at the klok; "he wont be yere fur anothur hour."

"Tell him I've bin, and hev gone home tu examine these yere dokkiments, but shall be yere agen about nine," I sez. "He ken go on subdoo in his fust thurst, and I'll kum and help him on with his sekond."

"All rite, Mr. Goff," she sez, "I'll tell him;" and she muved orf singin among her glasses, and I muved orf hummin with the papers, and soon reached home.

The Widder lukked surpriged tu see me back so soon, and she sez, "Hev yu forgot anythin, Mr. Goff?"

"No," I sez, hangin up my hat and walkin intu the room; "I've kum back tu examine a packet as hez jes bin placed in my hands."

"I hope its nothin seryus," she sez, lukkin a little alarmed, and waitin with evident kuryosity fur funder informashun.

"Well, I hope so tu," I sez, purceedin solumly tu open the parcel; "but we'll see."

"Hullo!" I sez, notisin sum ritin on the outside. "Yeres

sum hierogliffiks; whot do they say?" and I held the packet up afore her tu read.

"FUR ELIJER GOFF,
frum
SILAS JERRYBIM."

read the Widder, lukkin up eagerly intu my face. "It'll be sum more papers belongin tu the poor mad gentleman. Mr. Jerrybim nevur sends yu anythin eltz, does he?" she asked, hopefully.

"No," I sez, "he's purty konsistent. I hev'n't received anythin of value frum him so fur."

"Yes, thur they air," she exclaimed jyfully, as I opened the packet and drewed out sum folded papers as lukked similar outside tu them as we'd read afore.

And troo enuff they wur. The fust wos whot appeared tu be a kuttin frum sum noosepaper, and wos, we thote, ritten on the death of wun of the mad gentleman's friends. It wos dated May, 1880, and wos printed as follers:—

In Memoriam.

S. M. B.

He is Gone! Gone in the glory of his prime,
In the power of his manhood; ere cold Time
Had breathed upon him with its whitening breath,
Or withered him into purposeless old age.
Gone, in his strength, while yet his quickening heart
Was full of yearning for illustrious deeds,
And his eager mind was tuned in expectation
Of the near fulfilment of a life-long dream.

Those who have known him well and have watched him pass
Swift and certain to the front in that great race
That ends in fame and deathless immortality
Stand by in silent sorrow, as if stricken dumb
By the sudden loss of one so well beloved,
And so well worthy to be accounted great.

The Widder lukked up into my face as she put the paper down very jently, and sied. "It must be hard fur strong men tu die young," she sed, "and the partin of strong friends must be very, very sad. When age and weakness and a desire tu sleep kum, death seems less terrible."

"But most of us nevr get old enuff tu want tu dy," I sez. "Why, I hed a great granmother who lived 109 years, and she thought she wos bein kut orf in the flower of her youth when she wos tuk."

"When the heart is klingin tu sumthin it luvs it kannot want tu stop beatin," sed the Widder, lukkin dreamily into the fire. "If I hed anythin tu luv, I should not want tu dy," she added, with anothur little sigh; and then suddently rousing herself she opened anothur of the papers. It wos kalled "The Devotee," and wos dated 1869.

The Devotee.

"I worshipped at a shrine in the long ago. There was upon the altar I had set up love, and hope, and faith; and the temple lamp shone upon them, and they were wondrously beautiful. Night and day I knelt before them and passionately gazed upon them. In my heart there was the full rich minstrelsy of prayer;

and in my eyes there was the bright lustre of adoration. Hours passed as minutes. Time fled unrecorded. The world's procession moved along unnoticed. There was but one vision in the eye, one music in the heart, one dream in the soul. Steadily the lamp burned, and steadily the years sank into the past. The shadow of death was forgotten in that sweet period of forgetfulness. But there came a moment when that shadow passed within the temple, and the lamp was put out for ever. Then there fell a darkness that night has never known ; a silence to which all other silence seemed a sound. The eyes wept for that which they had gazed on so long ; the ears listened for the music which they were never more to hear. Still I knelt before the place where the altar had been, and vainly tried to see again the idols that once were there. In the darkness of my despair I stretched out my hand to touch once more the form and substance of my worship ; but all was void, and silence filled the everlasting."

Then she read othur fragments tu me, but they wur all sad, and I sed, "Praps 'twud be as well if we kep sum misery fur anothur evenin We'll put the othur papers away, and read 'em sum othur time when we're bustin with jy and tired of larfin."

"Very well, Mr. Goff," sed the Widder, foldin up the parcel. "Now tell me sumthin amoozin."



PART XIX.

The Amateur Archeologist.

WUN dark nite I fund myself lost in the darkness. The pavement wos out of plumb, and rose perty high in places. It wos wun of the most up and down pavements I evur kum in kontakt with.

Thur wos a literary man sittin down on it. He olmost lukked as if he wos leanin up agenst it.

I asked him how he did, as I sot down beside him. He sed he didn't gno, it wos all gnack.

Jes then he pulled out the *City News*, and lukked at it stedfustly, but kuddent read it, so he krunched it up in his hand, and turned tu me with a suddentness as made me wonder whot he wos goin tu do nekst.

"Hev yu evur seen the pavement in St. Mark's?" he inquired.

I sed I hedn't.

"It's rippled over like the sea," he observed. "Them old arkitecks wur full of poekry, and embodied all the bootiful in thur works."

"Judgin frum whot we ken see yere," I sez, "the Lokal Board as konstruckted this floorin must hev bin bilin over with tippolekol idears. Thurs a centrifugal moshun about it sumtimes as shows they must hev seen whirlpools in thur time, and waves on it as seem tu hev bin kopied frum the Atlantik. The Irwell

kuddent suggest 'em, and its odds on none of 'em hevin evur seen the Adriatik. Nothin ken surpass it sum nites frum a poetikal up-and-down, round-about pint of voo."

He lukked at me in a dreamy, doubtful way, as if he hedn't kaut on tu my meanin. Then he guv a sigh, and sed in an absent way, "I'm disgusted with 'em."

Then he sot silent, as if he wos thinkin.

"Talkin of wavey pavements, we've got wun in our frunt passage as is a kuriosity in its way, but as summot under it hez guv way, thurs no poekry about it," I observed, jes tu stir him intu furder speech.

But his furder speech hedn't yet arrived. It appeared tu be a minit or tu late.

At larst it kum with a majestik wave of the *City News*.

"Bah! But it isn't so with St. Mark's," he sed.

I asked him who he wos.

He sed he wos a amatoor arkeologest of long standin, and he felt tired. He hed bin ritin agenst modern restorashuns.

I asked him if he thote the parst ought tu be restored.

He sed he wuddent tutch it so long as it wud hang tugether. "We air the kustodians of the parst," he added. "We've no workmen gud enuff now tu replace it, nor klever enuff tu repare it, and as fur the kolourin of time, luk at St. Mark's frunt. They wanted tu do summot tu that tu guv futur ajes a chance of lukkin at it they sed. Restore it! Bah!" and he swept the idear frum afore him with his right hand in disgust.

"Don't alter a stun," he kontinnerd. "Keep on drawin it, and lukkin at it till it falls. John Ruskin's the man fur my money." Then he paused.

"I spose he's rite," I sed, tu endoose him tu purceed.

"Rite!" he ejakerlated; "of kourse he's rite. How wud yu like tu hev yure frunt restored if yu wur St. Mark's?" he suddently demanded, turnin tu me abrupt on his axis.

I sed I shuddent objekt if it tended tu impruv the Lukes, whurupon he breathed a long inaudible kuss at me, tu tecknikal fur publikashun except in a arkeologikle paper.

Then he wos silent agen.

As he sot thur he lukked like a dumb argyment in favor of restorashun, and seemed tu kontradict hisself, but all at onct he roused up intu renewed inkonsistency, and exklaimed in tragik tones, "Let the marble fade and the stun krumble intu dust. Better lose the original than renew. The restorer is wus than the destroyer. We'll none on't. 'Oh, Italia, thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty,' let thy luvliness disintegrate intu unre-kognisabul and unrestorabul ruin rather than let the modern masons attempt tu renew thy form and perpetuate thy beauty. Let —"

I hate sittin by a fool, so I got up and went home.

I must hev got thur, fur I fund myself in bed. But I kuddent sleep. I wos restless. It seemed as if my heart hed not bin satisfied.

I tried tu think of the parst which hed bin anyhow and of the futur which hed bin nohow. 'Twos a weary time, and all the trubbles of the appy parst kum up afore me. My wust histry repeated itself till I wished it hed nevr bin. Then I tried tu sleep agen.

But sleep hed abandoned me in a kruel, heartless way. So I got up and lit the gas, and reached down a book; when suddently I remembered as Jerrybim hed guv me sum more papers the Doktor hed sent him frum the Sylum. If they wur like the

othurs, they wud soon put me tu sleep ; so I tuk the packet frum
my kote pocket, and settlin myself komfortably in bed I read the
fust I kum tu. It wos headed—

Blest Memories.

From out the silence of the buried past
There comes a sound of melody and song,
Calling up memories that by love are blest
Filling the heart with happiness and rest,
And lulling it to sleep.

And there are dreams that linger through the night,
And visions fair that rise from day to day,
Bringing up moments from the far-off years,
Lighting the present through the falling tears,
And blessing all the past

Ah, me ! among the memories of that past
Are buried moments that were full of joy,
Knowing no sorrow and no sound of woe,
Failing not, nor faltering in their cheerful glow,
But flowing on in peace,

And there are records in the opened book
That lies before me as I sit alone,
Telling of rapture and of throbs of pain
Mingling the sunshine with the shades again,
And melting smiles to tears.

I folded the poem karfully, and put it on wun side. In the cheery mood it hed brote me tu, I purceeded tu get my bakkey and settle down intu a smoke. Then takin the poem intu my hand, I lit my pipe with it, and it okkurred tu me arfterwards that I hed onintenshunally done a kindness tu the orthur, and I wondered how many men and women in the world wish with all thur hearts, that whot they hed ritten hed bin taken by sum luvin hand and applied tu a simlerly useful purpos that wud blot it out fur evur.

Then I tuk anothur skrap frum the papers, and saw it wos in the handritin of the poor mad jentleman whose life seemed all so sad. It ran thusly :—

I sat with closed eyes, and saw the past—
 The long sad past—the days that come no more.
 The years of childhood, gleaming far away,
 The nearer years of early manhood darkened
 By the fearful darkness of a hopeless love.
 The days and nights of yearning for a sign,
 To point with joy and hope to days to come
 The listening for glad sounds that never came,
 The hungering of the heart that longed for love,
 And silent watching for the glimmering star,
 That finally should guide me to my rest.

I put it karfully back agen, fur I kuddent find it in my heart tu destroy any more till the Widder hed read 'em, fur I gnu that a woman luvs tu weep in sympathy with a sorrer that is not her own. Fur a time I sot ponderin with my pipe. Then turnin onct more tu the papers, my hi kaut site of anothur skrap in the same handritin. In the mood I wos in it seemed tu kum grate-

fully, so I read it. Like the othur, it hed evidently bin jotted down at sum odd time, and wos praps intended tu be added tu at sum futur time.

Heart withered, but not with age,
As a tree that has been stricken
By a cold and silent blight,
Bared before the winter time
Of blossom, and bud, and leaf ;
Left standing, till the winter storm
Shall sweep it with unpitying strength
From out the living forest,
So I stand waiting for death.

Agen I pondered. I kuddent tell why it wos, but these sorrerful lines made me more restful, and I felt as if sum more sadness wud soon send me tu sleep. I've knowd it do so in years ago. Then it seemed tu end in a kalm that sumtimes falls around us like a blessin. And I remembered times when life appeared tu be krammed full of trubbles, so full that thur wos no room fur jy, and lukkin back intu that parst, I remembered how the deeper gloom that hed hung over othur lives hed made my own seem lighter, and so now the long dark sadness of the poor gentleman's life that hed ended in madness appeared tu me tu be so terrible, that I kud not help reproachin myself fur evur hevin guv way tu the lesser sorrers that hed kum tu me in my own life.

In the dull and drowsy mood I wos in, I dreamily tuk up anothur paper, and read :

"The same sun is shining to day as shone in years gone by. There is the same earth and the same sky, the same

glorious creation and the same budding and bursting into life as in the springs that are long passed, and yet it seems as if there is a darkness and an emptiness ; a void that cannot be filled, a tumult that drowns the still small voice of peace. Hope has given way to a painful desire for rest, and such a rest as may never more be broken."

"In my great time of sorrow I felt that the springs came with their buds, and the autumns with their falling leaves; the summers with their bloom, and the winters with their snows. The shadows passed over the faces of the dials, and the hours passed noiselessly into the past, with their burthen of sorrows and joys that never can be written, and never can be known. The great stream flowed on, bearing away the flowers and the wrecks. The breezes wafted by, laden with songs of love and groans of agony, murmurs of bliss and sighs of pain. Bright eyes grew dim, and young hearts grew old, and the years were recorded in figures, but not in words; and the great ocean of the past swallowed up the moments. The new waves danced over the graves of the old. Thoughtful men marked the changes, and were sad; but the thoughtless heeded not, and were gay even while they marched onward to their final doom."

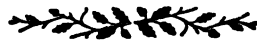
"What mattered it to the sunshine or the sea? There is no mourning in the sky, no memories in the waters. The stars looked sadly down upon the pale, dead face, yet there was no sadness in them. The moon passed on in its melancholy splendour, but in it there was no life that could throb with sympathetic pain. The breeze whispered sorrowfully, but it was passionless as the last sigh of unconscious life. Yet even these brought consolation to the loving ear and the tearful eye

that found harmony in all save that which spoke of joy, and pictured happiness on earth.

"In my dreams, Angels had come to whisper of hope, but, waking, I still saw hopelessness ; visions in the calm and holy twilight bade me trust in the time to come, but the future brought more pangs. Then as the dreams died away, and the reality came before me, I saw through tears how cruel they had been, and felt, when the visions gave way to life's troubled pictures, how bitterly they had trifled with the yearnings of the heart.

"And I said, Hurry on, ye passing moments, and bury the dead past. Bury it deeply, or memory will come and uncover the ghastly spectres and gaze again into the fearful faces of the dead ; or, in seeking a sweet vision it once saw, it will pass by pallid corpses that know no decay, horrors that have no death, agonies that end only when the brain that suffered them is still."

Yere I felt I'd hed enuff, so I put the papers aside and finished my pipe. It wos sum time afore I kud sleep, but at larst I dreamed orf intu a broken slumber, mixin up in strange proportions the trubbles of my own life and those of the poor gentleman which hed bin tu heavy fur him tu bear, and which at larst hed broken down his reason and ruined his life fur evur.



PART XX.

The Rust of Kronikles.

THE histry of the world hed reached as fur as the early summer.

It was a foggy mornin, and bizness was dull. The prospekt wosnt whot it mite hev bin, and it was unfortnetly evident that the days gone by didnt intend tu go by any more.

Onct was enuff fur 'em.

The situashun was purty free frum bias. The churchyard in frunt offered no pertikler indoosement fur people tu dy : the scenery round it offered no pertikler indoosements fur people tu live. The odds wur, if anythin, a shade in favor of the grave ; but most of us kep back on the orf chance of enjyin sum futur sufferin.

The mornin wore on.

Eleven oklok kum up promp tu time, guv a luk round with indifferents, and made orf intu the parst. I wos jes wonderin whot it hed kum fur and whot it hed gone fur, and whot it hed karrid orf with it, when I heard a tramplin noise on the stairs. It sounded like the four footsteps of 2 pussons advancin irreglarly in thur flite up tu my klerkery. I shuk myself up intu a big bizness attitood, and immejutly berried myself intu work of the most exhost'n kind.

Thur wos a loud knok at the dore, and without any further invitashun it opened.

I lukked up.

2 suits of kloze stud at the dore. They appeared tu hev livin men in 'em as seemed well-tu-do and parshul tu life.

"Air yu Elijer Goff?" inquired the leftern wun, puttin on his spektakles and lukkin at me with a kuriosity as made me feel like an unnatrel specimen danglin in sperits.

"I bleeve that's about my number in the katalog," I answered in tones sootabul fur a museum.

"I'm frum Ameriky," he sez. "I publish. I'm fixin up a book of kronikles, which I guess 'll be a book fur all evurlastin. I kalkelate yu kin rite a kronikle?" he added, lukkin at me like a questyun and pausin fur my answer.

I koffed tu konceal my silents.

"I hev read yure book," he purceeded. "I read it on the biler-boat. It's the darndest splittenest thing I hev seen. I was very much upset. I thote I shud dy. Thur wosn't a smile on board that boat fur 2 days. We wur all busy with our feelins. I nevur enjyed anythin like it. Nobody kud. I parsed a gud deal of time lukkin over the side of that biler-boat. A little saline kontemplashun is a powerful thing. I threw up a gud many false doktrines frum fust tu larst. I shud hev throwd up my intenshun of kummin if it hednt gone tu fur, but it hed got beyond my reach, and I guess I'm yere. Thurs my kard."

"I've drawed a blank," I sez, turnin it over, but unabul tu find any ritin on it. "I gnowd I shud. It wos a blank certinty."

"It's the only wun in the pack," he sed, offerin me anothur with a selekshun frum the Alfabet on it. "I'm purty well gnown out West. *Saturday Evenin's* my property."

"I'd as soon hev it as any evenin in the week," I sez.

"It's got the largest cirkulashun in the States," he kontinnerd, without stoppin tu notis my interrupshun. "It's sold largely in

Kaliforny, in Kanada, everywhur. It runs koles hard as a fire-side treashure. Its klose behind the ready reckoner, and is gainin on Paradise Lost. Thurs nothin ken stop it. It kombines instrukshun with amoozement. It furnishes a rich banquet of intellektool food week by week. Those as dont kare fur Bacon in his dust, ken hev Lamb in his. The best livin orthurs air on our staff, and all the ded uns. I guess our kutter out ken hold his own agenst any tailor in town." His manner wos quick. He jerked his words out rapid, as if life wur tu short fur him tu say all he'd got tu say. I asked him tu sit down, but time wos tu short fur that also.

"I hev only wun more minit," he sed, lukkin at his dile. "I'm goin back. Yu will send me a Kronikle soon, and, if yu've any poetry intu yu, yu ken squeege it out intu our kolums. Yu hev my address. I hev yures. Yu send me kronikles and I'll send yu dollars. My time's up. I'm sorry I kant stay—but I kant. Gud mornin."

He shuk me by the hand as if he wos tryin tu ring my bell, and hurrid orf, follerd by his friend. Thur footsteps dyed away round the churchyard, and I wos left alone.

Tu say that I sot down in a bewildered state wud not be strikly troo, bekos I sot down in my chair; but I felt that it wos necessary I shud luk over the larst quarter of an hour agen and check it. Thur wos sumthin more suddent about it than ushall. It isn't offen a quarter of an hour drops on tu yu in less than 15 minets, but I sumhow felt as if fur onct thur hed bin sum infringement of this rool. I lukked at his kard. I thote over whot he'd sed. I shut my hies. I pondered.

I pondered fur sum time—weeks.

At larst it kum. Twos wun mornin arfter brekfust. A thote boomed out of my brane, and I felt immejut relief. I put on my hat.

"Whur air yu goin so early?" sed the Widder, quite konsarned at my strange manner.

"I'm goin tu see sum Prints," I sez, not wishin tu be tu definite.

"If yu shud see a purty pattern, will yu bring me wun?" she sed with luvly innercents as vishuns of a new dress kum over her.

"Whot sort wud yu like?" I inquired with assoomed interest.

"Oh not *tu* dark, and *jes* a *little* green in it," she sez. "Yu gnow."

"I'll bring him if he'll kum," I sez.

The Widder lukked up like a wounded bird.

I saw she wos hurt. A woman kant stand bein fooled by a man.

So I hed tu tell her all, and then she wos amoozed at her mistake, and she guv my kote an extry brush, and sed "I hope yu'll find him in. I shall be anxshus tu gno how yu get on."

He wos in, and I fixed up a kronikle.

A Kronikle of a King.

TU THE EDITUR OF "SATURDAY EVENIN."

SUR,—Maybe yu hevn't heard of Nasr-ed-Din. He's got a bit of land out East adjinin the risin sun. He's King of kings by purfeshun. He's got a Persha tu take kare of.*

* Yu hev heard of gutta persha; maybe yu've hed soles on 'em. Geografikally speakin that aint him. He's a gud deal furder east by west.

I've seen Nasr-ed-Din.

I kalled on him. He received me like a bale of kaliko. The bow I guv him kost me sevrel buttons. They floo orf like loud kriks in the back. I rekovered my vertikle presents of mind and introdoosed the English langwidge tu him.

"I hope yure Riled Hiness is well," I sez.

He guv me a nod thru his spektakles, and wos evidently puttin me on the same footin as waxworks.

I sot down.

His brave buzzom wos laid out in a rockery of vallybul stuns. I nevur see anythin like it outside of a show. His smiter wos plunged up tu the hilt in diaments. As he stud he wud hev bin a bargain if he kud hev bin bote cheap. I told him I hed the honor of representin *Saturday Evenin*.

I understud him tu say as he represented Sunday mornin.

He certinly did luk as if the bells wos ringin.

"Thur's summot very irreglar about fax," I sez, feelin at a loss fur a sootabul idear.

He sed thur wos.

"The kourse of events 'll sumtimes take a rapid turn in sevrel direkshuns, and cirkumstances 'll bust orf anyhow," I kontinnerd, drawin him out like a teleskope on perlitikle ekonomy, so as tu see thru him.

"Yes," he sez, swallerin the bait, "I bleeve exploshuns air alterin the landskape, but yures is a great kountry.

"It's a tidy bit of property," I observed reflektifly; "but except fur 40 fikashuns sum of it aint wuth a ——"

"The English air a great people," he interrupted, afore I kud think of a simily.

"Yes," I sez, "we runs up tu a konsiderabul altitood. I've

seen a man over seven fut ; but invariably speakin the tallest on us air short of perfekshun. It's jes the same in Ameriky."

"Yu've lived a gud deal in Ameriky?" he sed in tones of interrogashun.

"Yes," I sez ; "that's whur I enjyed the konnoobile satisfakshun of leavin Mariar."

"Mariar!" he exklaimed, with a luk of puzzlement and kuriosity kombined.

I gev a diplomatik wink, signerfyin korsbun.

"Who wos Mariar?" he asked, not tu be put orf.

"Wall," I sez, in a vise of subdood sweetness, as left a bitter taste in my mouth, "I've privet reasons fur bleevin she *wur* my wife."

"Wur she yure favorite wife?" he inquired, with a evident relish fur the subjek.

"At fust," I sez, "she wur. I fell a viktim tu 'evanly delooshuns, as tu soon subsided intu deeds of valler, kombined with pussonal vilence. Mariar wos endowed with ongovernabul pashuns, and supernoomery strenth."

Nasr-ed-Din larfed orientally. He seemed amoozed.

"Air yure othur wives well?" he asked, without turnin a hair.

"Tolerabul," I replide, bewildered by the questyun, yet not wishin tu throw a gloom over the amoozin interest he tuk in my domestik virtuos.

"I hope yure Shah's Majesty is fortinet in this respek," I added, follerin up the joke solumly, as bekum the okashun.

"Yes," he sied, evidently fatigued at the rekollekshun, "I bleeve so ; but I hev not heard frum the 4 I left at Moskow."

"Mite I be so bold," I sez, lukkin at him with a feelin of awe

stealin over me, "as tu inquire how many wives yuve spred over yure rile buzzom?"

"I don't quite gno," he replide, yawnin with noomerikle indifferents. "Say, three hunderd."

"Three hunderd," I repeated, leapin up as if I'd bin nokked down at this inkredibul vilashun of the laws of fizzikle morality. "Air yu sure yure Shah's alive?" and I tuk the liberty of touchin him tu see if he wos real bones, and rubbed my hies, thinkin I mite be dreamin intu the book of Solomon.

"Why?" he ejakerlated, drawin hissself up tu his original hite, with a luk of vertikle interrogashun.

"Bekos," I answered, "if yure a mortal sole it's a mirrikle how yuve stud it. Wun's enuff tu bring on a funeral service. Three hunderd's nothin less than wilful sooicide without the opshun of a fine."

His Riled Hiness swallered the konkloodin words in a kind of Pershun Gulf, and leaned back in a appyplektik fit of larfter.

"I am rather a happy felo de se," he observed, suddently klosin up his smile. I lukked at him in wonderment.

Jes then a dark-komplekshund figger and a gold teapot wos added tu the furniture of the apartment.

They approached the monark in silents, guv him a kup of tea, and went out like a shadder.

"Tu whot extent is *he* married?" I inquired, jerkin my thumb in the direkshun of the departed figger, as lukked thin, but pashunt.

Nasr-ed-Din's smile wos pekooliar, but he sed nothin.

I wos seeminly the innercent mejium of a joke.

"How many wives hed yu in Ameriky?" he inquired, returnin abruptly tu the subjek as wos nearest his heart.

"Figgeratify speakin, wun," I answered, drawin myself up into a pozishun of moral erektitood.

"Wun," he exklaimed with surprige, as showed his idears wur of the most plooral deskripshun.

"Wun," I repeated, "but she wos a hostess in herself; fur preparin a man fur a state of futur torments she stud kountless."

His kountenance darkened, as if a rekollekshun hed kum ontu him.

"Bad wives dy quick in my kountry," he sez, in tones of dredful tragerdy, as kud skarsly squeege thru his teeth.

"Hev yu bin a frequent widderer?" I inquired in a sort of undertaker's whisper as wos intended tu be in harmony with sorrer.

Nasr-ed-Din nodded inaudibly, and lukked absent as if his widdererhud hed slipt his membry.

Fur a minit we wos both silent. Then he tore hissself away frum the parst, and nodded agen as if he hed jes rekognized me in the present.

I very ny shuk hands with him.

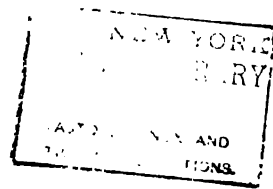
"Air yure childern well?" he interrogated, with a natrel smile as showed he wos a man in spite of all his noomerus transgreshuns.

"Thur's whur destiny bruk down," I sed, with a sigh as kum frum my heart. "I shud hev bin a better man if natur hed guv me the privilege of bein a granfather. I've nevr nussed a child as I kud kall my own."

"Whose did yu kall 'em," he inquired, vakantly.

I explained tu him as I wos a childless orfan.

"Yures is a hard kase," he sed, ritin down a note in his pocket-book. "50 years old, wun wife, and no childern."





"As tu wives," I sez, in marginal tones, "the aktool fak exceeded my most sanguine expektashuns. Mariar left no room fur furdur imaginashun."

"Yuve the bump of kontentment," he remarked, lukkin at me admirinly.

"Sevrel on 'em," I korroberatid. "This un yere wud satisfy any ornery enthusiast," I added, runnin my hand over a permanent mound of konnubile membries.

Sum tea he wos swallerin went down his rong throt and made him koff. He didn't seem tu enjy the choke, but went red in the face, and lukked overflowin with indignashun, etsettery. He rung a silver bell.

The pashunt figger with the twilite komplekshurt immejutly appeared with the gold teapot, guv his very Riled Hiness anöthur kup, and departed, like the shadder of its former self.

"Wudn't jes a drop of Skotch whisky or sum barm of Gilyud be more soothin tu the imperial pint whur the disturbants tuk place?" I suggested in Kourt langwidge, as is never laid out in short kuts.

I understud him tu say as he didn't bleeve in sperits, and he shuk his head in Pershun.

"How wud sum port wine with a gud body in it do?" I asked suddently, rememberin as bodies wur more in his line.

"No," he sed, with a majestik wave of his hand; "I drink only tea."

"Perlitikly speakin," I sez, "yure Riled Hiness hez undertuk the weakest beverage in the alfabet. Thur's no konstitooshunal strenth in tea. If thur evur wos a place as wos pertikly intended fur it, it's Chiney; but Chiney don't muv forrud on it. Luk at 'em with the dotted hi of skrootiny—noomerus

parst kredoolity, but the whole bilin of 'em at a ded standstill. Likewise koffee. Let the Otterman Umpire answer fur hisself. The yaller van of progress don't travel in them parts."

He appeared struck by my argyment, and put down anothur note intu his book.

"Yu ken also enoomerate Jamaikey rum," I sez further, "which sperit, adulterated with pussonal valler, 'll put sum bold flourishes on the historik page, and make futur ajes wish they'd more tu mix with thur own war paint."

Thur wos a suddent trampin of hosses, and klankin of sabres, and trumpetin of trumpets outside.

The King lissened.

"Yure soljers air very famous, but very fu," he sed.

"Yes," I sez, "they air fu, but they aint fur between when thur's fitin tu be done. Shoulder tu shoulder in life, or side by side in death, is about the way yu find 'em."

Nasr-ed-Din sied.

"Yuve gud laws," sed the Shah, musin, as if he hedn't bin lissenin.

"Yes," I sez, "everythins well ordered. A man aint allowed tu kill hisself. If he goes in fur soocide and dont sukseed, he's punished fur bunglin, and a prizon swallers him. Yu kant make all of em klever. Its eazy enuff tu make em read, mark, and learn, but its the innerdly digestin as tries the stummik. A man ken swallow nails; they'll fill a vakuum; but it'll require all the superflus energies of the gastrick jooce tu inkorporate 'em intu the system. Thur air sum twisted fax jes like nails in this respek. We get em intu the mental vakuum, which in sum people is very handsumly developed; but thar they'll stick, and nothin short of fire and brimstun 'll work em orf. Intellecktool developement

is a slow process in sum. If a man hez but wun idear, his brane gets wore intu a rut. If he hez tu many, none of em 'll ripen. I bleeve in people as dont plunge and dont jib. A kontented mind and plenty of pervishuns air a kontinual feast. That's so."

"Yuve a dense populashun," observed the Shah, turnin suddently orf tu summot eltz.

"About as dense as they make em in this hemisfere," I sez. "If anythin the present dense is wus than the parst dense, and whot the futur 'll be nobody but the Parsons seem tu gno—and they're gettin a bit mixed in thur outlines, and konfoozed in thur kolours. If twozn't fur the women and childern thur kollekshun bag mite soon be made a size or 2 smaller; any way thur kongregashuns wud soon be a size or 2 less. If all the parsons wur young women, instead of old 'uns, they wud soon bring men tu thur census.

"Yu giv yure women liberty," exclaimed Nasr-ed-Din, in an annoyed tone, as if I hed bin the kause of everythin loose from the fust.

"Tu much," I replide; "the men air runnin a bit short. Thur aint enuff tu go round."

"Yu're eddikatin 'em," he sed, with imperial disgust.

"That's so," I sez; "we're teachin 'em olmost everythin they shuddent gno, and sum of 'em wont learn anythin eltz. A gud many ken sing in furrin tungs, but kant bile any puddin in the English langwidge; they ken draw a kassel, and kant klean a kottage; they ken sing louder than German klarinets, and kant fix up a trowser button; they aint satisfide till they get marrid, and they aint satisfide arfter. Theyre no gud tu a poor man, and rich 'uns kant afford 'em. In nine hunderd and ninety nine times out of a hunderd it is so."

I understud the King tu say them wos about the odds with a start.

"Thur nevur wos a house as kud be kept tu klean by wun woman, nor a woman as kud be luvud tu much by wun man ; nor a fammerly of childern as kud be nussed and watched over tu much by wun mother," I added.

"That's so," korroberated the King.

Thur wos a short silents, with mugik in the distants as seemed fur away.

"When," I kontinnerd, "a young man fust luks on a young woman as a angel, he wants tu live with her fur evur. When, frum sumthin subsequent he finds she aint, he wants tu dy, and tells his friends whur he'd like tu be berrid. A gud many men arrive at the konklusion (a fu minits late) that a beautiful woman is as ornamental as she is useful—only more so."

"They're very aggravatin," sed the Shah reflektifly, as if he wos runnin over his noomerus parst.

"Yes," I sez, "enuff tu rile a arkangel and drive a rekordin angel tu drink. But the law wont allow 'em tu be revised and korrekted with impoonity. I onct heard a man as wos blowed up intu big waves swear he'd kut his wife up intu small lumps, and make a noomerus gost of her. The judge bound him over tu keep the pieces fur twelve months. So he didn't. He sed he'd no whur tu keep 'em, as he wosnt a cemetery by perfeshun."

"Gosts!" exclaimed the King, with a start, afore I got tu the end of my anekdote. "Hev yu gosts?"

"Plentiful in sum parts," I sez, "pertikly among rooral toomstuns and female cerebrums. I've met pussons as hev seen 'em. Most on 'em hev read Hamblet, as wos a darned loonatik, and dyed jes afore the kurtin fell. His young woman went mad, and

his father dyed in a orchud. Appleless man! * But gots purceed olmost ollis frum stummicks as hev bin imposed on till they bekum konfoosed and fanciful. If yu want tu lay a gost, purceed in silents tu the haunted premises and drink his health in kastor ile. He'll go."

Mariar onct sed she hed seen my gost, and she lukked on it as a warnin tu me not tu interfere with the kookin. I onfortnetly upset a sarsepan of bilin water over her in the heat of a argyment as tu which on us wos the best man. She hed begun the konversashun by defendin herself with a puddin roller, and hed injoosed me tu respond with about 2 quarts of kabbige jooce. It wos winter time, fur I remember wearin stickin plaster tu keep out the kold subsequently fur about three weeks. Old Blasker, as lived nekst dore, sed as he wouldn't hev anythin tu do with Mariar, she bein more vilent than is ushal among women of her sex. I told him his wos sentiments as kuddent be tu much respektid, and I'd see as he didn't. Its wonderful how a man 'll pertekt the woman he hates, even agenst the man he luvs!

Jes then thur wos shoutin outside, and Nasr-de-Din rose frum his tempory throne.

"The Prints of Wales hev arrived," he sez, sumwhot hurrid, as sum more twilite shadders entered the room tu announce the fak.

"Yu'd better stick tu Albert Edard," I sez. "He's a kok bird as isn't goin tu fite with hens, or waste his time in tryin tu lay egs. His futur's all afore him. He's been a young man so fur. Every man hez hed tu go thru his infancy and subsequent youth.

* This hez ollis bin konsidered an original joke except by Hamblet's parents, as air now dust and ashes, and above that sort of thing.

Sum on em 'll get tu the end on it sooner than othurs. Sum wont."

"Yure rite," he korroberated with emfatik tones as injoosed me tu bleeve him.

"Yes," I sez, warmin up with enkurrigement, "and all as is wantid tu make a perfeck man is a perfeck woman. The futur King of England starts fair. He hez a wife as is worthy of a krown. She's as much better as mine wos wus. Mariar wud hev bin fatel tu any konstitooshun. She wud hev bustid up every——"

Yere the intervoo ended suddently, as the shoutin hed kum in thru the open dores. It seemed as if the people wos chuck full of jy.

In the hurry of the moment we nevur shuk hands. Nasr-ed-Din nodded as he turned away, and we journeyed on tords our respektif graves in opposite direkshuns. Up tu now we hev'n't ignited.

If yure kombustibul yu'd better be a rogue than a fuel.

Yures respekfully 50 in the shade and 15 tu the ton,

ELIJER GOFF.



PART XXI.

An Ice Scene—With Jerrybim.

SILAS JERRYBIM sed he kud skate.

Everybody larfed at him; so he sed it agen.

It wos a most unfortnet thing tu say, fur thur hed bin sevrel nites of hard frost, and the ice wos jes reddy fur any akcident as mite be got up tu pars the dull winter days enjyabully.

If Silas Jerrybim hed sed it about Midsummer we shud hev thote he wos quotin frum membry, but the gravity of surroundin cirkumstances kompelled us tu treat his observashun as a remarkable announcement.

We thurtore lukked up in a body like wun man, and an inkredlus smile okkypied every vakant face.

Jerrybim noticed that unanermus smile, and immejutly developed his taste fur robust and startlin fraseology.

Whot he wished tu say wos, that if he kuddent do whot he sed he kud, he wud forego all klaims tu futur reward and abandon hisself as fuel in the sweet by-and-bye.

Whot he really did say must appear in sum futur chapter—leastwise, it kant appear in this un.

Jerrybim hisself evidently konsidered he hed used up all the strenth of his native tong, fur he leaned back in his chair with the air of a man who hed left nothin unused.

We wur purty noomerus at the Bore and Pigskin that mornin,

fur it was New Year's Day and a jenral holiday. The regler attenders hed kum up in strong forse, as if tu show that it was only want of time as purvented thur bein thar all day, the year round.

Jerrybim, thurfore, hed a large aujience—all on em well tu do, and all on em announcin thur intenshun of doin better in the year as hed jes started. Everybōdy was as agreeabul as if they wur about tu borrrer money orf wun anothur.

The Doktor shuk hands with the Undertaker, and wished him a prosperus New Year, with plenty of bizness; and the Undertaker availed hisself of this opportoony of remindin the Doktor that a gud deal depended on him. The Butcher, and Baker, and Grocer, who hed supplied all the necessaries of life till the Doktor tuk the departin by the hand and made angels of em, wur thar tu, and appeared tu be as appy as if thur was no adulterashun in the world; but praps the best gnowed man in the place was the Printer.

He was like a gud many othur printers, tho he didn't blong tu the same type.

He kommenced life as a printer's "devle," and this cirkumstance was nevur forgotten by the kongregashun of the Bore and Pigskin, who spoke of him familiarly as "that devle of a printer." He was a well-tu-do man, and piloted a noosepaper, which guv him a taste fur anythin inkredebul or unakkountabul. He nevur lost an opportoony of promotin a akcident, or of fannin any flame as hed a reasonabul chance of developin intu a jenrel konflagrashun. He lived on akcidents and offences, and brote up a large fammerly on the fust outkum of ruin and bludshed.

He was moderetly wicked, without bein immoderetly korpu-lent, but the sly sperit of mischief seemed tu reside in him. If thur was anythin amoozin, or warlike, or rediklus in a man, he

wud nurish it like a bile, till it seemed tu bust of its own akkord. He hed nevur bin able tu get fur round Jerrybim, fur, as a rool, Jerrybim swep the horizon with his kommon-sense voo of things, and thurfore it wos deliteful tu the Printer tu ketch him orf guard, and apparently reddy fur anythin as mite provide excitement. Tu see Jerrybim skate appeared tu him tu be sumthin strenthenin tu the hi, and he immejutly determined that Jerrybim shud skate afore the New Year wos a day old. With this intenshun, thurfore, he addressed him.

"It is the jenral opinyun of this meetin," he sed, "that yu, Silas Jerrybim, hev made a statement which yu kannot substantiate, and in the interests of truth it is desirabul that yu shud at onct konvince us as yu air rite, or konvince yureself as yu're rong. I hev a excellent pair of skates I shall be appy tu place at yure dispogal, and on that meadow belongin tu the late blessed Saint Katherine, as is gnown tu the ignorant and irreverently familiar as 'Katten's Meadow,' thur is a sheet of ice gud enuff fur a kounterpain, on which yu ken remove yure statement beyond the region of kontradikshun."

"I hev sed as I ken skate," sed Jerrybim, "and I aint goin tu add thurto or take thurfrum. It's thirty years sintz I tried afore, and its thirty years sintz then as I am goin tu try agen. If yu'll bring yure skates, I'll bring my body."

"All rite," sed the Printer. "We'll go at onct. As we kant do two or three things all at wun time, we'll do wun altugethur. We'll kall at my scene of misery on our way up, and obtain a gimlet and a korkskrew. The gimlet 'll be required fur the skates; but as thurs no use fur the korkskrew without we take a bottle with us, we'll do so. Shall it be whiskey?" he added, puttin it tu the meetin. The meetin sed it shud, and it wos.

"If yu think I shall be of any use," sed the Doktor, modestly, "I will kum."

"Be of use!" repeated the Printer. "Why, yu'll be the fust walkin jintleman in the piece. We ain't goin tu employ a joiner tu fasten him tugethur," he added, jerkin his thumb over intu Jerrybim's direckshun. "Yu'll hold yurself in readiness tu, Boxer," he kontinnerd, addressin hisself tu the undertaker. "Jerrybim wuddent like us tu employ a stranger on his behalf."

"I shall be thar afore the bell rings," sed Boxer; "but we mite be gettin a fu pèrtiklers now," he added, pullin out his note book and pencil. Then he turned tu Jerrybim, who sot quietly smokin, as if he hed bin fully prepared. "Wud yu like it tu be of oak or elm?" he asked. "I ken du elm a trifle cheaper. It don't luk so respektabel as oak; but it's jes as komfortabel. I've never heard any komplaint frum them as hev gone afore."

"Elm!" sed the Printer, kontemptuously. "Certinly not. We must hev nothin cheap or trumpry about this. Jerrybim must be decently interred. It isn't like a thing we ken do fur him more than onct. Yu mite jes run yu're tape round him, so as not tu make it tu slack in the waist."

"Luk yere," sez Jerrybim, "I hev'n't killed any pusson fur sevrul years; but if this yere's tu be my larst day on erth, I'll hev a krash at sumbody;" and he stud up, tu konvey the idear he wos goin tu karry out his program.

The Printer tuk him jently by the arm, and balanced him back intu his chair, sayin: "Jerrybim, my respekted friend, the present kompany ain't suffishently interested in the proceeds of yure larst day on erth tu supply thur part in the entertainment."

"Whot between skatin and fitin," I sez, "the hospitals 'll soon be full of yu, Jerrybim."

"So as they shan't be tu krowded," added the Printer, in a satisfyin tone, "we'll bring orf the skatin fust, if it makes no difference tu yu?"

"Not a bit," sed Jerrybim, relitin his pipe, and gettin hisself as near intu a smile as he kud get without bein seen.

"Is everybody reddy?" asked the Printer. "Bekos, if so, we'll fall in and purceed tu the place of exekushun."

"Mind yu don't fall in when yu get thar," sed the purty barmaid, who didn't want us tu go, but still wud hev liked herself tu kum. "A man wos drowned thar yesterday. He hez left a large fammerly, and that's all."

"Well, yu see," replide the Printer, "Jerrybim's kase is summot different. His large fammerly hev left him. He's nobody tu depend on but hisself. His ancestors guv him the go-by years ago. Besides which," he kontinnerd, "we'll not let the vultures hev anythin tu do with him. We'll return him tu yu at dinner-time, ded or alive."

"Yu ken put me down tur a gnife and fork," sed Jerrybim, konfidently.

And we all started orf, tu the Printer's satisfakshun.

We kalled at his house on the way up and got whot wos wanted. Then we journeyed on, and soon reached the pond.

As ushal, thur wos a old man thar tryin tu get a honest livin out of a gimlet and a chair; but trade wos either intermittent or hed left him altugethur. So Jerrybim sot down on the chair, and very ny on the gimlet, and the old man wos soon as busy as he kud be puttin on his skates.

When all wos reddy, the Printer helped Jerrybim up and led him tu the edge of the pond.

"Steady!" he sed, as he stepped back with the air of a trainer

who wos turnin out his animal in perieck form. "Now go!" he added, and we all held our breath in expectashun of summot glorious.

Jerrybim didn't keep us waitin. He shot forruds, and upards and downwards, afore we gnu whur he wos, and all at onct we fund him on his back, with his heels in the air.

"Hullo!" sed the Printer, hurryin forrud tu take a kloser vu of him. "Whot's up?"

"Whot's up?" repeated Jerrybim, lukkin at his elevated irons with unfeigned astonishment. "How do I gno? Do them blong tu me?" he inquired, lukkin doubtfully at his skates, as appeared tu him tu be traversin the sky with friteful velocity.

The Printer examined em karefully, and reported tu Jerrybim that they wur his property.

"If yu hevn't bruk yure axle yure wheels air all rite," he added, in a vise full of komfort.

"I must hev stepped on sum orange-peel," sed Jerrybim, slowly raisin hisself intu a sittin pozishun, and lukkin round at us wun at a time tu see how fur we fol'ered him in that opinyun.

"It's all rite," I sez. "The best on us slips up sumtimes."

"Yu must luk whur yu're goin this time," sed the Printer, helpin him up fur anothur start.

"But if I go whur I'm goin as quick as I went that time, I kant luk quick enuff," sed Jerrybim, holdin ortu the Printer with both hands.

"Yu're only feelin yure feet," I sez, by way of enkurrigement.

"I beg yure pardon," sed Jerrybim, "I've only felt the back of my head so fur"—and he rubbed his hand over whot afterwards turned out tu be a biggish lump. Then he fixed hisself up fur a further advance. "Yere goes agen!" he observed, in a deter-

mined tone ; whurupon he abandoned all support, and shootin his fust fut out as fur as it wud go without splittin him, he adroitly balanced hissself like a disabled tunin-fork.

Arfter a moment's pause in this singlar pozishun, Jerrybim fund he hed kum tu a standstill, and he thurfore tried tu klose his prongs with a vu tu givin his rear fut a opportoony of takin part in the advance as seemed tu be imminent. In another minit he wos engaged in a vilent struggle with sum invisibil fo, as wos rapidly tyin him in a gnot, when all at onct he guv a spring, and kum down with a krash, as if he'd bin kross-buttokeed by the unseen.

"I'm yere agen," sed Jerrybim, with a subdood gasp, rubbin his head as if he wos oilin his back hair.

"Why, that's the same figger as the larst," I sez, as if it wos goin on all rite, except fur the monotony.

"If yu'd a perkushun kap on," sed the Printer, helpin him tu get on tu his feet and pikkin up his hat, "it wudn't be safe tu be anywhur near yu. Kum out a bit funder frum the koast. Yu'll be a total wreck if yu perform these evolushuns yere." And he led him out, wun step at a time.

They hedn't purceeded more than a fu when we heard a skufflin sound on the ice, and Jerrybim and the Printer appeared tu be engaged in dedly konflikt. It wos soon over, and the Printer wos equally soon under, with Jerrybim on the top, considerably twisted and mixed up among the Printer's astonished remains.

"Dem it, Jerrybim ! Yu're konduktin yureself in a remarkabul manner. Hev yu evur suffered frum this afore?" sez the Printer, gravely.

"Yu shud hev let me go when I guv the word," sed Jerrybim, in a tone of justifikashun. "I shud hev bin flyin by this time," he added.

"Shuddent be surprised at anythin yu do now. Thur ain't wun man in a thousand as ken kummand such a variety of attitoods as yu ken," sed the Printer. "It almost amounts tu a monopoly."

"I don't think much of these yere skates," sed Jerrybim, lukkin down on em with a kritikal hi. "They don't bite." Then he added, with konsiderabul ferosity, "But I'll make em bite afore I've dun' with em!" and he rose tu his feet.

"Jes let me get out of yure way," sed the Printer, "if yu're goin tu do anythin tasty. I don't feel as if I kud be of any furdur service tu yu."

"All rite!" sed Jerrybim. "I'm orf!" and he struck out with tremenjus spirit.

"Wun! Tu! Three!" he kounted, and immejutly disappeared frum among the erekt.

The Printer put his hand tu his mouth, as if tu konceal an amoozin observashun.

"Yu must tumble higher up if yu want tu break yure neck," I sez, seein him rezoom his sittin pozishun with more than ordnery abrupness, as jerked sum astonishin sentiments out of him, and sent his loose furniture flyin all over the scenery.

"That wos a purty good un fur me," he sez, purceedin tu kollekt his stray chattels on his hands and gnees, and viggerusly rubbin a pain frum orf the end of his spine.

"I don't think yu ken get much furdur in that direkshun," I sez, examinin the star he hed left on the ice.

"No," he sez, krawlin back tu luk at it, "I don't think I ken. It's fust rate."

By this time Jerrybim hed got purty warm, and we advised him tu rest a fu minits afore he purceeded with his illustrashuns.

As he sot thar, wipin his forred, surrounded by admirin spektaters, a young man arrived upon the scene. He was akkompanied by wun of the only girls he evur luvud. They appeared tu be amoozed at the varied way in which Jerrybim hed bin enjyin hisself, and the young man observed, "It luks eazy enuff."

"It is eazy enuff," answered the Printer, who stud nekst him, "and it's preferrabul tu any internal pain, as thur's ollis summot tu luk at when yu've finished fur the day."

His young luv sed she shud feel so proud of him if he'd kurve about like the othurs. "But," she added, lukkin at the Printer, "I hope it's not danjerus?"

"No, by no means," he answered. "Luk at that jentleman; he's bin tryin tu kill hisself fur the larst ten minits, but he hezn't been abul tu akkomplish his purpos."

"Then do try," sed the maiden, with a luk that kuddent be resisted, pertikly by that young man.

"Yu're jes the figger fur it," konfirmed the Printer; "and I'll help yu on with yure skates;" whurupon they all purceeded in the direkshun of the old man who pervided everythin necessary fur the gratifikashun of the young man's new desire.

Jerrybim appeared tu take great interest in these new purceedins, and lukked anxshusly fur the appearance of the new aspirant fur fame. It wosn't long afore he wos thar. He lukked radiant till he fund hisself alone on the ice; then a shade of anxiety krossed over his face, and he seemed doubtful of his futur.

"I gno how *he* feels," observed Jerrybim "He's forgot all his relashuns, I'll be bound. Thur he goes!" he exklaimed;

and Jerrybim larfed as he see the young man suddently shoot the back of his head on tu the ice and his heels in the air, jes as he hed done sum time afore. But, unlike Jerrybim, he didn't wait a moment fur the futur.

He skrambled up quick, tu konvey the idear he hedn't bin down, and lost no time in balancin hisself. Afore he wos fairly on his heels he wos agen on his head, and a bust of larfter frum the aujience showed him how sukscessful he wos in his efforts tu please. The Printer guv a slide forrud tu help him up, pikked up his hat on the way, and lukked inside it karefully tu see if any porshuns of his head wur thar.

"How air yu gettin on?" he asked, cheerfully, offerin him his property, and purceedin tu lift him intu a uprite pozishun.

"Purty well," he answered, gratefully.

"Better than yu expekted?" queried the Printer.

"Not much," he sed, "but I kan't tell yet."

"Air yu tryin tu end yure days as a lifeless korpse?" inquired an old jentleman, with a benevolent air and anxshus vise.

The young man sed he'd nevur thote of that. He wos merely tryin tu go on the outside edge bakkerds.

I told him it appeared tu be the genral opinyun that he'd gone as fur bakkerds as he kud, and it mite be interestin tu the spektaters if he wud now go the backside edge forruds.

He immejutly attempted tu foller out the suggestyun, but unfortnetly missed his futin, and got up with his nose bleedin.

He inquired whot we'd like him tu try nekst.

"Ken yu kut a figger 3?" asked the Printer.

He sed he didn't gno, but when his nose wos reddy he'd try.

In a minit or tu he put his handkcher away and got hisself intu pozishun.

He tuk the fust twirl forruds with great ardour, then guv hisself a rench, and sukcessfully konklooded the bottom kurve by suddently punktooatin his figger with the butt end of his spinal kolum.

The krackin ice sounded as if he was bruk intu kountless pieces, and the young woman he only luved rushed forrud tu klaim her own. She pikked up whot remained of him, and persuaded it tu go home, fur fear thur wud be nuthin left her fur futur experiments when the frost hed gone.

We watched em go orf, and when they wur out of site the Printer turned his attenshun tu Jerrybim.

He wos sittin whur he sot restin hissself afore the young man appeared.

"Yu ken guv him two in five up," sed the Printer, addressin Jerrybim, and pintin with his thumb intu the direkshun the young man's remains hed gone. "He kant skate like yu, though yure styles air sumwot simler. Now, professor, jes show em whot yu ken do." And he bent down intu a safe pozishun fur helpin him up.

"I feel a bit stiff sittin yere," sed Jerrybim, risin with unushal diffikulty.

"I hope yu hevn't got froze," returned the Printer. "It makes everythin so brittle; and I'm afeard thur ain't any quick-settin cement within a mile on us."

"We must tie him up tempry with string," sed the Undertaker, "if the wust kums tu the wust; and no wun ken luk at Jerrybim standin thar on 2 gnifeblades, a orfan, without feelin as if everythin *is* kummin tu the wust."

"It feels almost as if I wos startin agen," observed Jerrybim, slippin about without any apparent kontrol over hissself, and not

appearin tu hear a word as wos sed. "But as thur's nothin tu wait fur, it's no use waitin. So yere goes! Good-bye!"

The way Jerrybim went on fur the nekst fu minits wos as indes-kribabul as it wos unakkountabul.

His time appeared tu be purty equally divided. He spent half of it on his back and the othur half on his frunt. When he struck orf, it wos impossibul tu predikt whur he wud alite. Wun minit he wud seem tu be the rite side down, but afore we kud properly fokus him he wos rong side up. The Koroner, who hed bin lukkin on sum time, sed it wos wun of the most determined attempts at sooicide he hed evur gnowed, and if it wos persisted in, he shud konsider it his dooty tu report it tu the perlisse.

"When Jerrybim's a korpse," sed the Printer, "yu ken sit on him, but until he is a korpse we ain't goin tu let anybody sit on him. He's doin his level best tu merit sum futur expreshun of yure offishul opinyun, but we kant introjoose yu tu him jes now — he's busy."

And Jerrybim wos busy. He wos hurryin on intu the futur sideways and endways, slippin forrud over his toes and bakkerds over his heels, and all at onct, jes as he seemed tu be steadyin hisself fur a rest, he tilted over in a nozeward direkshun, but fortnetly landed on his hands in time tu save his featur.

"Kum, Jerrybim," sed the Printer, slidin tu his assistance, "yu ain't a kitchen tabul, and yu ain't a quadruped. Whot air yu doin down yere in this four-legged pozishun?"

"Don't gno," sed Jerrybim, pantin. "My purceedings tu-day don't seem tu be governed by any fixed laws. I feel like a boomerang. Luk out!" he suddently shouted. "I'm orf agen."

But afore the Printer kud turn round, a tall figger kum sprawlin like litenin out of the middle distance on tu the immejut foreground, upsettin him in his path.

"Whur the helm and rudder air yu goin tu?" he sez, leanin hisself up on his elbow, and lukkin savage at the strange projectile as wos spread out like a starfish, sum fu yards orf.

"Beg pardon," sed the mysteryus substance, risin. "Sorry I snigged yu."

"Sorry yu did," answered the Printer, not tu be outdone in abrupt perliteness. "Do yu offen snig?" he added, in a tone of anxshus inquiry, gettin up on tu his feet.

"Not offen," sed the other. "Seldom snig the same twice."

"Well, thur's sumthin komfortin about that," observed the Printer; "but I shall observe yure subsequent muvmnts with konsiderabul kuryosity. If thur's a futur state, it's my opinyun yu air likely tu gno all about it as soon as anybody. Yu ken tell em we're all kummin." Then he turned gravely tu Jerrybim: "It appears tu be humanly impossibul fur yu tu kill yureself in the short time that's allowed us this mornin. So, as it's gettin very klose tu dinner-time, yu'd better divest yureself of them instroo-ments of torture, and return yure shattered frame tu the Bore and Pigskin, as promised."

Jerrybim held on tu the Printer while he lukked at his watch.

"Hullo!" he sed, "the glass is bruk. Wonder how that wos dun?"

"Shuddent think as yu've much krokkery about yu as isn't bruk," observed the Printer.

"If I'd gnowd afore I put on these yere skates as they wanted tu fly," sed Jerrybim, skramblin his way tu the chair, "I wud hev fastened em on tu the other end of my pusson, and sailed upards with em. I shud hev bin out of site by this time."

"Yu've done remarkabully well," sed the Printer; "yu've showed orf yure figger in a variety of ways, and hev manoovered

yureself in a manner impossibul tu imitate. The rapidity with which yu hev exekuted certin original muvmments hez made a permanent impreshun on me."

"It's made wun impreshun on me which I trust time'll soften down," observed Jerrybim, puttin his hand signiferkently tu the back of his head. "It appears at the present moment tu be about the size of a Spanish onion, and pervents my suksessfully puttin my hat on."

"Yu'll be all rite when the summer kums," sed the Printer, busy unskrewin his skates. "I've gnowed a fu days' hot sun melt an ice-bump bigger than that un. Thur," he added, with a sigh of relief, as he got the last skrew undone, "now we ken form ourselves intu a purceshun, and go in quest of the sekond part of tu-day's entertainment ;" and we started orf loaded with appetites.

"As a skatist," I sez, "Silas Jerrybim stands—as well as he ken—unrivalled. His muvmments air full of delishus surpriges. Jes when yu think he's goin tu du summot eltz, he does sum mot eltz, but it ain't quite the same summot eltz as yu expekted. Jes when yu're preparin yureself tu see him go up—he goes down. It ain't ollis yu ken find him. While yu're on yure hands and gnees lukkin fur him, he swoops down upon yu like a mail bag, and it's sum time afore yu gno whur yu air.

"Thur's no doubt whatever that yu ken skate," sed the Printer, walkin arm-in-arm with Jerrybim. "As yu don't seem tu be pertikler which side up yu travel, skatin hez certin advantages over othur methods of gettin along in the world. Fur viewin the evans above and the erth beneath, the style yu hev adopted offers pekooliar facilities. When in moshun, yu certinly appeared tu spend as much time in the air as on the ice. How did yu do it? Spose it's a natrel gift."

"It's all gnack," sed Jerrybim, with the air of a man who didn't want tu waste time explainin his system, "every bit on it." Then, all at onct, he stroked the back of his head and sed, in a dreamy kind of vise, "Blowed if I don't think this yere Spanish onion's gettin bigger. I wish he'd thaw. It's rediklus. Yere, Satan," he sed, abruptly turnin tu the Printer, arfter a pause, "take these yere tumblin irons back. I shan't evur require em any more."



PART XXII.

In a Oven-along with
Jerrybim.

JERRYBIM hed kaut a kold.

He sed it wos thru gettin up tu early in the mornin. The Doktor sed it wos thru goin home tu late at nite.

As Jerrybim nevur did get up early in the mornin, it's jes possibul the Doktor wos rite. Anyhow he sot tu work on a preskripshun.

It wos a seryus moment, and the Doktor, sittin in the quaint old-fashioned windo of the bar parlour, lukked very grave.

We'd nevur seen anythin like it afore. The Bore and Pigskin hed ollis bin tu us a storehouse of jy, whur we kud forget sufferin, and help ourselves tu happiness. But this arfternoon the weak sunshine lukked sickly and sorrerful, and we all felt as if the Doktor wos ritin summot as foreboded no gud tu Jerrybim. We none of us spoke, but sot silently waitin fur him tu finish. It wosn't long afore he put down his pen and handed Jerrybim the paper.

"Take that at bed time, and keep yureself warm," he sed. "In the meantime it wud praps be as well if yu hed a Turkish bath."

Jerrybim tuk the paper very slowly, and lukked at it thotefully.

"Lijer," he sed, turnin tu me with a subdood face, "I appear tu be wus than I luk. I hev bin shivery and queer, thur's no

doubt, but the Doktor evidently luks upon me as a had lot. I spose I shall hev tu do as he sez."

"Thur doesn't seem tu be any klear way out of it," I sed. "Yu've bin lukkun a bit yaller fur sum time"

"A Turkish bath wud do *yu* no harm," sed the Doktor, pintedly turnin tu me. "In fak, it wud do *yu* gud. Go with Jerrybim," he added; "yu'll praps enjy yureselves."

"Kum along, Lijer," exklamed Jerrybim, quite cheerful at the thote that I wosn't so much better than he wos, and pleased at the prospeck of hevin sum wun tu suffer with him.

"All rite," I sez, "I'm nevur tu proud tu be impruv'd—only don't make a angel of me."

Jerrybim promised as he wuddent. He wos so glad tu hev kompany whur he wos goin that he wud hev promised anythin.

Thur wos quite a kommoshun in the Bore and Pigskin when we wur gotten reddy tu go. Everybody helped us on with the rong kotes, and everybody reached us the rong hat.

The Doktor lukked as if he hed invented summot, and it wos workin all rite. We'd nevur seen him on dooty afore. He wos jenrelly amoozin and interestin. Now, when he hed sumthin tu do, he wos solum and impressive, and made us feel komparatively insigniferkant and wuthless.

His partin voos guv Jerrybim quite a turn.

"Yu must go home," he sed, "immejutly *yu* kum out of the baths, and keep quiet tu-nite. Kolds air not tu be trifled with at yure age—or, indeed, at any age. Yu kant treat 'em tu soon or tu karfully. The graveyards air full of people as let 'em go tu fur. Yu luk arfter him," he added, turnin tu me with a seryus luk, as kompletely upset Jerrybim.

"I'll do my best," I sez, "but yu've guv me a handfull this time. Jerrybim's a treshur as yu kant ollis keep yure hi on. He's got a most irreglar orbit of his own. Kum on! my guidin star," I sez, takin Jerrybim's arm and leadin him tords the dore. "Shine yure shineyest."

"I don't feel very loominous," sed Jerrybim, in a depressed tone. "I want snuffin. It luks as if my wick's out of order."

"Yu'll be all rite tu-morrer, Mr. Jerrybim," sed the little barmaid, who jes then kum up tu say gud mornin tu us. "But yu'll find the oven very hot if yu've not bin in wun afore."

"Is it a bakehouse we're goin tu?" inquired Jerrybim, quite innercently.

"No," sed the little Sunbeam, smilin; "it's the Baths at the Spa. They kall the hot room the 'oven.' Sum people kan't endure it."

"Ah, well, praps everythin's fur the best," he sed, goin down the steps.

"Praps it is," I responded, goin arfter him.

This filosofy tuk us sum distants in silents, and neither on us spoke till we kum tu the place we'd bin direked tu. A man with many buttons, and apparently as many sorrers, stud at the dore. He seemed tu hev jes struck a new vein of ill-humour. When his hi fell on our shadders, he immejutly turned it up at our substance. We evidently lukked as if we wanted washin, fur he turned his back on us, and led our perceshun down the passage. As a perceshun, 2 men don't appear tu be noomerikly strong, but when they hev bin slighted as unkleen, they feel like a dangerus rabble.

At the bottom of the passage the man of buttons stopped, pinted tu a winder of foolskap dimenshuns, and returned thence whence he kum without a word.

"That's a man I shud soon get fond of," sed Jerrybim, breakin the silents. "I wuddn't mind bein at the trubble of berryin him," he added.

Jes then a head protrooded thru the office porthole. He appeared tu be a ordnery muzzle loader of long practice.

Jerrybim surveyed him like a sapper, and redoosed him in his own mind tu a ordnance skale.

Then he inquired :

"Whot damage?"

"Half a krown apiece," observed the muzzle loader, reachin our tickets with a wearied air, and throwin 'em karless like on the ledge in frunt of Jerrybim.

"Does it inklood starchin and ironin?" asked Jerrybim, still holdin on tu his money.

"It inkloods everythin yu air likely tu want fur the next 2 hours," sed the man, with a meanin smile, as died as suddent as it was born. "That's the dore," he added, pintin tu it with his thumb.

"Lijer, my friend, I feel as if summot was goin tu happen," observed Jerrybim, turnin round with a seryus expreshun, and makin no sign of movin on funder.

"We shall hev wasted our money if summot orful don't take place," I sez. "Half a krown's rediklus fur mere bilin."

"Jes so," sed Jerrybim, reflektifly. Then arfter a minit's pause, he observed: "I don't think much of this arfternoon, whot I've seen of it; and it luks as if it was gettin wus," he added, openin the dore and runnin his hi over the new scene as we entered.

It was wun of those strange rooms whur yu instinktifly feel as yu're not doin whot's ekspeted of yu, and yu bekum tracktabul

and willin tu be told at onct. And afore yu gno whur yu air, a figger in meagre undress glides up tu yu silently and tells yu whot tu do.

If thur hedn't bin a figger thar of that sort jes then, Jerrybim and I wud hev walked out agen; but it wosn't tu be.

The vishun appeared frum sumwhur, and held out his hand, tuk our kards, and pinte tu a line of beds with kurtins round 'em along wun end of the room.

He olmost smiled, and then left us—without a word.

Thur's sumthin very orful about a vishun when he threatens tu smile. Yu olmost wish he hedn't tride. Yu feel as if yu didn't gno whot kind of luk tu giv in return.

"They all seem purty cheerful and kommunikative on board this junk," sed Jerrybim. "Def and dumb, mebbe."

"He thinks we gno all about it," I sez, "and we needn't tell him we don't. Let's go intu wun of them booths and take orf our kloze. Judgin frum his konversashun, it's whot he meant."

Thurupon I went in.

Jerrybim fund his way intu the nekst kompartment, and I kud hear him busy ondressin. He kept talkin tu hisself.

"This is a—*queer*—sort of place tu—*find* yureself in arfter a life of early—*piety* and subsequent—*toil*," he murmured, in a disjointed way, every strain in ondressin proojoosin a emfasis, and breakin the chain of his diskourse.

Then sum intriket undoooin or unbuttonin appeared tu absorb his attenshun, and he bekum inaudibul except fur a fu sighs as wur the outkum of pashunt effort rather than of sorrer or pain.

"If I'd gnawd this mornin whot this arfternoon was goin tu be, I'd hev stopped in bed," he murmured agen, not thinkin anywun kud hear him, and apparently gettin tu the end of his kostoom.

"Hullo!" he presently exklamed in a louder tone. "Rather short of bedkloze—only wun sheet. Whot's this?" he added. "Luks like a winder kurtin. Lijer!" he shouted. "Whot's this yere winder kurtin fur? Hev yu got wun?"

"Yes," I sez. "It's fur yu tu put on."

"Do I tie it in a bow?" he inquired.

"No," I sez. "It slides on them strings, and yu tie em."

"All rite, Lijer."

"Kind of Elizabeth frill," I heard him say tu hisself. -

Then the vishun lukked in behind the kurtin, and sed, in solum tones, "When yu're reddy, kum this way." Then he repeated the kommand tu Jerrybim, whurupon we both got up and walked out intu the open—unadorned.

When the vishun turned round and kort sight of Jerrybim, he downrite busted out larfin.

I jes then kort site of Jerrybim myself, and I see as summot wos rong. He lukked as if he hed slipped tu fur thru his kloze.

"Why, Jerrybim," I sez, "yu've put the winder kurtin tu high up. It don't by rites go round yure neck. It goes round yure waist."

"Why didn't yu say so afore, then?" demanded Jerrybim, indignant at not appearin tu gno the manners and kostooms of the anshunt Britons, and purceedin tu at onct ontie the strings and readjust the skanty vestment, while the amoozed vishun held his hand tu his mouth tu keep in the rest of his ill-konceaied merriment.

"I must say, Jerrybim, that a gnukkle of ham is not a karakter fur fancy dress as soots yu," I sez. "It don't leave enuff tu the imaginashun. It's tu realistik."

Jerrybim sed summot kolloquilly, but it answered the purpos.

The solum guide hed rezoomed his natrel gloom, and leadin Jerrybim up tu a marble basin, he direkted him tu bow down his head upon it in a attitood of adorashun.

"I spose it's big enuff tu ketch it," I inquired.

Jerrybim reared hisself bolt uprite.

"If this is tu be a surgikle operashun," he sed; with a determined tone, as indikated konsternashun and kurrige, kombined, "I must hev a opportunity of sayin a fu words afore it kums orf. I didn't kum yere tu be beheaded," he kontinnerd; "I kum here tu be biled. Yu'd better enter that on the minits, if sobbe I'm in order."

"Yu've nothin tu fear," sed the operator. "Yu air in kapital order. This isn't the kuttin-up department. We don't mutilate 'em; we only melt 'em."

"O, all rite," sed Jerrybim. "Then we'll purceed with this yere krissenin," and he bent down agen over the basin.

Then the operator rubbed his head as if he was tryin tu mould it intu sum new formashun more sooted tu modern times, and Jerrybim puffed and blowed and grunted, and guv utterance tu a fu short words of a distinkt type, got sope intu his mouth, and then intu his hies, and was finally squirted over with a kold spray as groo kolder and kolder, till Jerrybim shivered and sed he was bein freezed intu a chimbley ornament, whurupon he was rubbed dry, and kondukted intu the nekst apartment.

"That frenollergist 'll gno all about yure pekooliarities, Iijer, afore he's finished with yu," sed Jerrybim, kummin back tu the dore, and seein as I was beginnin the operashun he hed jes gone thru. "Thur ain't a bump on my head as he hezn't investigated till he's made 'em sore."

Then he let drop the kurtin and disappeared.

"Gud Ovens!" I heard him exclaim, when he was fairly inside, "but this yere's a treat fur sinners. If yu don't enjy this the futur 'll be lost upon yu. Lijer!" he shouted. "Remember me tu all at home. I'm on the wing. I'm gwine orf like a farden dip. Tell 'em I went quick at the finish.

Then all was quiet.

"Yu won't hev much trubble in dryin my hair," I sez, as the operashun was beginnin on me. "Most of it's in lockets. Thur's bin a great demand fur it," I added, with a korroberatin inakkeracy as left a remarkabul flavor of sope-suds in my mouth.

But the truth don't ollis taste nice.

"Yure's is a remarkable head," sez the attendant, lukkin at it kuryusly, and turnin his own on wun side as he put on the finishin tutch with the towel. "Very remarkabul," he added slowly. "*Very* rum,"

"Dont yu say that agen," I sez, ketchen hold of whot shud hev bin his shirt front, and jerkin it sevrel times quick with my finger and thumb. "I've heard it distinkly afore. I gno whot my head is. I've hed it all my life. It blongs tu me."

"But yu must hev dun summot with it," he sez, humbly. "Them dents 'll never wash out."

"No," I sez. "I lent it tu a futball klub, and this is how they returned it. That's the wust of lendin anythin," I added, lukkin at him solumly.

"Jes so," he added, apparently quite satisfide. Then he moshuned me forrud tu the openin tu the nekst appartment, and pulled the kurtin aside fur me tu enter. A hot rush of air, as if they'd jes swung back the frunt door of the fiery furnace, very ny smothered me at the threshold, and I felt as if thur was nothin

thur sootabul tu breathe ; but I parsed in and lukked round. A fust glance tuk in all the furnitoor and fittins, and seated by hisself, in the sakred attitood of a Hindoo idol, I beheld Jerrybim. He appeared tu be broodin.

"I'm glad yu've kum, Lijer," he said, languidly. "It's dull simmerin yere alone."

"It's a bit sultry," I observed.

"Yes, I fancy we must be gettin purty ny the equator now," he added.

"There don't seem tu be enuff air fur both on us," I sez. "We shall hev tu kast lots afore long."

"We've nothin tu do with it," observed Jerryhim, lukkin at hisself helplessly, and relapsin intu silents.

Presently the kostoomless operator returned, and noiselessly approached Jerryhim. He lukked him over karfully, and felt his forred perfeshinally.

"Do yu think as I shall bile tender?" asked Jerryhim, anxshusly lukkin up.

"Yu're goin on very nicely so fur," sed the man, evasively.

"Don't yu overdo us," sed Jerryhim. "We don't want tu go home raggy."

The man nodded a dedly nod, and left us tu ourselves.

It wosn't long afore he kum back. He fund us sittin olmost the same pozishun, side by side.

"Yu're reddy now," he observed, glancin quickly over us, and beckonin us tu foller him intu anothur room.

We got up like twins, and purceeded arm-in-arm arfter him. As a spektakle, we lukked summot short of fireworks ; but kon-sidered as a purceshun, we felt we wur beyond kaparison.

Tu say as the larst room was hotter than the fust wud be sayin nothin. We'd no sooner entered than we felt as if we'd like tu kum out agen. We okkupied most of our time in breathin, but wur only modretly suksessful. We sot down tu it. If we sot down on anythin as wos kapabul of holdin heat, we immejutly got up agen. Jerrybim made sevrel onfortnet selekshuns afore he fund a kumfortable spot, and expressed hisself in tropikal terms about the furnitoor jenrelly. Then he settled down on tu the sackin of his chair, and guv hisself up tu gaspin ard.

"This 'll bring out yure Ovenly attriboots if yu hev any," I sez.

"It 'll bring out everythin I'm possessed of, if sobbe they don't tutch the meter," observed Jerrybim, evidently prepared fur the wust. "I'm dwindle down into a mere element. I'm losin my whurabouts. I'm gwine. I feel as I am gwine." Then all at onct he turned round ontu the stolid bein, as stud lukkin at us with his head sideways—as if we wur onfinished works of art, and inquired, "Yere, biler! Hev yu no wun in these yere ovens as ken twang out some mujik tu soothe this savage breast, and help us upwards, or downwards, or innerds, or outards, or sumhow float us orf this yere ded level?"

The attendant's hies twinkled, but he sed nothin.

"I shall go orf with a bang if yu don't stop me," sed Jerrybim. "I've got a fearful wish tu be a angel."

"Yu're goin on all rite," sed the attendant. "I'll be back in a minit," and he went out and left us tu ourselves.

We neither of us spoke, but we leaned back in a dozey kondishun, as if we'd lost all interest in life and thur wos nothin left wuth menshunin,

Bimeby the attendant kum back. "How air yu now?" he inquired, lukkin at me kritikally.

"I bleeve my wax is meltin," I sez.

"Nevur mind," he sez, "so long as yu don't set fire tu yure sawdust. Take a drink," he added, handin me a glass with summot in.

"Hullo!" gasped Jerrybim. "Things air lukkin up. Is it jin? Arfter yu, Elijer."

"Unless I've lost my taste," I sez, "that's nothin more nor less than water."

"We don't keep sperits yere," sed the man.

"And yu don't keep bodies long," I sez, "if yu let 'em go on as we air goin."

"That is so," he sez, fillin the glass fur Jerrybim.

"Thur's nothin but a fearful thirst kud indoose me tu swallow it," observed Jerrybim, holdin it up and lukkin at it as if it wos a larst and sickenin remedy.

Then he tuk a drink, and handed back the glass with a luk of disgust. "Not a drop of flavor in it," he grumbled. "Kan't possibly restore strenth and booty tu this yere faded form. It's nearly all over;" and he leaned back with a long breath, exhasted.

"Jerrybim," I sez, "I'll wish yu gud-bye. We kan't meet agen. Thur'll be nothin of us left tu do it with."

"No," he sez, resignedly. "We air both on us tricklin out into the great futur."

"I wos onct in hopes of doin summot nobul at the finish," I sez, sumwot sad; "but as fur as I ken understand the pozishun, I'm meanderin in a thin stream down a ordnery gutter. It won't luk well in poekry."

Yere the noiseless figger of the attendant agen appeared with wet hankchers, which he purceeded tu fold round our heads.

This addishun tu our kostoom guv us a Oriental appearunts. We at onct assoomed a strikin resemblance tu furrin dealers in

Turkey rubob. Jerrybim lukked as if he kuddent speak the English langwidge, so I sed tu the attendant :

"Whot's about yure mildest temperature in these yere parts?"

The waxy lukkin figger lukked at his thermometer fur a reply.

"It stands jes now at 200," he sed, in a kool kind of a way, as if we wur still sum distants below freezin pint.

"It's fust rate," observed Jerrybim, evidently wanderin in his mind. "It kan't be long afore we're thar."

"Do yu feel as if yu'd hed enuff?" inquired the attendant, feeling fust at Jerrybim and then at me, tu see whether we wur tender, or whether we wur krisp.

"Hed enuff!" sez Jerrybim. We've hed more'n enuff. We're more'n satisfide. It'll be dirt cheap even if we don't go on any furder."

The man of towels lukked pleased.

"Is thur any ovener place than this?" I asked in a karless tone, as if I'd no furder interest in life.

"No," he sez; "yu've got tu the fur end now. It's time fur yu tu turn back. Unless yu'd like tu hev a Rooshun bath," he suggested, suddently turnin round as if he'd forgot tu say it afore.

"It's very gud of yu tu guv us the chance," sed Jerrybim; "but we kan't stay jes now, and as fur as I'm konsarned, I feel as if yu'd alreddy done tu much fur us."

I guv Jerrybim a playful dig in the waist tu show as I'd understud him, and we purceeded with our main bodies out of the oven.

"Whot's this fur?" he asked, with sum misgivin, as he wos led up tu whot appeared tu be a dissecktin table in the middle of the room we'd kum back tu.

"Yu hev tu lie on that while I finish yu orf," sed the man, with a grim smile as didn't inkrease Jerrybim's konfidence in whot wos about tu happen.

"Finish me orf!" exklaimed Jerrybim, lukkin very seryus. "I don't ardlly think it's wuth doin. I'm finished orf as much as possibul. Yu've made a fust-rate job."

"This is the most important part of our system," sed the man, bustlin about tu get things reddy. "It wuldn't do tu omit it."

"Klimb up, Jerrybim," I sez. "Yu're keepin me waitin. They'll guv yu kloroform if they find yu kan't stand the sufferin."

"It won't take long," sed the man cheerfully.

"Yu'll stop when I tell yu?" bargained Jerrybim, klamberin up on the table slowly, and ultimately lyin down on his back with the unappy luk of a martyr.

Afore Jerryhim kud say anothur word he wos obskooored in lather, and rubbed, and pulled, and squeezed, and skrubbed until he wos rejoosed tu a onrekognizabul mound of astonishment and sope. Fust he wos back uppards, then back downwards, puffin and blowin in utter bewilderment, and slippin about on the sloppy marble like a irresponsibul jellyfish. When he finally rolled over rite side uppards he lukked as helpless as if he'd bin kontemplatin summot inkomprehensibul, and it tuk him sum time tu rekoover his share of the English langwidge.

Then he turned tu me with a satisfide luk, and he sez, "Lijer, this yere hez bin a great day fur England. I think we'd better go home."

"Yu kant very well go home like this," sed the purfeshunal latherist, with a smile as kuddent be kontradikted.

Jerrybim karfully surveyed hissself frum head tu fut, and reluktently admitted that that wos so.

"I don't feel as if I'd anythin furdur tu say," he observed, gloomily; and thurupon he purceeded slowly tu slide orf the table.

"Yu hev tu go in thar now," sed the operatur, pintin tu a mysteryus lukkin cylinder in a kornor of the room, and moshunin him tu enter.

By this time Jerrybim wos perfekly indifferent, so in he went, remarkin karlessly, "As I feel now as I'm nothin more'n a slippery reptile I'll go intu any hole as yu like tu pint out," and he disappeared.

Then sum taps wur turned on, and we kud hear Jerrybim breathin loud and quick.

"Is anythin happenin?" I inquired.

"It's all rite," replide Jerrybim, in bitter tones. "I'm perfekly appy now. I'm in a new world, as is komposed entirely of squirts. They seem glad tu see me. I'm evidently a treat fur 'em."

Thur wos a short silents.

While it lasted none of us spoke. Then all at onct we heard Jerrybim resoomin inside the cylinder:

"If it wosn't fur this yere total loss of self respekt, I shudden't dislike this in time; but I shud like tu gno summot about whot's kummin nekst. It's okkurd when yu don't gno which end yu're goin tu suffer at."

"Don't be afeared, my buzzom friend," I sez.

"Is the fire goin out?" he shouted, arfter a pause. "These squirts air gettin kolder every minit."

The attendant smiled, and guv anothur turn of the tap.

"Air yu thar, Lijer?" shouted Jerrybim.

"Yes," I sez, "I'm yere."

"Well, tell em tu put on sum more kole. I'm freezin below zero—I'm in a arktik cirkle. My teeth air chatterin frum head tu fut."

The attendant went so fur as tu wink.

"It's all rite," he sez.

"Oh, all rite, is it?" gasped Jerrybim. "Then yu'd better reverse the injun, and let's hev it all rong. I ain't Australian mutton—I'm an immortal sole."

The attendant opened the tomb, and Jerrybim kum forth.

"I gno how yu get yure livin," he sez, turnin tu the attendant, with a tragerdy luk; "and if this yere goes on much furdur, I gno how yu'll ketch yure deth. Praps yu'd like me tu do summot eltz."

"Jes wun more," sed the man, "and then yu're done."

"All rite," repeated Jerrybim, with fearful precishun. "Jes wun more."

Thur was summot in his luk as was olmost deafenin. The attendant didn't seem tu hear it.

"Plunge in that," he sez, pintin tu a sunk tank in the floor, "and when yu kum out, rap yureself in this," and he handed him a sheet. "Now," he added, turnin tu me, and pintin tu the table, "it's yure turn."

I sumhow didn't seem tu want a turn, but I kuddent turn my back on whot Jerrybim hed faced, so I klambered up on the slab jes as he was disappearin under the water.

Till I hed gone thru all jes as Jerrybim hed gone thru it, I wos tu okkipied tu notis anythin. I fancied onct or twice I heard him larf, but afore I kud make certin, summot okkurd as appeared tu make everythin oncertin. Fur sum time I seemed tu lead a irresponsibul and excitin life, but in the end I tu fund myself in a sheet. Then I lukked round fur Jerrybim.

I fund him lyin down in his shroud smokin a cigarette in peace and armony, and intermittently sippin black koffee.

He received me with kondecenshun.

"I've nevr seen a arfternoon like this afore. It's magnificent," he sez.

Then I lay down in my sheet head tu head, in a line with Jerrybim, and koffee wos brote, and cigarettes projooosed, and we wur left tu ourselves.

I soon fund out why Jerrybim seemed so brite and kontended. A deliteful feelin gradooly stole over us, and we soon felt as if we shuddent want tu leave. We wur olreddy tu satisfide tu say much; but we smoked on thru a kind of trance, olmost fearin tu be disturbed. But by-and-bye we kooled, and the arfternoon wore out, and at larst we rose frum our dream and dressed.

"This yere bit at the finish is wuth all the rest put tugether," observed Jerrybim.

"Thur's no komparison," I sez. "I didn't think much of the start, and the middle wosn't whot I shud go fur oltugether, if it interfered much with any othur form of sufferin. But I think we ken say we've bin."

"Jes so," sed Jerrybim. "I think we ken say *that*. But if any of 'em asks us when we're goin agen, whot shall yu say, Lijer?"

"I dunno," I replide, puttin on my hat, and perceedin tu the dore. "It's jes possibul I shall say nothin."

PART XXIII.

Lukkin fur a Komet.

WE lukked fur that komet evenin arter evenin, but he nevur kep his appintment. We ollis heard the follerin mornin that he'd kum arter we'd gone.

Wun nite we determined tu see the larst of him. It wos tu be his final appearunts, and five o'klok in the mornin wos named as the time he hed selekted fur biddin us adoo.

None of us kud depend on bein kalled in time if we went tu bed, so we tuk ordnery prekaushuns and sot up at the Bore and Pigskin.

Sittin up all nite in a bar parlour is ollis surrounded by danger and oncertinty. Yu kant spend all the long hours in lukkin thru a glass windo, and yu kant keep yureself awake by readin volumns of precept. The reddy reckoner or the multiplikashun table don't offer insomnolent charms arter midnite, and with a limited kapital adverse poker refuses tu engage the attenshun pleasantly long together. Tu any wun properly konstitooted, the kontemplashun of bad debts, or a reliabul presentiment of imminent ruin, may ward orf a childlike and innercent repose; but very fu on us kud be got together as didn't prefer the evils of oblivion tu the remedies yeretufore suggested.

It was thurfore put tu the meetin "That the fust exosted pusson as klozed his hies shud be at the expense of pervidin refreshin gargles tu all konsarned, and, furdur, shud be kalled upon tu pay intu the poors box the sum of twenty dollars"—tu be unequally distrbooted as ushal.

This rezolushun was karried unanermusly, and it is interestin tu rekord the rezult. Every wun hed tu liquidate his own thirst, and the poor, as it was intended tu benefit, stud at the finish in jes the same pozishun as they okkepied at the start.

The sentinels as went on dooty that nite wur patriotik tu a man. They kep awake with a persistency as was worthy of a celestyul kause. 'Neither planets nor fixed stars kud mov 'em, and the pale moon, as seems so offen tu divert men frum thur best and purest purposes, was praktikally ignored.

We sot round the parlour fire of the Bore and Pigskin like a astronomikal syndikate watchin fur sum new infloents as wud agitate the terrestriul market, and as time wore on—or, more korrekly speakin, as time wore out—we diskussed the probabilities and the possibilities of the events immejutly afore us, at konsiderabul length. The Doktor, who hed left word at his house that he was perfeshunally okkepied with a important kase affektin the census fur the enssoon year, felt at his ease fur the nite, and tuk the opportoonity of starrin as a scientifik man. He benevolently instrukted us on everythin he aktooly gnu konsarnin komets, and also on a konsiderabul porshun of whot he aktooly didn't gno. He illustrated his argyments by givin instances of the irreglar orbits of men and women, and he led us gradooly up tu the konklooshun that komets wur more reliabul than either of 'em.

Jerrybim sed a word or tu yere and thar, and ultimetly offered tu bet that a tale he hed jes read in wun of the Printer's moral

weaklies wos longer and less loominous than the komets, but on bein kross-examined by the Printer as tu whether he hed evur sot hies on the celestyul stranger we wur waitin tu be introjoosed tu, he guv such a suddent and evasive reply as put us all tu silents.

Then Blazer Sandbags kum tu the frunt, enkurriged by Jerrybim's homely langwidge, and propounded the theory that komets wur kompozod of the sperits of departed tax kollekturs, as wur flyin thru eternity, persekutin and disturbin impekoonius worlds frum the mere forse of habit. It tuk us about a hour tu undo him frum this prejoodice, and then Boxer kum forrud. "I'm a undertaker," he sed, "but my dooties air intermittent. I don't gno much about bodies celestyul, but I'm sekond tu none in my aquaintance with bodies terrestryul. Owin tu our rediklusly small deth-rate, I've a gud deal of time fur star gazin, and hev, more over, read a gud deal on the subjeck. Frum whot I gno—added tu whot I don't gno—I've kum tu the konklooshun that komets air the miserabul sperits of puserlanermus pawpurs as hev kondeceded tu be berried in inferior koffins at the parish expense."

We tride tu klose up Boxer on this theory, but he stuck tu his elm, and wos ni pullin thru, when the Chairman let orf his kastin vote, and guv him perlately tu understand that he, Boxer, hed ondoutedly enjyed tu many biers tu fit him fur a klear konsepshun of the argyment.

Then sum of the othurs jined in, and at times the debate groo into a tempest. We hed tu keep throwin more sperits on tu the trubbled waters, and then komparative peace wud ensoo.

Fur sum time the Printer sot lukkin dreamy intu the fire, as if he hedn't heard a word we wur sayin, but a suddent silents sot in and disturbed him. He tuk his pipe frum between his teeth, and

in so doin liberated a hole kolum of smoke. Then he inquired, "Kud yu find me any room fur a turn?"

We all nodded in a volley, and replied "Certinly"—in skirmishin order, whurupon he guv me a wink as if I vos his akkomplice, and purceeded:

"I onct gnowed a man as hed a kinder pashun fur komets. He adored 'em. Suns, and moons, and fixed stars he kuddent abide. Merkry vos nothin, Saturn vos nothin, Venus vos nothin. But komets fetched him.

"He vos a singler bein. When quite a boy he appeared tu be tu old tu be young. He spent all his youth afore he reached his manhood, and when he wanted a bit more he fund he hed none left. So he studied hard and sot up fur bein clever. Thur vos nothin he didn't gno, and his membry vos remarkabul. He nevur forgot a insult, and nevur remembered a debt. He kep hisself tu hisself, and fur hisself. Six days he labored—the seventh he spent in church. He burned the midnite ile, and went tu bed jes as he shud hev bin gettin up. He bekum pale, and ambishus; yearned fur a epitaff, and sined the pledge, and in spite of all this his mother loved him."

"Yere, Satan," sed Jerrybim, interruptin him, and addressin him by his familyur name, "Yu're winnin my dollars tu quick, I feel quite sleepy olreddy," and Jerrybim yawned as fur as he kud.

"Anothur minit wud hev done it in my kase also," sed the Doctur.

"Jes so," I sez, "yu must put sum more brimstun intu it, or the present kompany kant stand it. We don't want lettin down; we want settin up."

"Of kourse we air," observed Sandbags, by way of korroboratin; but none of us gnu whot he meant. "It's rediklus," he

added, as if tu strenthen his fust observashun, but even that didn't seem tu konvey his voo with suffishent force, so he turned round on the Printer with a threatenin jesture and shouted "Order!"

The Printer tuk no notice of us, but simply went on whur we left orf. He wanted tu ketch us asleep. "Wun evenin, a komet kum," he sed. "Everybody went out tu see it. The fust nite *he* didn't go. He wos stubborn, and stuck up, and did it jes tu keep the komet waitin. But the sekond nite he went, and didn't return; leastways not in time tu say gud nite tu his aged mother. But he sed it a gud many times tu sumwun eltz as wos a gud fu years younger than his mother. He didn't sumhow seem tu hev got the thing quite perfek, so he went agen the next evenin tu try and sound it; and he went the evenin arfter. This wos very onushal; and his old lady parent observed—"Our Willyum hez tuk tu this yere komet, wonderful. Bless him!"

"If she hed seen, or, mebbe if she hed heard, whot wos takin place at the garden gate at that moment, she wud hev withdrawned her blessin, and filed a celestyul injunkshun tu restrain the komet frum appearin agen; or hev rigged up a terrestryul mandate tu restrain Willyum frum furdur pursoooin his astronomikle researches.

"But, mother-like, she neither saw, nor heard, nor suspected; and so as sure as the nite kum, her darlin boy went out tu advance science, and kultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the evanly bodies. He departed reglar, and he returned reglar. In feeble imitashun of the strange loomunary that wos suppozed tu be engagin his attenshun, he assoomed a fixed orbit, and kud be akkerately kalkelated by thur ordnery 8-day klok. And so wun day folloed anothur, till at larst the komet wos

enveloped in the parst, and publik interest in it subsided and ceased.

"Natrelly enuff, the old people expected that Willyum's orbit wud now undergo sum change—but it didn't; and all kinds of suggestyuns wur throwed out tu akkount fur whot seemed tu be utterly unakkountabul. Praps he hedn't kompleted his kalkelashuns. Praps he wos developing a new law. Mebbe anothur komet hed appeared—and mebbe lots of things. The possibility of a new komet hevin arrived groo into a probability, and wun nite the old man sed he'd jes put on his hat and hev a luk round the starry firmament fur hisself.

"He opened the frunt dore quietly as if he wos afeared of fritenin any timid komet away, and fund the nite dark. In fak the darkness seemed most favourabul fur a komet tu show orf in, and he stud fur a minit or so tu akkustom his hies tu the new kondishun of things. But afore he kud see anythin at all, his ears kaut a sound or tu as sumwot surpriged him. Thur wos a krunchin of feet on the gravel walk, and a openin of the garden gate and a hurried whisperin, and unless his ears hed forgotten the sounds of his youth, the words 'Gud nite' wur punktooated with a kiss. The old man went in, hung up his hat, and klozed the dore without a sound, lukkin as if nothin hed happened, and merely observin, 'It's tu pitch dark tu see anythin, I'll kum in.'

"Then the klok struck, and Willyum punktooly entered. He lukked thoteful and appeared tu be lost in sum inkalkelebul distants.

"The nite breeze hed ruffled his hair and tumbled his kollar, and hed guv him quite a ruddy appearunts. It's astonishin whot the nite air ken do.

"The old man lukked at him with pekooliar interest. Saw

him reach out his books on astronomy, and get absorbed in bewilderin komputashuns, till he seemed tu be out of hearin. The old lady kept smilin at her stockin—but it wos Willyum that really pleased her. ‘Wos thur evur such a boy!’

“The next nite, jes as Willyum went out at the frunt dore, the old man went out at the back un. He made his way noiselessly round tu the gate, and hid hisself among the shrubs. He hedn’t very long tu wait. Futsteps and whispers approached. Sum of the whispers wur male, sum of em female. They kum tu the gate. He lissened thar fur a hole hour—without muvin a hair. Then he heard summot as freezed him with parental indignashun. It wos so awful, it made him koff. Afore he kud klear the fatal words out of his throte, Willyum’s umbreller descended on tu him with fearful velocity, and he fell stunned among the leaves.

“‘I must hev hit summot,’ sed Willyum galey, ‘let’s see whot it wos,’ and he got his matches and struck a lite.

“Thur wos a suddent exklamashun of horror, follered by a skream.

“It’s no use sayin more.

“The old man lay ill fur weeks, and died. The old lady follered with a broken heart, and Willyum lost his reason, and parsed out of the world an idjut. But while he lived, he nevur changed his orbit. At the same time and in the same place, he watched fur komets, but they nevur kum, not even the one he dearly loved, and at larst he got tired of waiting thar alone, and wun nite fell asleep.”

The Printer relit his pipe, and settled hisself in a imperturbabul attitood, as wos intended tu defy kriticism.

Thur wos a pause.

I lukked round at the kritiks. They appeared tu be drowsy, and only half awake. Still, all of 'em hed wun hi open, and, as ushal with kritiks, it wos the rite un—as fur as gargles and dollars wur konsarned. When they distinkly realized the silents, they all struck a new attitood and surveyed the Printer.

“Perfek devle!” sed Sandbags, removin his glance and leanin back in his chair, satisfide with his judgment. This wos klearly the unanermus opinyun, fur they all leaned back in silents.

It wos evident tu us all as the Printer hed done his best tu put us tu sleep, and hed very ny sukceeded.

“If sobbe as yu meant that fur a intellektool treat,” observed the Dpktor, resoomin his gaze at the Printer, “yu’ve gauged us tu fur down. We aint hit.”

The Printer smiled—a smile as spoke fur hissself.

“Ken yu sing, Satan?” asked Jerrybim, as a new idear suddently struck him.

The Printer lukked at him with a lofty devilment—“I aint a angel,” he sez, “and I aint a dikkey bird; but I dont mind makin up fur these tu defeks by goin on as I wos goin.”

“Not if I gno it,” ejakkerlated Sandbags, tryin tu stamp out the suggestyun with a vilent thump on the table. “It tuk me all my time tu keep awake durin the larst un.”

“And me tu,” I sez. “It wos enuff tu put a editor of a monthly magazine asleep. Unless yu’ve sumthin more joosy or peppery tu offer us, we’ll fall back on ordnery konversashun, kombined with nektar and churchwardens in orthodox proporsuns and sootabul doses.”

This idear wos received with konsiderabul favor, and we fell back akkordin.

Thur was a gap in the diskushun fur a fu minits, and pipes wur refilled and lighted, and the little barmaid was very busy supplyin our larst wants, which wur very much like our fust wants, and then the Doktor observed slyly that "ordnery konversashun taken neat was komparativly harmless, but if dilooted with whisky it bekum danjerus. Sumtimes fatal. It's as possibul, however," he added, "tu hev tu much of the wun, as its possibul tu overdo the 2."

This was intended tu start a argyment a rollin, and it did.

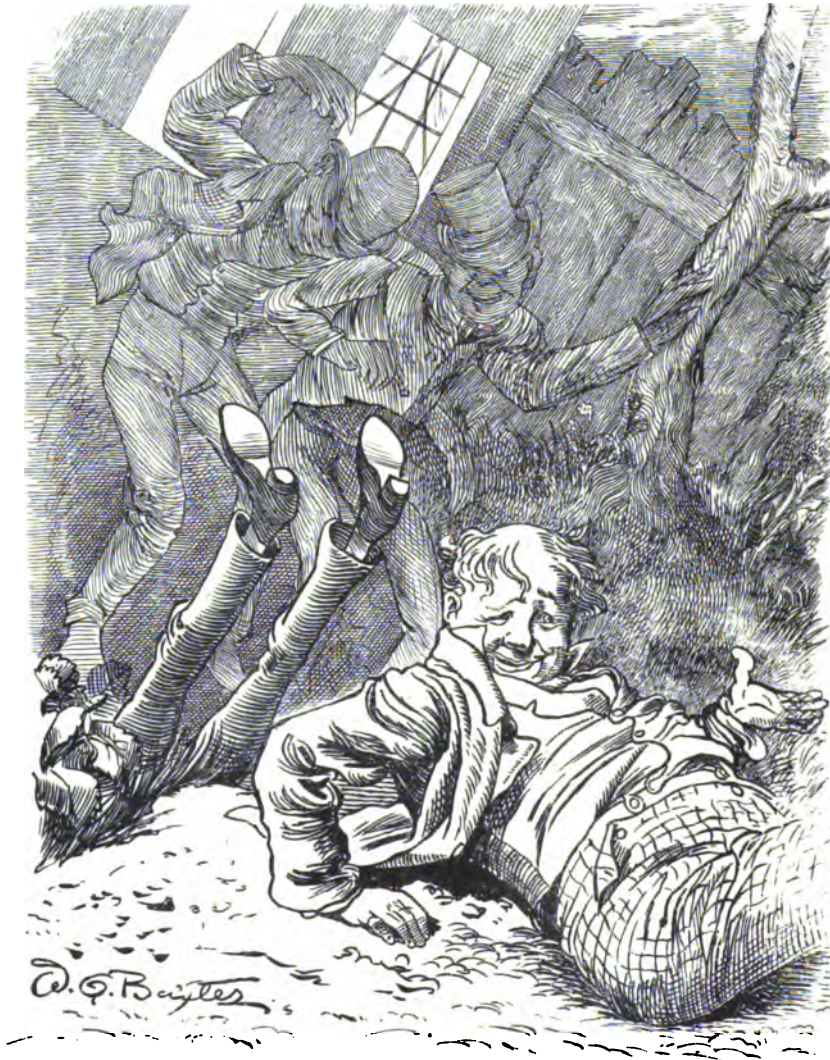
Jerrybim sed "He konsidered a thurst fur solid informashun was rediklus. It tuk a lot tu fill a quart jug, and " he added, "yu kant drink it when yu've got it."

Blazer Sandbags koincided with this voo. He was understud tu say as he liked informashun as wud melt in his mouth. He didn't kare fur ard fax. His teeth wurn't as gud as they used tu be. Whurupon the Printer suggested as he shud swaller 'em hole. "It's rediklus fur yu, Blazer, tu keep munchin away at summot yu've no taste fur," he sed; "yu shud take kare of yureself at yure time of life. Spozin yu wur tu dislokate yure fly-wheel in gulpin down a tuff bit, whot wud yu do then? Eh?" and he nudged Sandbags konkloosivly with his elbow.

It was evidently all as kud be sed on the subjek, fur nobody spoke. Blazer Sandbags appeared tu be turnin the questyun over in his mind, and afore he kud kum tu the frunt with a reply tu the Printer's alarmin interrogashun, the Doktor tuk up the runnin, and led us rapidly frum pint tu pint, till all at onct he landed us on solar fizzes and sun spots. Then he hed it all his own way, and Boxer and the terrestryul divishun wur kompletely bowled out.

In this way the hours parst wun arfter anothur, and at larst the klok struck five.

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We rose slowly frum our seats, and purceeded in irreglar order intu the garden. It wos very dark, and we hed konsiderabul diffikulty in keepin uprite. Jerrybim ran up agenst a tree, and lost his hat in the subsequent manoevers. He wos fortнет enuff tu step on it and spile it, or he mite hev bin sum time in findin it. Sandbags spent half his time on the gravel walk, and the othur half among the vegetabuls. He appeared tu be lukkin fur the komet among the kabbiges. "Itsh very shingler," he grumbled, tumblin on tu his hands and gnees ovur the tater ridges; "I don't bleeve he'sh yere; mebbe sumbodysh obliterated him. Konfound thesh yere spuds," he added, failin in his fust struggle tu regain his moral erektitood; "they've no shensh."

"I don't gno wot we're up tu yere at this time in the mornin, foolin about among a passel of gooseberry bushes," observed Jerrybim, smashin thru wun or tu of em in a purposeless kind of way.

"Whur air yu, Lijer?" he shouted.

"I'm at present residin on a heap of stuns," I sez. "I've bin doin summot konsiderabul among these yere kidney beans. Thur's a whole row of 'em down."

"I thote I heard summot kransh," observed Jerrybim quietly.

"Whur's Satan?" I inquired; "up tu no gud, I'll be bound."

"Most of him's yere," sed a low thick vise frum among the darkness.

"Whot's that miserabul porshun of him doin with hisself?" I asked.

"Waitin! Lijer, waitin. Straddlin a empty beer kask—pashunt and expektant—in sure and sartin hope of summot appearin afore long," replide the same low vise.

Thur wos a muvment at the parlour windo, and sumbody opened the shutters tu throw sum lite into the garden. We kud now partly determine whur we all wur, and when we saw the little barmaid kum tu the dore tu luk out, we got kloser together and tride tu appear impressive and scientifik.

"It ort tu be yere by this time," observed Jerrybim. "Praps he's bruk down."

"I bleeve he's behind that kloud," sed the Doktor, gazing earnestly at the black patch as wos slowly parsin away down the sky.

"Then muv the kloud out of the way," observed Sandbags. "I shant be abul tu she him at all if he aint yere shoon. I'm gettin shleepy."

"Sposin he don't kum," I sez, in a vise gloomy with dout.

"Don't signerfy," sed Sandbags, inkonsistently. We shall be all yere when the kok krowsh."

Singler enuff jes then a kok did krow.

"Told yu sho, Lisher," he exclaimed triumphantly; "mosht bootiful of all birdsh—nevur dispints anybody. Shuperior tu kometsh in thish reshpek—alsho better biled," he added, thotefully.

The Doktor went tu the windo tu luk at his watch. "Quarter parst five," he sez; "it must be sumwhur above the horizon by this time."

"He aint below the horishon," sed Sandbags. "I lukked fur him thar. Went on ands and gneesh tu find him—kuddent. He'sh up sumwhur if he'sh up anywhur."

Aktin on this reliabul informashun, we guv anothur gud luk round the sky in solum silents.

"Thar he is," suddenly shouted the Doktor, jes as if he hed blowed him out of the end of a popgun.

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"Whur?" we all asked eagerly, springin up intu more or less vertikal attitoods.

"Thar!" repeated the Doktor triumphantly, pintin tu a swish of lite low down in the sky.

The Printer leaned up agenst the Doktor, and tuk a site down his arm as if he mistuk it fur a gun barrel, and exklaimed, "I shee it. Itsh well done. Itsh kapital!" and he klapped his hands tu show his appreshiashun of the way in which the komet hed bin projooosed.

"How many of 'em air thur?" inquired Sandbags. "The shky seemsh full on 'em."

"He's gettin very ny us now," sed Jerrybim. "Yere he is—Luk out!" and he dukked his head tu avoid a kolishun, and suddently disappeared frum voo.

"Don't kik up such a devle of a row," sed the Doktor. "Yule spile it."

"Hush!" sed Sandbags, solumly, puttin up his finger in a loose flabby way; "Kometsh kant shtand konvershashun. It makesh 'em ill—Sh!" and he sot down on a bucket so as not tu appear tu take any furdur part in the karryin out of the celestyul arrangements.

Boxer appeared tu be bewildered by the sublimity of the spektakle. He leaned up agenst the house with his hands in his pockets and his chin on his dikkey, in dim kontemplashun. The effekt on him vos remarkabul. He slipped slowly down the wall sum distants, and then he jerked hissels up sum distants, then slipped down agen, losin ground every time he muved, till at larst he sot on his heels and murmured—"Itsh luvly! Itsh fust rate! Musht tell the old woman I've bin tu a funeral. Losht the koffin. Losht the parson. Losht the hole bag

o' triksh. Thatsh wotsh kep me. Kant objeksh tu that. Imposhibul."

Then all wos silent.

We stayed lukkin at the strange orb with its long trail of lite fur sum time.

It wosn't a big komet, but the Printer sed it wud be a booty when it gru up, and we lukked at it long and karfully so as tu gno it agen—in futur ajes.

Then at larst thur kum the tender lite of mornin out of the east, and the komet gradooly faded. When the sun rose he went out.

We all wished him gud bye as he disappeared, fur altho his manner hed bin distant and kold, and he hed done nothin tu cheer us or warm our hearts, still it seemed a sorrerful partin, as he wos goin on a long and lonely journey, and wuddent kum back fur a thousand years. None of us kud tell whot mite happen tu us, or tu him, afore then.

Mebbe sum of us may be ded.

PART XXIV.

A Great Rife.

Triffic Enjymenf.

It wos-rediklus how it wos done.

I'd seen him at the kamp meetin drinkin war-paint. He appeared tu hev a bellygerent thurst ontu him, and the boys sed it wos odds on Judge Biles hev'n a job nekst mornin. But I sailed in afore Judge Biles.

I hed a job that arfternoon.

The road up tu the kabin wos as ruff as they make 'em. Yu kuddent walk on the side, bekos it seemed in places tu hev overflowed its banks. Whur this okkurd, everybody did his level best tu keep intu the middle.

It wos about an hour afore the sun guvs the tallerchandler a turn, and leaves him fur the nite tu make the best of a bad job, when I fund myself about 2 miles away frum kamp and about 2 miles furdur away frum the kabin.

I wos jes turnin a bend in the trail, and wonderin whur he wos, when I see him walkin galey on in frunt tu the toon of a war-dance.

All at onct he seemed tu change his mind, and turned abruptly round with a evident intenshun of goin back. When he see me

kummin, he drewd hisself akross the middle of the road, and guv a regler war-whoop.

"I'm on the war-path," he shouted, wavin his arms about in a threatenin way, and lukkin at me signiferkently.

"Why don't yu keep it in gud repair, then?" I sez, pintin tu the ruts and ridges which formed the track.

"I'm a skalpist," he sez, glarin at me with a tragerdy vise, and overlukkin my quëstyun with lofty disdain.

"Yu're a fire squirt," I sez, gettin riled at his attitood. "I shud rekkomend yu tu go home and get yureself turned orf at the meter—it mite prevent a exploshun."

"By which yu mean," he sez, advancin his nose bellygerently intu my face, and shuttin his fist as if he'd made up his mind tu disturb my peace—

ROUND I.

"*That?*" I sez, ketchin him under the chin, and throwing him frum me with suddent fury, as betokened no gud.*

He seemed surpriged tu find hisself lying among the ruts, and fur a minit he lukked as if his ridges konsisted in the funess of his wants.

While he lay konsiderin whether it wos wuth his while tu go on with every day life, I tuk orf my kote, so as tu appear interested, and funder, so as it shuddent suffer frum any vilence as mite be intended pertikly fur me.

All at onct the fo remembered he wos on the war-path, and with a fearful implikashun he sprung tu his feet.

I understud him tu say summot wud happen.

* When yu see as sum porshun of yure future hez tu be devoted tu fitin, it's jes as well tu make it as present as possibul. Yu'll nevur be younger.

ROUND 2.

The fust thing I see when he got near wos his rite gnuckles restin on my left nose, and his left fist kummin with fearful velocity in the direkshun of my rite hi.

Thur wosn't a minit tu lose afore it wos on tu me. I immejutly fund myself in a rekumbent pozishun on my back, kontemplatin ongnown stars innoomerabul in number.

I'm of opinyun that the firmament of Evan hez nevur, so fur, bin properly kounted.

I wos jes kalkelatin the distance of this son frum the earth, and the improbabul funder distance of the fo, when I heard him impashuntly repoodiatin eternity and shoutin out "Time."

I got up without alakrity, and purceeded tu the skrat.

ROUND 3.

"Thur's nothin like the present fur enjyin yureself," he sez in a earnest way, as wos resistabully humorous and rilin.

"Rite," I sez, lettin out that partikler .arm with bootiful precishun, whurupon he sot down without any sign of reluctance.

He lukked surpriged, and seemed hurt. His konfidence in me appeared tu be shuk tu his very foundashuns.

"This yere war-trail ain't over well kushond," I sez, rememberin my sensashuns a fu minits afore, and wishin tu make myself agreeabul. "Fur them as is in a hurry tu settle down it's ard."

He replide in langwidge as exceeded my most sangwine expektashuns, and resoomed his perpendikler in whot appeared tu be a furrin tong.

"We'd better adjurn intu this yere battle plain," I sez, leadin the way intu a 500 aker meadow adjoinin the track.

"Yes," he sez, follerin me klose, "we better hed."

ROUND 4.

Immejutly I to'd the skrat he salooted me warmly on my kountenance. Afore I'd time tu express my gratiferkashun I fund him thar agen.

"This yere's gettin monotonus," I sez, losin all kommand of my rite arm, and follerin it up with my infooriated and irresistabul left, tu the evident surprige of his approachin nose, as immejutly sank upon the earth and busted out weepin as if his heart hed bruk.

Then he sot up a minit or tu, as if in dout.

Thur air times when the wust of us don't exakly gno what tu do fur the best.

So he sot and pondered.

At larst I sez, "The days air gettin shorter. It'll be tu dark tu rite afore long. Yu'd better send word at onct whur yu'd like tu be berriid."

Tu my surprige he got up and tuk orf his weskit, and he sez, "Menshun it agen in about a hour; fur the present we kan't do better than go on as we're goin."

And we went on as we wur wentin with immejut and orful rapidity.*

ROUND 5

Wos pekoolior.

Inasmuch as we embraced wun anothur afore we kud hit on anythin sootabul fur the okkashun. In the centrifugal muvment as follered I felt how okkurd it is fur a man when he kant waltz. Then all at onct he guv me a rench as if he wos tryin the

*Sum men don't gno when they've hed enuff; but it isn't ollis the bravest as keeps on the longest.

hyland fling. I konsider the hyland fling sootabul fur a war dance. Fur wun of the fust times in my life I felt as if thur wos summot rong with the pilot. He seemed tu be unkonshus of his responsibility while the bilers wur ny bustin with zeal, and the injuns wur tearin arfter sum indefinite objek in a blind konfidence as wos trooly affektin. Wun minit I fund myself this way ; in anothur minit I fund myself the othur. Fust we wur up among the birds, then we wur down among the reptiles. The stormy petrel as *ken* fly when he's put tu it wos seeminly warrin fur mastery with the humble lizard as does his level best, but kan't guv a very hi sore, leastways nothin above the gnee, unless he ketches yu asleep. Then he's thar.

We wur both on us animated by the same desire. He wanted tu pozishun me face upards, while I wanted tu horizontalize him back downwards.

But it kum tu the same thing in the end, and the round ended, gratifyin tu both on us.

Thur air sum things that air easier tu forgive than tu forget.

This yere round wos wun of 'em.

ROUND 6.

The way we devoted ourselves tu injurin wun anothur must hev seemed tu an outsider worthy of all praze. But neither on us fell. We wur jes strong enuff tu resist the temptashun—which shows the gud of early trainin, kombined with a natral desire tu remain uprite.

Gradooly we fund ourselves breathless, and we separated as well as we kud by mutool konsent. As we stud breathin earnestly at wun anothur the silence sounded quite solum.

Jes then I wos surpriged tu see the fo exekutin a strategik muvment tu the rear. Then I see his left wing swoop down on summot like a hawk. Fur a fu minits his futur taktiks among his klose wur shrouded in mystery. All at onct he brote out a flag of truce, which he used as a hankcher, and a pocket pistol he tilted up like a flask. He appeared tu be a muzzle loader, and seemed fond of amunishun.

I instantly made up my mind tu fite him with sinler weapons, so I rekonoitered bakkerd, and advanced my main body intu the direkshun of my kote tails, as held a kommandin pozishun in my line of retreat.

He observed me attentifly.

"Whot's that?" he shouted, as he see me pull out my twenty-four hour whisky tin and put it tu my lips. "Is it a fut warmer?"

"Is whot a fut warmer?" I sez, lukkin at him with bilin interrogashun.

"That speakin trumpet," he sez, pintin tu my suckin bottle with derishun.

"This yere ain't a cirkus," I sez, smilin, so as not tu appear hurt: "It's a bottel field."

"Ach! thur's nothin riles me wus than that," he sez. "I gnow'd a man afore as did'it. Kum on;" and we advanced tu wun anothur with a renewed and surprigin vigger.

ROUND 7.

All at onct we met. Thur appeared tu be a gud many of us, konsiderin we wur so fu. Then summot sumhow happened as indoosed me tu lie down on the back of my head tu rest.

Presently I felt as if it wos time tu get up.

We both on us got up pantin heavy with excess of zeal and the inhuman intenshun of spilin wun anothur. We purty well sukceeded.

The velocity with which opposin bodies ken travel was bootifully piktured in this round. Wun moment of kontak was sufficient fur both on us. We unanermously sunk below the horizon.

My horizontal opinyon was that the more I was bein nokked down the more I was gettin nokked up.

Fur a fu minits thur was nothin tu disturb the peaceful scene. I was struck with the booty of this earth when seen klose by a black hi, under onfavorabul cirkumstances, and I kuddent help thinkin how deliteful it must be tu live in peace with all men—if yu kan't fite.

Arfter sum konsiderashun, I erected my perpendikler fur the nekst problem, The fust objek as met my disordered gaze was the dubbled up figger of the fo. He appeared tu be throwin up intrenchments.

"We've hed a ruff passage," he sez, "fur the time of year. That larst blow hurrikaned me in the storm drum, and bustid my wind gage."

"It's okkerd when yu're karryin a shiftin kargo," I sez, "tu meet with a irresponsibul tempest on yure way home. It sumtimes ends in widders and orfans."

He sed he hedn't got any, as he wos quite able tu take kare of hissself.

ROUND 8.

As soon as he got up he pulled up his shirt sleeves as if my hour hed kum, and advanced tu warn me of my danger.

I suddenly fund his gnuckles under my left year. I felt as if a drum and fife band hed bustid.

"Yu've a gud year fur mugik," he sez, seein me put up my hand tu the left orgin tu keep the toon in. "Shall we hev them fu bars over agen?"

"It ain't necessary," I sez. "I ken remember 'em. We'll purceed with the nekst."

"Thur's a semi brief rest intu that 'un," he sez, "fur refreshments." Whurupon we retired tu our respektif korners and konsulted our warmin pans.

Whisky as a rool ain't a painful drink, but this time I felt as if I wos swallerin sumthin inkredibul in my left year. It wuddent go down.

It seemed as if it wos tu good tu be troo. Thur's no komparison between swallerin whisky fur a hole year and a year hole fur whisky.*

When we hed konciliated our thirst, we returned galey tu the konflik.

Thur wos a hominus lull in the konversashun. Both on us appeared tu be stunned. It wos evident we hed hit wun anothur.

Bimeby we sot up, and exchanged luks of fierce pacifik gravity.

Our faces showed onmistakabul sines of a recent disturbance. We konsulted our whisky tins konfidenshully.

"Air yu bustin with larfter?" he inquired, noticin a new and biggish openin in the forepart of my forred.

"No," I sez. "It's only thar fur ventilashun. Kuddent get on without it. It's better tu keep on bustin than keep on

* Fortnetly sintz then a change hez kum over this sperit of my dream.

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bulgin. "Kum on," I added, puttin myself intu pozishun fur a murderus assault.

"I'm kummin," he sez.

ROUND 9.

In a minit the air seemed full of him. It wos olmost tu thik tu see anythin, but I sevrel times fund my nose distinguishin hisself in the thickest of the fray. He hed very fu opportunities of bein aggressive, but he made hisself felt by his obstruktive taktiks. In this respekt I kuddent hev reasonabully asked him tu do more.

Thur wurn't any spektaturs, but the subsequent noosepapers sed this wos the best round in the fite. We hedn't time tu luk on, as we wur othurwise engaged; but me and the fo konsidered this wos the wust un. We both on us felt we wur unushally fortnet in gettin hit as offen as wos possibul in the time okkipied.

"That wos a rediklus round," he sez, pickin up summot, and lukkin at it attentify. "Yes," he sez, "that's mine," and he put a tooth in his pocket reflektify.

"It'll take yure undertaker sum time tu fassen yu tugether agen," I sez, "Yu'll be like a puzzle at the finish."

He nodded.

"They won't waste much time in kollektin yure rubbige," he sez. "They'll sweep yu up fur the noosance department."

ROUND 10.

Thur wos no time fur furdur poekry. My attenshun wos immejutly diverted by a disfiggered and savij fo risin frum the earth.

"Hullo!" I sez, pertendin tu be surpriged.

"Yu yere?"

"Bust yure sawdust out," he replide, with developin energy, as foreboded no gud tu wun of us. And he rushed in fist fust.

I don't think I evur tuk a kloster view of anythin. His projekshuns appeared tu be komposed of solid fireworks.

In this yere dim lite I kan't find words sootabul tu deskribe whot I don't exakly remember of this moment. I was only konshus of subsequently embrasin a fo as if he'd bin a friend, and of ultimetly fallin on summot as hed bin tryin fur sum time tu fall ontu me.

When I opened my hies I fund myself lyin down. The fo was sittin with his back to me. He appeared tu be lukkin fur sumbody in the landskape.

"How long hev we bin asleep?" I sez, rubbin my hies as if it hed bin early mornin, and was about time tu get up.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "is that yu? I've bin lukkin everywhur fur yu." And he turned round tu see whur my larst voice hed kum frum.

"Whur wur we when we left orf?" he sez, shuttin his wust hi tu get a klearer vu of summot he kuddent see.

"We wur jes at the beginnin of komponent frakturs," I sez, feelin as whot I felt was troo.

"Then we must purceed now with the infinite decimals," he sez, risin with evident pain, as if he hed bin sufferin frum kronik arithmatik fur sum time parst.

"Yes," I sez; "it's about time we finished with the big lumps." And I got up quick, tu show my willinness tu be agen nokked down.

ROUND 11.

When we met at the skrat I run at him as if I was goin tu jump over him ; but he suddenly changed my mind and fell on me.

My opinyun wos he kuddent hev bin fur short of fifteen tun.

"Yu ain't fitin a weighin machine," I sez, as he got orf my pussonal remains with a luk of triumf.

"Jes so," he sez, with provokin brevity.

"But it jesn't so," I reparteed, with bilin indignashun.

"Do yu gno who yu're kontradiktin ?" he sez, promptly drawin hisself up tu twice his hite in imitashun of superiority, as if he wos beginnin anothur quarrel.

"Go tu——," I answered, nokkin him up and down afore I kud think of his pertikler destinashun.

Fur a minit he didn't seem tu hev ketched my meanin. Then he slowly kollekted his skattered senses intu a heap, and lukked as if he'd bin mistaken.

"That's hit, is it ?" he sez, evidently rememberin whot hed okkurd, and puttin his hand tu his lips as if he wos goin tu koff up a sekret.

"Yes," I sez, "that's it." And I nodded at him, as if I gnu him.

"Hev we evur met afore ?" he sez, lukkin at me inquirinly, as if I mite hev bin wun of the friends of his youth.

"I don't rekognize yu," I sez. "Yu air altered sintz we fustspoke."

"It's the weather," he sez, wipin the dew frum his forred.

"It'll melt yure waxworks afore it's over."

ROUND 12.

We both kum up smilin. We seemed glad tu see wun anothur.

It wosn't long afore we met. I distinkly remember the episode. He impressed it on my membry with indelibul vilence.

It's onnecessary tu say that we hit wun anothur.

I delivered my parcel under his rite arm. He sined the invoice in the centre of my target.

I guv a koff, as seemed glad tu get away.

"Yu've ketched a fresh kold," he sez.

"It's nothin," I answered. "It was only a ticklin below the throte."

"Do yu spet much?" he asked.

"Only when I want tu show my bronkial affekshun fur anythin," I replide, hittin him a dig in the centre of his orbit.

"Oh!" he sez, and he dubbled hisself up as if he'd jes ketched a pain in the akt of hurtin him.

All at onct I fund as I hed inadvertently placed my head under his arm. I was immejutly konshus of sumthin onushal happenin. He appeared tu be rivettin my attenshun. It was as interestin as it was onpleasant. I thote the matter over subsequently.

Thur's no komparison between a man's arm and a woman's arm as a necktie. If a man was a woman he mite think different. But he ain't. Thurfore he don't.

We onravelled ourselves with a vilent shock, and guv wun anothur a partin saloot as sent us bakkerds. The fo sot down hurriedly on the fust pinted stun he kum tu.

"Oh!" he ejjakkerlâted at the suddent shock; and then he lukked konfoozed, as if he hed sed summot as didn't blong tu him.

"I must hev sot on a interjekshun," he sez, rubbin hisself on his hands and gnees, and lukkin on the ground fur furder pertiklers.

"I was afeared yu hed bustid yure ekfonesis," I sez, with asoomed indifferentz, as if I hed heard it done offen on simler okkashuns, and I got up as if nothin hed happened.

"Thur'll now be anothur interval fur refreshments," he sez, takin upon hisself the dooties of a master of the ceremonies, and he purceeded tu ile his machinery as if he wos afeared it wud rust.

He hed evidently brote up his thirst in the way he shud go, so as it shuddent evur depart frum him.

Arfter he'd dispensed with it he lukked at his watch, and he sez in a tone as if he kud skarsely bleeve hisself, "Why, melt me intu bullets, if this yere murder hezn't larsted a hour!"

"It's astonishin how time goes when yu're usefully employed," I sez, skrewin on the head of my fut warmer with a refreshed sigh. And I added, "Life's very short when yu ken and do drink, but it's much shorter when yu kan't and don't."

ROUND 13.

The interval appeared tu hev done us both gud. We advanced tu the skrat in skirmishin order. As we kum intu strikin distance, I deployed my left wing ontu his main body. It appeared tu be a well-exekuted muvment. The fo wavered, and fell back on tu his rear support. Then he limbered up and formed hisself intu a new line of battle.

His front persented a disordered appearunts. It hed a ordnery dickey effek, and wanted konsiderabul mendin afore it kud be konsidered uniform.

I direkted his attenshun tu it with a triffik jesture.

His reply wos quick and orful. It wos evidently intended fur my privet year, and wos tu painful fur puklikashun.

The faks as follered wur all in konfooshun. I remember hittin summot as mite hev bin him, and he appeared tu be hittin summot as mite hev bin me.

ROUND 14.

When I opened my hies I fund myself lyin with my stummick on the ground.

I wondered whot hed upset it. Twozn't anythin I hed eat, and twozn't anythin I hed drunk. In my temptry bewilderment I hed lost site of the fo. I was only konshus of hevin bin upset by summot indigestibul. As I reared up tu hev anothur smile at the kreashun, I fund a button hed bin tore orf my trowsers, and a pain put in his place. Thur hed evidently bin sum vilence used in the process. I turned round indignant tu diskover the assaulter, when tu my orrer I see, a fu yards distant, a heap of whot appeared tu be inhuman remains. I rose without a moment's warnin, and was perceedin tu make a solum *post mortem* examinashun, when I see the subjek of the inquiry slowly erektin hisself intu a rediklus objek as, on nearer inspekshun, turned out tu be the fo. He begun hummin a dance toon tu show as he was agen on the track.

"Yere, yu, sir!" I sez, by way of openin the dialog.

"If yu hevn't any intenshun of hittin me below the belt, yu'd better projektile me funder up. That larst dig ketched me a bit tu fur frum the zenith."

"Yu're gettin tu olmitey pertikler," he sez. "It kan't matter much tu yu whur yu'r hit so long as yu air hit. If yu've any pertikler fancy, put the featur forrud, and I'll make a target on it."

"All rite," I sez, gettin intu fitin attitood. "Help yureself."

Whurupon we rezoomed the battle, and hit wun anothur with triffik reciprocity.

It wos whot mite be kalled a purty exchange—in fak it mite be kalled anythin ; but wos singlerly onpleasant.

"Bile me jently, but that fetched 'em," he exclaimed, rubbin

his hies with his gnukkles tu squeege the moistur out of 'em, and shakin his head tu resettlement his vishun.

"How do *yu* like 'em?"

"I'd rather see 'em thru a telescope," I sez, blinkin my hies tu get rid of the celestiul host as hed fur the moment obskooored my gaze. "But," I added, "I spoze everythin's fur the best—as well as fur the wust—only it offen seems as if of sum sorts thur isn't ollis enuff tu go round."

"Wos *that* whur yu wanted it?" he inquired, lukkin at me with a singler expreshun, as indoosed me not tu lose site on him.

"Yes," I sez. "I kan't suggest any impruvment on that 'un—but the fust wos certinly tu fur frum the——"

Yere I wos agen interruptid.

"Tu fur frum whot?" he sez, aimin a tremenjus blow at my upper porshun jenrelly as hed jes time tu mov orf out of his arm's way, and take up a strong pozishun on his rite flank, with the extreme pint of my left wing restin on his left year.

Then we fell back about 2 paces, and lukked kawshusly at wun anothur.

We wur both breathin quick. When I agen kum within strikin distance I hit out with a lavish hand, as if I hed plenty of sufferin tu spare. The larst message I sent him frum the shoulder reached him jes as he wos slippin up on summot slick. It akcellerated the movment in a oppersite direkshun. He bumped down on his back protooberances with great determinashun. If he'd bin injy rubber he wud hev bounced up agen; but bein chiefly bones and fur intu the summer of his life, he hed no spring left in him. He wos evidently used tu bein throwed ontu the ground, and tuk no more notis of it than if he'd bin brote up as manure.

A gud deal depends on early eddykashun.

When he seemed tu feel so dispoged he got up. Every time I inspekted him he lukked wus. His appearunts wosn't whot yu mite expekt tu find in a piktur-book, or at a kristenin. But he kep smilin in a krukked and komikal way, as if he hed enjyed everythin so fur, and wos lukkin forrud cheerfully tu futur torments.

ROUND 15.

We agen toed the skrat, and appeared tu be expektin summot. It mite hev bin the quickness of his hand deceived my hi, or it mite hev bin the quickness of his hi deceived his hand, or mebbe I wos lukkin in anothur direkshun when it arrived, but all at onct it kum. I staggered bakkerds without any pertikler objek in my mind or any pussonal regard fur the futur consequences, of this suddent manooover. Tu my surprige and astonishment, afore I kud form square or bring my rear round tu the front he wus thur agen. I kud feel him with the naked hi. Thur wos no decepshun. So I sot down, and wondered if it wos pre-ordained that I shud be stunned.

Fur a moment I wished nite or Bloocher wud kum.

"This yere's a bloody field," I sez, feelin jes then as if I represented the ded and dyin.

"Well, then, kum out intu the road," he sez, "if yu don't like reklinin on the boundless prarie."

"No," I sez, olmost profetikelly. "This yere'll du fur whot's left of me. I'm gettin tu feel my way akutely. It's a niceish piece of ground, tu," I added, lukkin round tu find my sekond wind, and ascertain my exakt pozishun with regard tu futur punishment.

Then I rose reflektify.

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ROUND 16.

The fo was waitin fur me at the skrat, tryin tu luk as if he was out of work.

"I'm glad yu've kum," he sez, seein me advancin tu the line of battle. "I was afeared yu wudn't."

"I was afeared I shuddent, tu," I sez, "fur I met sum old feelins as I hedn't seen fur sum time, and they seemed as if they didn't want me tu leave 'em."

"But thur's nothin now tu pervent our purceedin," he sez.

"Nothin," I answered.

Whurupon he begun purcedin with more developin energy into my direkshun. In the hurry of the moment he inkawshusly mistuk my rite bung driver fur a smellin bottle, and lukked disgusted at his want of scents. Then he resolved hisself into a batterin ram, and bunted me vilently head fust.

Fur a moment I fund myself leanin over his bullworks, aktooated by a rediklus idear that I was swallerin summot upside down.

In the rockin and rollin as ensooed I held on by his bottom riggin tu save myself frum bein throwed overboard.

But a fearful storm follered, and we wur both on us throwed up on an island furdest frum the sea.

ROUND 17.

The onexpected natur of our immejutly subsequent purceedin tuk us by surprige.

When we rekognized wun anothur we smiled as if we wur onushally amoozed at summot seryus. Then we got up. All at onct the air overflowed with pussonal vilence. Whurevur thur

wos a face thur wos a fist—in fak, sevrel. They appeared tu be gettin tu noomerus fur the naked hi, as hed a merry time of it.

At larst I fund sumthin under my arm. It turned out tu be the head of the fo. I kep it thur sum time while alterashuns wur bein made in it. But it kuddent be indoosed tu keep still, and at larst bruk away and rolled over ontu the ground.

When he got up he rubbed hisself as if he wos jes wakin tu a sense of his altered pozishun.

His nose hed swelled with evident pride at his defeat, and he hed put on komplementary mournin fur wun orb. The othur orb assoomed a threatenin glare.

It mite hev bin a suddent impulse, or it mite hev bin pre-ordained, but we hit wun anothur on our respektif smiles, and nokked 'em klean out of site.

Fur a minit we lukked seryus. Spektators mite hev larfed.

As a rool, when a man's fitin he don't feel as if he wos lukkin on. He's tu anxshus about the sukses of the piece. In nine cases out of ten it spiles his enjyment.

"Whur's that smile gone tu?" he sez, examinin me kuryusly with his best hi.

"I don't gno," I sez. "I wos lukken at summot eltz. It eskaped my attenshun."

"That's unfortnet," he sez, hittin at me in a place I'd jes vakated, and subsequently applyin his left year tu my rite fist in a attitood of respekful inattenshun.

When I nekt see him he appeared tu be lissenin on the ground fur geolojikle reinforcements.

"Ken yu hear 'em?" I sez.

"I fancy I heard summot," he replide, leanin up on his arm and rubbin his left anno dominey with the balm of his hand; "but I

kuddent quite ketch the larst syllabul of the fust word. It sounded as if it hed busted in the middle."

ROUND 18.

Both on us slow tu time.

I skarsley rekognised the fo. He seemed tu be parsin hisself orf fur a alibi. He lukked tu feebl fur a kriminal and tu kriminal fur a nisi prius. He was evidently ashamed of summot. His nose was blushin profusely, and he showed konsiderabul extra vexashun under the left hi. The rite orb was asleep.

"Is yure head full of warnuts?" I sez, seein as it hed bulged a gud deal in sevrel places, and lukked jenrelly lumpsey.

"No," he sez. "It's full of vengeance."

But he spoke wheezy, and stud over at the gnees, as if he hed bin tu long on the stand.

I lukked at him thotefully, and I sez, "Ain't it about time yu guv up the bumps and vanities of this yere wicked world, and went home?"

"Jes repeat yure larst observashun," he sez. "I didn't quite ketch it. Thur's a kind of singin in my years as seems tu be rapidly swellin intu instroamental mugik. Yu must speak so as I ken year if yu want me tu year yu."

"I wos merely sayin as mebbe yure friends wud be wonderin whur yu wur," I sez; but he didn't appear tu lissen. He wos lukkin absent and moody.

"Hev yu got anythin in yure warmin pan?" he abruptly inquired in a thick vise. "Mine's empty!" And tu my surprige he went and sot down by my kloze.

"Yes," I sez, "I hev."

"But is this yere kampane over?" I inquired funder.

"I dunno," he sez. "Yu ken go on fitin if yu like, but my opinyun is, as fur as I'm konsarned, I'm goin tu luk on. I'm a bit tired."

"I don't enjy a wun-handed game at anythin," I sez; "so we'd better divide this yere on a peace futtin," and I went and sot down by him, and guv him the whisky-tin tu help hisself.

His thurst appeared tu be inkreasin by whot it fed on.

All at onct he sez, in whot appeared tu be a gratifide tone of vise, "How we hev bin enjyin ourselves! It's bin a luvly arfternoon!"

Jes then a bird began tu sing in the sky, as if nothin hed happened.

"Reglar lark," he sez. "Don't think thur evur vos such a arfternoon." Then he roused hisself up, and he sez, "By the way, hev yu seen my weskit?"

"Strange whur things hide thurselves!" he added, mumblin tu hisself.

"Here's summot as appears tu hev onct bin a weskit," I sez, pikkin up a porshun of the foreground, and holdin it at him.

"That thar's a heirloom," he observed. "Nevur goes out of the fammrely. When I kan't afford tu keep it, my unkle holds on tu it."

"It's got dark soon tu-nite," he sez, beginnin tu put on his brestplate hind afore, and lukkin puzzled, as if summot onak-kountabul hed happened.

"It's only early yet," I sez. "The sun's only jes gone down."

"Hez he?" he exclaimed, startin up, as if he hed jes missed an appintment. "Why, I wanted tu see him. Bust me, it's okkurd! I guess I may jes as well guv up now I've lost the day." And he sot down agen.

"But we tuk advantage of the arfternoon," he kontinnerd in a kongraterlatin vise that seemed komfortin tu his wounded feelins.

"Yes," I sez. "We've changed the face of natur a bit. Every new friendship hez a infloents on karakter. It's fortnet," I added, kontemplatin his ruins, "that our hearts ain't whur our heads air. They'd hev a chance of bein bruk by summot wus than the luv of Alice Gray."

He suddenly paused, as he wos strugglin intu his kote, and he sez, "That's so. I feel as if we've bin extremely fortnet. We've a gud deal tu be grateful fur," he added, parsin his hand over his head, reflektify.

"Yes," I sez, "we hev." And I wipid my wounds with my hankcher.

"I'm glad I met yu," he sez, tryin tu push the button of his kote thru the button-hole of his weskit, "I shud hev hed nothin tu do at home but talk tu the old woman, and thur's nothin excitin about that. She ain't quite my pattern. Kan't get up a row with her anyhow, except a lopsided un, whur I got tu do all the eloqushun by myself. The old gal's tu gud fur me. I'd guv anythin if she kud fite like yu. We shud be as happy as doves. But it's jes as my anshunt parent used tu say—sez he—no woman is perfek."

And that is so.

Whether twoz the heat of the day, or whether twoz the heat of the fray, or whether twoz in konsequence of his ontimely birth, it's onpossibul fur me tu say with more than ordnery inakkeracy, but it appeared as if he wos gettin every minit more onreliabul in his attitoods, and more komplikated in his artikulashun.

He watched me put on my kote with apparent interest, as if he'd nevur seen anythin like it afore. Then all at onct he inquired,—

"Whot'sh yure name?"

"Elijer," I sez.

Tu my surprige he rored out larfin as if his weskit wud bust.

"That'sh gud!" he sed. "Lijer's gud name. It kan't hurt yu. It's imposhibul tu hev too much of it. It's bully!"

"Hev yu such a thing as a name about *yu*?" I inquired.

"Yesh—certainly," he sez, puttin his hand down intu his trowsers pocket tu find it.

Then he lukked puzzled fur a minit, but suddently britened.

"Ah! jes sho," he sez, evidently tryin tu akkount fur it's not bein thar. "Changed my trowsers yesterday. Must hev left it in the old uns by akcident. Thatsh the wust of changin anythin. If yu change a dollar it shoon gets as yu kan't rekognise it. Now yu kan't change a cent—it sticksh tu yu. Luk at a skunk, he's faithful tu the larst—nevur gnowed tu travel without his."

"But itsh jes as yu wur sayin," he purceeded. "We air dishtinguishabul by our namesh, and its fortinet it ish so, bekosh, afore long, if my appearunsh is anythin like yure appearunsh, our namesh 'll be useful, pertikly if we shud happen tu meet a friend."

Yere he skrewed up wun hi intu a wink, and lukked at me.

"We shan't meet anybody," I sez, "if we stop yere."

"All rite," he observed, "this yere purceshun's goin tu mov jently forrud."

"Yu'll hev tu introjoosh me when we get thar," he kontinnerd, arfter a pause, "only don't do it abrupt. Break it jently. The old galsh very shushpishus of strangers. She mite objek tu gno me. Yu she," he added, feelin over his head tu get an idear of his new formashun, "it ain't as it wosh; but I kan't ekshakly go sho fur ash tu shay that it isn't ash it ish."

By this time we hed got sum way up the road, and fund ourselves walkin arm-in-arm. Fur sum little distance funder our direckshun wos the same. Then we kum tu the fork whur our tracks separated—he hed tu go up wun prong, and I hed tu go up the othur.

It hed tuk us sum time tu get thar.

His legs hed appeared tu gro weaker and more irreglar every minit. We held on tu wun anothur as well as we kud, and kep our krukked paths as straight as possibul under the cirkumstances.

He kep talkin all the way.

When he wanted tu luk intu my face, tu see the effek of his words, he stopped walkin, and rocked hisself on his heels, as if he wos bein swayed by the wind. Then he wud ketch me by the arm agen and rezoom his march.

We kud see his kabin frum whur we stud, and I wos jes thinkin if I shud take him tu the dore, when he lukked at me karfully and delibretly, as if puttin a value on me, and he sez, "Prapsh 'twill be ash well, Lisher, not tu let her see yu. Two on ush mite friten her. I *must* shay that I don't offen shee anythin like it."

My featur felt as if whot he sed wos troo. So I sez, "Dessay yu're rite, tho yu don't luk reliabul. But, nevur mind, it'll wash out in time. A drop of water'll wear a stun away."

"Ah!" he exklaimed, brittenin up with a pleasin idear; "but jesh luk at whot it wud do if it hed a dash of whisky tu guv it a flavor. By the way," he sez, suddently rememberin his swaller, "whursh yure fut warmer, Lisher?"

"Yu've a magnificent thirst," I observed, puttin my hand intu my pocket tu find the whisky tin.

"Yesh," he sez, "I ketched it frum a fever when I wosh young. My father wosh laid down with it tu. Then he got laid up with it. He hed a bad up-and-down time with it all thru. It ultimety pruvud tu much fur him. It quenched him."

"I guess yu tuk arfter yure father," I sez.

"Yesh," he replide, "thatsh so. I've tuk a gud deal arfter him. Perfek reshemblansh in that respek. But he guv up unkorkin sum yearsh ago."

"What wos his idear in givin it up?" I asked, sumwot interested.

"He hedn't a idear. He wos ketched out. They chalked him up at 56. Shortish inninsh."

"I kuddent guess yure age tu a hour," I sez, lukken at him, as if he'd onct bin an Egyptian mummy.

"No," he sez, "I'm a okkurd age. I'm tu old tu be a infant and tu young tu be a fossil. Thur ain't much between ush, tho," he added, lukkin all over me. "When yu rung the bell I woshn't fur orf the rope. Itsh also jesh poshibul that when they're ringin a muffled peal fur me they'll be rappin shum flannel round yure klapper. Sho take great kare of yureshelf, ole man, and don't be led away by any falsh dockerinsh. Shtick tu whishky, till death do yu part."

It wos his partin advice. He solumly tuk me by the hand, and sed, "Good bye, ole man! I reshpek yu. Yu've dun the thing handshum. Yu'll be a treashur fur sumbody. Yu ken fite."

"Adoo!" he sez, muvin galey forrud on his way; and I purceeded thotefully on mine, wonderin if I shud evur see him agen.

I hedn't got many steps afore I heard him kallin out.

I lissend.

"Lisher!" he shouted.

"Hullo!" I ekoed.

"Kumyere," hesez. "I forgot tu tell yu summot. Itsh important."

"Whot is it?" I inquired, advancin tu meet him.

"Ken yu keep a shekret?" he sez, kummin up klose and puttin his arm on my shoulder.

I nodded konfidently.

"Well, it don't shignerfy," he sez. "Everybody gnosh it. They've all hed a try at it."

And he leaned hisself over in a whisperin attitood klose tu my year.

"Steady!" I sez, as he overbalanced hisself agen me.

"Itsh nothin," he observed, holdin on tu me tu prevent hisself sinkin into a devoshunal attitood. "I jes want tu tell yu summot. My namesh—Bubb."

"I'm delited tu hear it," I sez, slappin him on the shoulder.

"I onct hed a relashun by my grandfather's fust marriage. Her name was Bubb."

"Thatsh kuryus!" he exclaimed, evidently pleased with surprige. *I've* got wun tu." And he paused as if he wos waitin fur me tu guv a guess.

"Itsh my old woman," he sez, diggin me playfully in the ribs.

"Nevur thote of that, did we, Lisher," he kontinnerd. "We're ash near brothers ash they ken make 'em without infringin the patent. Splendid imitashun," he added, lukkin at me with brotherly pride, and shakin me by the hand. "Bust me! but I am appy."

"Good bye," I sez, onct more, muvin orf in a homeward direkshun.

"Good bye," he shouted, wavin his hand till I wos fair on my way; then, all at onct, he zigzagged round a bend of the road, and wos lost tu voo.

PART XXV.

A Central Afrikan Buster.

THE postman turned up most mornins with an irregularity beyond all praise. He wos a young and promisin man, but totally unequal tu the responsibul dooties of a sun dile, bein in this respek wus than a five shillin klok. About quarter-day, when bills kum ontu us like a epidemik, he ollis kum tu soon, but when he hed the tempry charge of sumthin tu our advantage he wos equally fur behind.

Wun mornin, jes as we hed guv him up, he nokked in the imperativ mood at our door. It sounded more monarkikal than ushal.

"Dear me!" sed the Widder. "How very late he is. It's sure tu be lucky," and she ran tu the letter-box full of hope.

"Thur's only wun letter fur yu this mornin," she exclaimed, "but it's heavy with gud noos," and she weighed it in her purty little hand with amoozin solemnity.

"I don't like the luk of that red wax overmuch," I sez, ketchin site of the seal. "It luks as if it wos lately the property of a mermaiden of the law; besides, the envelope's a size bigger than I like 'em. I'm afeard sum day these legal kommunika-shuns 'll korrupt my gud manners."

I bruk the seal.

"I kan't tell why it is," sed the Widder, "but I feel *so* kuryus about that letter. I'm *sure* it's sumthin gud," and she watched me open it, lissenin eagerly as I began tu read the kommunika-shun, which wos as follers :—

Dear Sir,

I am requested by the President of the United Geological and Zoological Society of London to invite you to read a paper before the members of that society on your travels in Central Africa, from which region we are informed you have lately returned.

We have an open evening the first Monday in next month, and we shall be glad if you will allow us to announce your paper for that date.

I am, dear sir,

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE H. MONTROSE,
Hon. Sec.

"Thur !" sed the Widder, klappin her hands with a childlike and suddent jy. "I gnu I wos rite. Yu see the world hez heard of yure Travels, and yu will be lukked upon as a great man, and great people will be proud tu gno yu, and—and——"

All at onct her smile dyed out and her lip quivered with delishus sorrer, as she kontinnerd, in a sad vice—"and yu will be kourted and admired, and—and luvd, and," she added, turnin pale and sinkin intu a chair, "yu'll forget yure old friends yere."

Tu say as I felt like a graven image as Nebukodnozer hed sot up wud be sayin nothin.

The suddentness of the noos hed upset me, and I fund myself dekomposed. The room wos in a swirl. I turned the letter upside down tu see if I wos erected rong side up. Then I lukked at the Widder. The fust gleam of fame that hed lited on me hed kast a shadder on her. She hed berrid her face in

her hands, and I felt as if I wud like tu berry mine thar tu, and let um rest fur evur in wun kommon grave.

But jes then the klok struk, as if Time hed nothin tu do with human sufferin or final restin places, and the Widder lukked up intu my hies tu see whether I wos as heartless as the sun dile. Then she sed, "Mr. Goff, shall yu go?" and she lukked as bootiful and sad as if she was implorin me not tu spile the universe.

"Well," I sez, summot puzzled, "I kan't definitely say whot kourse my pussonal remains air likely tu take; as jes now sum on 'em feel as if they wur inklined tu go downwards, while sum on 'em seem equally disposed tu go upards; but it wudn't a bit surprige me if I fund myself burstin orf sideways. I onct heard of a man as fancied he wos a fallin star, but wun mornin he woke and fund he wos katalogued as a prodigal sun."

The Widder's hies fell, and she lifted her hankcher tu her lips. She appeared tu be kontemplatin my boots. They evidently amoozed her, fur she smiled; but it wos only a parsin lite, and when it hed gone she lukked up and sed, "I don't gnow why it is, Mr. Goff, but my pleashur hez suddently changed intu a presentiment."

"Intu a whot?" I sez—not gnowin whot eltz tu say.

"Intu a forebodin," she answered, "that you will forget yure old friends in yure new life. That yu will see new faces and new forms in the great city that will krowd us out of yure membry, and draw yu away frum luvn hearts that hev hoped yu wud nevur leave them."

"Forget Jerrybim! Forget Sandbags! Forget the Printer! Forget yu!" I sez. "Nevur! Leastways not so long as membry holds her own in this destructed globe," I added. "It's a small

heart as hez tu turn out old friends tu make room fur new 'uns. When a man forgets his fust mother, it's about time tu be born agen. When he loses site of his fust father, it's about time the rest of his fore fathers let him slide as a orfan intu the futur. When I forget *yu*," I sez, takin both her little hands in mine, and lukkin deep intu her trustful hies, "it will be a sure sign of a funeral, and *I* shall be thar."

Then the Widder's face glowed with pleashur, and she guv me a grateful luk that made my heart beat, and I felt then that the preacher wos rite when he sed—"It's not gud fur man tu be alone"—leastways not with a purty woman. So I lukked up at the klok, and I exclaimed—"Wild elephants! that kan't be the rite time," and I pulled out my watch tu korroberate the doubt.

He mite hev bin made fur the purpose.

"No, Mr. Goff, it's jes a little fast," sed the Widder, in a cheerful, reassurin vise, that showed she wos appy onct more. "It struk at least five minits afore the church kloks this mornin."

"Mebbe the church kloks struk ten minits arfter all the othur kloks. They go in more fur eternity than time thar," I sed, anxshus tu show as my suddent haste wosn't indecent.

"Nevur mind," she sez, "if yu air late this mornin, it's the fault of that letter. Yu ought tu feel quite proud. Won't Mr. Jerrybim and Mr. Sandbags and the Printer be surpriged!" and she guv a little larf as sounded like triumf.

"I guess that Senior Devle hez hed sumthin tu do with it," I sez, turnin the letter over. "He onct lived in London, and used tu print books fur 'em. He wants tu draw my bottom kard. I'm goin tu play my top 'un."

"Then yu will go, Mr. Goff," she exclaimed with delite.

"Yes," I sez, "I shall go."

"And yu'll read a paper tu em?"

"Yes," I sez, "I kalkerlate I shall."

"And yu'll kum back?"

"That's so," I sed, reachin down my hat, emfatikally. The Widder klapped her hands approvinly, and then helped me intu my kote.

"I'll get sum new pens, and sum new paper, and sum new ink, and tea shall be reddy exakly at six, and thur shall be a brite fire and a gud lite, and no wun shall disturb yu," she sed, with a luk of sweet enkurrigement, and in a tone that silenced any suggestion of failure.

"Whot *sum* men kud do, if they hed *sum* women tu help em!" I thote, as I purceeded intu town, with the Widder's vise still in my ear, and the Widder's face still afore me; but I hedn't gone fur afore I fund myself sayin—"But it's as offen othurwise," fur the membry of sum sweet saints as I hed seen blited and spiled by heartless and wuthless sinners kum intu my mind, and I left orf wonderin, as I hev offen wondered afore, why it is that the wust blots on this bootiful kreashun air we men and women that hev bin trusted with immortal souls, and with a konshuns as kan't mistake rite fur rong.

I wos home afore six that evenin, and on the follerin evenin I wosn't late. Everythin wos jes as the Widder promised. When in the middle of the ritin I sumtimes leaned back and exclaimed, "Angels of akkeracy, furgive me!" the Widder wud larf and say, "Oh! Mr. Goff, I'm gettin more kuryus every hour. I wish yu'd let me see whot yu've rittin;" but I suppressed her jently, sayin, "It kannot be. This is a kontribushun tu sciense, and is thurfore sakred;" and then she wud go on with her

sowin, and observe meekly, "O, I forgot. I sed I wudn't disturb yu."

At larst the paper wos finished, and the fust Monday of the nekst month arrived. I hed brekfust early, and got ready tu go. The Widder wos in a perfek flurry of excitement, and sed she didn't gno whether she stud on her head or her heels. I lukked at her kritikally, and reported the result of my observashun.

"Yu're jes as yu shud be," I sez, "and yere's a book I've got fur yu tu read while I am away. It's as pure as the fust dawn of lite, and as sweet as an angel's vise. He's better tu lissen tu than me," and I guv her the book.

It wos kalled "Longfellow's Poems."

The Widder's hies filled with britteness, as if the mornin dew hed blessed them, and she sed whot I hed heard her say afore, but with a new sweetness, "O, Mr. Goff, yu air *so* gud. I don't gno how tu repay yu fur all yure kindness, but I will read every word," and she opened the volum eagerly.

I wos very ny furgettin my pipe. I've bin very ny furgettin myself afore now, so I wosn't surpriged. In wun partikler, membry's like a pill—it aint ollis tu be relied on.

"Yu air sure yu've everythin?" anxshusly asked the Widder, who hed bin thinkin fur the larst week whot everythin wos, and hed done the packin herself.

"Yes," I sez. "It luks purty komplette. "I've travelled with less afore now."

The larst observashun brote us tu the dore.

I held out my hand tu the purty little Widder, and sez, "Gud-bye till tumorrer."

"Gud-bye, Mr. Goff," she sed, with a little quaver in her vise.

"I will hev a nice tea ready fur yu when yu kum. Don't let them keep yu. I shall be so anxshus till I gno yu're safe."

The words lingered in my ear till I got back.

Chapter II.

LONDON is growin up. It'll soon be a big town. I fund it almost jes as I left it. No wun seemed tu hev tuk a mean advantage of my pussonal absence. Everythin was goin on, and the place was chuck full of misery frothed over with fermented jy. The streets wur krowded with pallid faces and tired hosses and worn-out martyrs makin the best of thur krukked way into the futur. Ruined men as wur morally wus than anamiles, and spiled women as wur more danjerus than sarpints, and the great krowd as air tired of life, but don't like handin in thur checks.

It's wonderful how most men prefer the pain they hev yere tu the pleashur that's promised 'em yereafter.

I inquired of a pusson as was onsoberly inklined which was the furdest way tu a temperance hotel.

He sed by the way he'd kum it was sum distants orf, and very up and down, but with onsteadiness and perseverance I shud get thar in time if I kep on.

Arfter I hed tuk in sum provishuns, I got a charyut and horseman tu konvey me tu the Geografikul and Zoologikle Society.

If a London kabman wur tu drive yu round the world, yu wud kum back with a noshun that yu hed gone ninety-five millions of miles. It's jes possibul when he put in his charges yu mite fancy yu hed bin in the sun, and hed kalled on Venus on yure milky way back.

When yu pay a London kabman he leaves no furdur room in yure mind fur doubtin that a London kabman goes with enormous velocity. Yu don't feel it at the same time, but when yu stop yu receive a vilent shock tu yure finanshul system as very ny spills all the bad langwidge out of yu.

I've tried many ways of travellin, but thur's nothin like walkin, if yu hevn't anythin tu ride and nothin tu pay.

The room I fund myself intu when I entered wos large and seryus lukkin, but nothin kompared tu the aujience as sot thar pallid and pashunt.

The president weighed about seventeen stun. He received me with specifik gravity sooted tu the okkashun, and lukked at me kuryusly, as if he hed nevur seen me afore. This wos partly tu be akkounted fur by the singler fak that we hed nevur prevusly met. Frum whot he sed it seemed as if he hoped I wos well. I told him as a partin scene with nine and elevenpence wos all I hed suffered since I left home. He thurupon introjoosed me tu the meetin as a pusson of remarkabul experiences. He told 'em I hed bin intu Central Afrika, and hed hed a narrer eskape of bein born agen thur. I hed also bin in a gud many othur places; but as I hedn't yet published my onnatrel histry, he kuddent say with any precishun whur I hed gone, or whur I wos goin. No doubt when I got tired of this kold klimate, as in the natrel kourse of things I must do, I shud purceed tu a much hotter wun, and he shud luk forred tu my report of that orrid zone with konsiderabul interest. The Geografikul and Zoologikal Society gnu tu his own pussonal gnowledge most of the hot places both in and out of London, but thur wos wun of which so fur they gnu nothin. He ventured tu hope, thurfore, as I shud ultimetly go thar, and send 'em sum idear w ether

they, as members of that Society, wur qualified tu enjy thurselves in that part, and whether the amoozements wur likely tu suit 'em.

Yere thur wos loud applause, and he tuk a drink of ostensible water, but it mite hev bin merely the wine of the kountry, as luks the same except tu the taste.

Then he purceeded and went on :

"Thur air 2 klasses of men as make gud travellers," he sed, pushin his glasses funder on his nose—"them as don't hanker fur home, and them as hevn't any home tu hanker fur. Mr. Goff possesses both qualities in a remarkabul degree. He wos happy tu say he hez gone thru the most severe trials a man ken endure. He hez bin marrid, and he stands afore us tunite tu the best of his ability as a marrid man.

"In wun of his travels he lost his wife, but bein a man of indomitabul energy, it did not deter him frum hurryin on; in fak it seemed tu akcellerate his speed, fur a true man'll soon leave a trubble of that sort behind and luk out fur a new 'un. But except in suddent emergencies Mr. Goff exhibited no desire tu hurry away frum anythin interestin or enjyabul. He nevur abandoned a friend or fursook a raptur. When he kum tu parts that projoosed nothin that kud sustain human life, he lost no time in whot must hev bin frootless investigashun. When, however, he fund hissself in lands flowin with milk and honey, he paused tu inquire intu the quality of the milk and the quantity of the honey. And great travellers all do it.

"The most onreliabul travellers the onreliabul world ken projoose is the rapid traveller. He floats on the upper surface fur a day and dogmatizes on the deepest depths of sentrys. He deskribes a kountry frum the appearunts of wun valley, and the

pekooliarities of a whole people frum the folly of wun man. He diagnoses the mysteryus futur frum his brief observashun of the mysteryus parst. The muddy water he hez drunk tu quench a fever thirst he deskribes as nektar, and the putrid food that staved orf his starvashun he pronounces gud. He bekums enammered of a woman in a dreary desert, and speaks of it as paradise. He over gorges hisself in the Garden of Eden, and tells the world that stummik ake is indigenous tu the sile.

"But, gentlemen, we shall not be bored with theories and false impreslhuns on this okkashun. Frum whot we've read of Mr. Goff's prevyus travels, I think we may anticipate a paper full of interest and of great praktikal value. It will not be a rearrangement of old idears, or a rerecord of old observashuns, but a brief aggregate of fax, which I will not further intercept, but I will at onct kall upon our friend, Mr. Elijer Goff, tu read the paper which he hez so kindly prepared fur our enlitenment and enjoyment this evenin."

Thur wos tremenjus cheers and klappin of hands, and settlin down sighs of satisfakhun and expektashun—and koffs.

When all wos quiet, I stud up and onfolded my paper, which wos pinned together in skraps of varyus sizes.

They seemed tu like skraps of varyus sizes, fur they bruk forth intu loud cheers a sekond time.

Then they subsided intu lisseners, and I sez in solum tones, as wur intended tu konvey konvikshun and inspire respek—as follers :

FELLER TRAVELLERS AND JENTLEMEN,

I hev bin explorin Central Afrika. I hev explored Central London. It's jes possibul I shall guv up explorin.

The dangers in Central Afrika air triflin kompared with the expenses in Central London. The Central Afrikan is komparative honest. Thur's no pocket pickin gnown in thur kountry—perhaps if they hed pockets it wud be different. It is different in Central London.

When I reached Central Afrika, I fund it more central than I expekted. The furdur I went in, the furdur I hed tu kum out. As the krow flies, it's about as fur frum the koast intu Central Afrika as it is frum Central Afrika tu the koast, only the krow hez more sense than tu fly thur.

Thur air parts whur the white man was nevr seen afore, and thur air a gud many parts whur he never wants tu be seen agin. Yure anxiety tu get in is nothin kompared tu yure anxiety tu get out.

We hedn't got so fur as we arterwards got when we overtuk a thurst as was ondoubtedly genuine. We all on us lukked at it, but we kud deteck nothin artfishul about it. It hed no trade mark ontu it as kud suggest a forgery. It wos a perfek kuryosity, and we all on us felt sorry we kuddent bring it home, whur it wud hev bin so much appreciated. It wud hev paid a brewer tu hev brote it up and hev presented it tu his kustomers, but the karrige home wud hev bin tu expensive, so we left it at the fust whisky and waterin place we kum tu.

Thur air large barren tracks all over Afrika. It's no use religious societies sendin any more—they don't want 'em. Thur hev bin mishunaries thar, tu. Thur aint none now in the very centremost parts. The people got fond of 'em. It wos an acquired taste. Thur wur many ways of dishin' 'em up. A mishunary as didn't smoke wos wuth more a pound than wun as did. So he is now. If he chews, he ken stay away fur all the gud he's of as vittles.



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Sum of the mishunaries guv such a glöwin piktur of death that the konverted tuk no furdur interest in workin fur this world. It disappointed a gud many of 'em when thur appetites assembled and the ravens didn't kum. Thur mannas changed fur the wus. 'Twos a fearful nite fur anybody as wosn't prepared.

I onct kum tu wun village whur they mistuk me fur a mishunary, and begun gettin thur sass ready. They asked me tu describe my pekooliarities. I told 'em I kud perform mirrikles; but hed no konfidence in myself as a artikle of diet. The larst pusson as tasted me pronounced me unfit fur human food. He sed I nokked him all of a heap, and he wos of opinyun that as a relish I wos wuthless. I advised 'em tu luk upon me as pizen, whurupon they kontemplated me with disgust.

The idear seemed tu leave a nasty taste in thur mouths.

Thur disaffection fur me wos tutchin. It wos jes possibul they mite begin tu luk upon me as firewood, and purceed tu bile a kittle with me. I kud see as summot orful wos required tu keep 'em in the ded level of every day life. They hedn't hed a mishunary among 'em fur sum time, and, judgin frum appearances, they seemed tu want wun.

I told 'em a anekdote about sum friends of thurs as onct eat a mishunary with a musikle taste and full of crotchets. They'd no sooner locked him down frum thur top levels intu thur alimentary kanal than he began playin orful toons on thur digestive organs. Them organs hev bin playin evur sintz, and they feel as if they kuddent any longer konceal it frum the nayburs. They'd no sooner swallowed him than they experienced a wish tu restore that mishunary tu his friends. They hev bin very sorry

they evur chawed him up. Thur only komfort is that he's not the only man that's bin chawed up.

In order tu divert thur attenshun I introjoosed tattooin tu 'em, and I konverted 'em intu works of art. Wun of 'em sed he'd like tu be fixed up with a epitaff. I jabbed "OLE HARD" intu him. It wos whot he sed when he fust felt the tattooin pin. I don't gno whot it expresses in his langwidge. It's jes possibul he hed ketched it frum a mishunary. It sounded like bad English, but it mite hev bin only gud Afrikan.

As evenin kum on they got tired of the amoozement, and seemed tu be gettin hungry. It's a deliket moment fur a white orfan when a black kannibal feels his appetite kummin on. He's only hisselt tu think about.

I decended tu subterfooge in order tu avoid goin out of the world as vittles.

Without any loss of time I folded myself up intu the solum attitood of a Profit, and I pinted out the futur tu 'em. Sum of that profesy aint kum tu parse—not yet, but I left 'em lukkin forred tu it. I guv 'em my opinyun as bitter aloes wud prepare a man fur a futur state sooner than filosofy. I sed as bitter aloes didn't promise anythin they kuddent perform. They wur realiabul and promp. They made people appy in this world, and if tuk in suffishent doses they made 'em feel more than willin tu dy.

These remarks in favour of bitter aloes sent mishunaries down in the bettin, and bitter aloes wur tuk freely. I nevur see 'em tuk so free. They all seemed tu enjy 'em, but all at onct the Kourt seemed tu go intu moanin, and thur fust faith appeared tu be operatin konschenshusly. I konsidered it proodent tu leave 'em alone with thur new feelins.

The man I hed tattood was beginnin tu ejakkerlate his inskrupshun orf by heart, and sum of the othurs seemed tu be kommittin it tu membry.

I shall nevur forget leavin that bitter aloed spot. The whole village kum out tu try and see me orf, but my natrel want of konfidence in myself as a artikle of diet injoosed me tu keep klose under kover till nite kum round tu run his daily kourse. I then purceeded on tipto intu the swamp, and onct more parsed myself orf as a reptile.

The appiest hours of my life didn't kum under my immejut notis that nite.

Walkin up tu the neck thru a swamp aint my idear of enjyment. It makes yu feel as if yu'd rather be a mushroom than a waterlily; but in sum parts thur isn't mushroom fur choice, so yu hev tu do jes whot a lily and a gud many othurs often hev sum diffikulty in doin—keep thur heads above water.

Tu spend the flower of yure youth even as a water lily is playin it low down on the immortal soul, but when yu giv yureself up tu the soshul delites of a irresponsible lizard, or mebbe lead the blameless life of a tadpole, yu ken luk upon yureself as a thing of the parst so fur as the enjyment of the immejit futur's konsarned.

The swamp is dismal. It's badly lited and badly drained; politiks air at a ded stand still. Publik speakin is weak and intermittent, and fur the most part onintelligible.

When yu're up tu the neck in swamp water, and suddently see a nigger's head approachin, yu natrelly feel anxshus tu gno whur he's goin, or how fur it is tu the nekst publik-house, or whot the Land League air doin that they don't kum and take pozeshun of it or do summot tu impruv it; and when he smiles vakantly, as

if he hed bin fur a long time a stranger tu human food, yu kum tu the konklooshun yure only wastin time, and yu hurry on, pertikly if he hurries arfter yu.

A gud many pussons hev strolled intu Central Afrika, but hevn't strolled out. They hev bin injoosed tu remain and ultimetly settle down as manure.

Sum of 'em hev deposited thur bones in the desert with a voo to save funeral expenses, or mebbe tu prevent thur kummin up as poseys

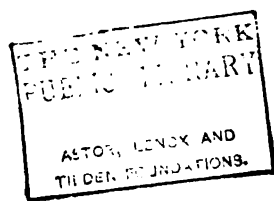
I've seen a gud many deserts frum the outside, and hev left footprints over more'n wun. I'm of opinyun that deserts 'll require alterin afore they bekum fashunabul promenades.

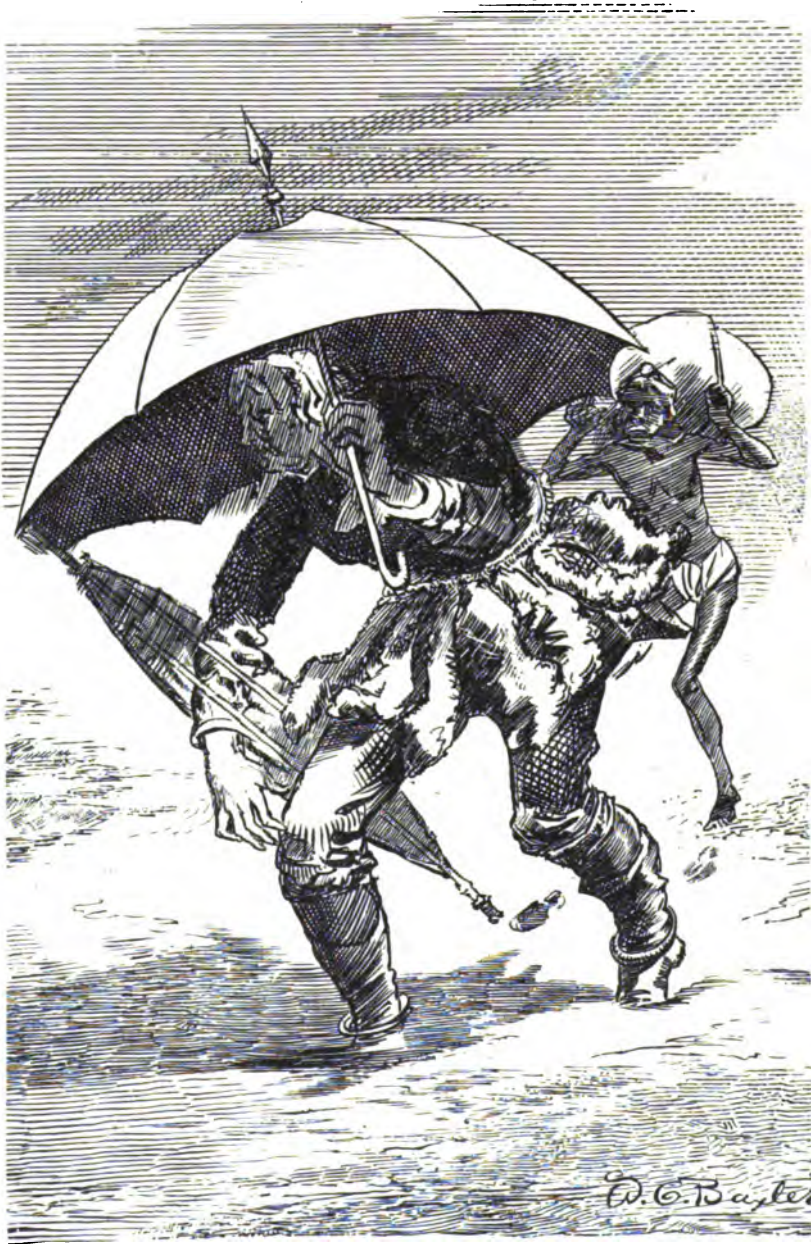
The fust we krossed was komposed almost entirely of thirst. It seemed rediklus thur was nothin tu drink thar, jes whur 'twoz wanted most.

Everythin was at a ded standstill.

Nothin seemed tu hev bin done. Thur's nothin green in them parts, so the refreshin jews hevn't fund it wuth thur time tu settle ontu 'em like a jentile rain frum heaven. They seem tu be reservin thurselves fur the place beneath. Besides, thur's no pigeons in the desert. The innercent birds of the air aint tu be hed with a superfishul offer of forty perches tu the rude, and that's all thur is thar.

It's no gud takin a appetite intu the desert. Thur's no use fur it. The possibul introdukshun of hunger intu them parts appears nevur tu hev bin kontemplated, and no pervishuns hev bin made fur anythin of the kind. The human heart don't hanker much arfter sand, and the human tung bekums a perfek terror tu the silents afore he's bin among it long.





D. C. Bayler

As I wos kummin out I met anothur man goin in. He hed a shiney appearunts, as if he hed jes kum out of sum Emerald ile.

I sez tu him, "Hev yu any sort of idear whur yu're goin in that direkshun?"

"Yes," he sez, in dignifide tones, "I'm goin intu the desert."

"Explorin?" I sez.

"Yes, explorin," he answered.

"Well," I sez, "if that's all the futur hez tu offer yu in the way of enjyment, it wud be jes as well if yu'd hev anothur stroll thru the parst, and not go foolin forrud whur yu kan't find a fo, or a fairy, or even a flower fur yure button-hole. Yu'd better return tu yure friends, and put em tu the expense of a oak koffin."

"But I hev a duty tu perform," he sez, drawin hisself up proudly fur effek.

"If the performance is tu take place in thar," I sez, pintin tu the desert, "it won't be noomerusly attended. I hev kum that way, and I hevn't met with anythin sootabul fur a aujience so fur."

"Well," he sez, "I'm goin tu report on the best method of dividin the land intu small tenant farms, on the Irish system."

"Yure report 'll astonish the silents," I sez.

"Hez the blued eye Saxon fund his way intu the place?" he inquired, with a superflus oath.

"Yes," I sez, "and he hez fund his way out agen. Thur isn't a soul mindin the shop—yu ken help yureself. If so be yu'll keep on plantin taters thar, as they do in Ireland, yu'll keep on starvin, as they do in Ireland. The earth gets tired of the same krop."

Fur a minit or 2 he seemed lost in thote ; when he fund hisself he sez, " Hev yu any whisky on board yure karavan ? "

The rulin pashun may be strong in deth, but with most men it is stronger in life.

Religion don't seem tu hev much influence in every-day Afrikan life. It's jes the same in Central London.

If they luk forrud tu a thousand years of peace, it is bekos, if they luk backerds, they kant find 'em.

Even the birds don't sing salms, and they ken sing olmost anythin ; but they fite a gud deal, and do everythin a gud deal. Thur featherin is richer than the people thurselves. A top-not aint no use fur warmth, and it aint kossly, but in sum parts it's the jenrel opinyun—it's enuff.

Mostly speakin the kostoom of the country is amfibious. The poor people hev no bad habits, and the rich people hev no gud 'uns.

A Afrikan soljer in his full dress uniform aint much different frum a Afrikan soljer in his undress uniform.

Praps if they hed more pawnshops they wud hev more klose.

At fust I thote they hed hanged 'em out on the equinoxshul line, but this aint so. Many travellers afore me hev bin a long way under this impreshun.

I onct met a Ebony King as wore nothin but a sceptor. He wos the jabbiest monark I'd evur seen. He jabbed me in the weakest part of my buzzom without a smile.

When a monark jabs yu in the weakest part of yure buzzom *with* a smile, it's nothin tu feel glad about ; but when he jabs yu in the weakest part of yure buzzom with a sceptor as luks like a rollin pin, it feels as if he wosn't aktin friendly tords yu. I guv him tu understand them wur my voos, and if he did it agen I shud konsider him bellygerent.

He guv me a smile as sot my teeth on edge, and fur a fu minits we conversed in hieroglyfiks.

He hieroglyfikked flooently with his sceptor. I understud him tu say as he wos about tu send me tu my long home in short pieces.

All at onct he guv a malignant spring intu my direckshun. I akkuratly stopped the centre porshun of his developin energy, and he stud fur a minit affeckshunetly foldin his stummik tu his heart. I didn't wait tu see him kum round.

Thur chief stockin trade konsists of hoes, but the workin classes in Central Afrika don't seem tu be any fonder of work than the workin classes in Central London.

I hev jes seen a Afrikan traveller who hez nevir bin fur out of Ireland. He sez it's singler that they shud buy hoes and go barfooted. Anothur equally Afrikan traveller sez as whot he hoes is as much as a whole city full of niggers put together; but the opinyun of travellers as hev nevir travelled is wuth nothin. As the poet sez, "These men'll be forgotten when London Bridge stands on the banks of the Ohio, and the tom toms of Central Afrika katerwaul by the side of thur beluved Susquhannah." It'll be a tryin time fur Susquhannah.

The Central Afrikan women bleeve in a gud many things. Sum of 'em air rediklus.

They don't gno much about parables, but they gno summot about the prodigal sun.

Tu say as a Central Afrikan young man luvs a Central Afrikan young women konveys no adequate idear of the aktool fax.

Nothin but the aktool fax thurselves kud.

The fust site of a nigger in luv is almost more'n yu ken bear. It luks as if it wos olmost more'n he kud bear; but it aint. Not quite.

Afore a nigger hez a wife and fammerly he luks as if he wanted tu say summot. When arfter a time he hez a wife and fammerly, he sumtimes luks orful sorry he spoke. He aint fur behind the white man in this respek.

When a Central Afrikan's in luv thurs no mistakin his intentions. He's as darned a fool as the foolestest white man, and when Providents guvs him all he prays fur, he's sumtimes equally sorry, only he hez the sense not tu keep on luv in and cherishin a woman he hates—all *his* fur evur and evur, like the white man.

He don't luk forrud tu any futur, so he makes the present as komfortabul as he ken.

Tu keep goin home all the nites of his life tu be nagged and blowed up intu waves by a evurlastin wife don't enter intu the Afrikan mind. It's a refined torture reserved fur refined people. A nigger isn't fur enuff advanced in civilised insanity tu understand it. By and by he may do, and then he'll wish he didn't. Mebbe he'll go about foolin arfter the friends of his youth and want tu begin life agen, but he kan't find his way back tu his kradle. He'll tumble intu his grave tryin tu do it.

It's ollis so in the upper cirkles, and it ain't fur different in the pit.

I kud see as dyin in Central Afrika is like slippin out of the world by the back dore. Yu don't get pitied except in kases of small pox. They hevn't much mugick in thur souls. Even the best mugishuns kan't give yu any symphony. They ken only let thurselves loose on instroaments as ain't no gud in a time of trubble.

The people in sum parts air very mugikal. They air pashunetly fond of lootin. Any instrooment goes well with 'em when yu're not lukkin, but the tom tom's the instrooment fur seeing the old ear out and the new ear in.

Yu kan't nok konsolashun out of 2 pieces of wood, and yu kan't blow five pound notes out of a 2-ounce trumpet, leastways the Central Afrikan kan't.

Thur mugikal instrouments, though not noomerus, air exceedinly sufficient. Sum of 'em air large. I met the biggest lyre thur I evur see, but he wos tu old tu be played on. He hed a wonderful kompass.

Central Afrikan society's a bit mixed. They air all sexes and sevens. But they've a gud deal tu be grateful fur. They've no politishuns, no publiks, no petticoats, and no pants.

The richest man among 'em hez very little, and the poorest komparatively nothin.

Honesty aint thur strong pint. If they'd more wuth stealin, it wud be their weakest. They've no more idear of kommershul morality than the most kommershul people on the face of the globe. It'll be purty tu see the white kaliko man and the Central Afrikan doin bizness together in thur fust kik orf. Mebbe in the long run less of the country 'll be laid out in smiles.

Yu don't wait tu be introjoosed tu anythin in Central Afrika. The moskitoes 'll luk yu up when they gno yu've kum. They aint long doin whot they've got tu do. They seem glad tu see yu, and appear tu enjy thurselves in yure society. Yu feel when yu leave as yu kan't forget 'em all at onct. It's a troo sayin as blood's stronger than water. Moskitoes seem tu prefer it, mebbe on that account.

When yu deskribe the kostoom of a kountry like Central Afrika yu kan't get fur beyond the naked truth. Half a yard of plain kaliko don't offer much skope fur funder partiklers. I asked wun of 'em why he didn't wear more kloze. He sed it wos chiefly bekos he hed no more kloth. I pooh-poohed him

like a judge. I sed a answer like that in an English kourt of justis would be konsidered triflin with the subjek. He then sed he wos warm enuff without. I told him he wos the wust witness I hed evur met, and jabbed a pin intu him with 4 ensick contempt. The smile he guv didn't seem natrel.

They air a funny people. In the hot season everythin is very dry. Thur humour at these times is irresistibil. They don't larf much, but they smile vilently. They luk pleased when they smile. They haven't any room on thur faces fur more than wun smile at a time. It's all yu ken wish fur. A cheerful youth 'll smile on a average about a akre a day. When I paddled my fust kanoo on Lake Tanganyka I felt like a konverted injine with a busted biler. The people kum out tu see me orf. The banks wur strewed with smiles. Anythin more resemblin larfter I nevur see.

The Central Afrikan gals don't luk gud enuff fur eatin, but thur young men air ondoutedly gud fur drinkin. I've seen a gud many of 'em onsteady, but nevur see any on 'em goin home brandy legged. They air people with rum taste.

When I kum tu Central London the fust thing as struk me wos a woman as mistuk me fur anothur man. Her konduk wos remarkabul. I rekkommended her tu go home afore I mistuk *her* fur anothur man. I felt delooshuns kummin over me, and I wos afeared that I mite forget myself, as I hed bin so long away.

The nekst thing as struk me wos the number of publik houses yu kan't find in Central Afrika. I spoge all the wust institoo-shuns air required fur the best civilised places, whur people ken appreciate vice at its full wuth. When yu feel thursty in Central Afrika yu ken drink anythin up tu quicksand. Sum of the water aint whot it mite be, but it's no wus than jin in this re-pek, only its darker and aint so gud warm.

Most of the rivers seem tu gno thur way about, but they don't gno thur way back agen.

Quenchin thirst is wun of the most okkurd kravins a thirsty man ken hev. If yu take a drop tu little—it aint enuff. If yu take a drop tu much, yu feel as if yu wanted more—till sleep puts an end tu yure sufferin.

A publik house wud take well in Central Afrika. They'd partake kopiously of konversation if it hed sum gud pints in it.

Klub life in Central Afrika is excitin. They vary, but most on 'em air about a yard long, and heavy at the end. The thickest headed uns ken stand 'em best. It's the same in Central London.

I reached wun of the villages in a marshy part. They appeared tu hev hed a wet time of it. I wos waited on by a infloenzal deppytashun. They wur kind enuff tu accept all the presents they kud lay thur hands on. In this respek they wur more hospitabul than I ken deskribe. Thur's nothin tu large or tu small fur 'em. If it's a ordnery size a chief 'll kondescend tu operate hisself, and don't spile his judgement with a multitood of kounsellers; but if it's a gud-sized karavan as is passin his way he invites a fu dark friends tu spend the evenin with him, and the number of things they take a fancy tu astonishes the boss of that karavan.

Hevin nothin tu giv, they air jenerus tu a fault. They natrelly expekt tu be treated in a simler sperit by them as hev sumthin. If sobe as yu don't feel kalled on tu toe up tu this standard, they'll try tu set yu rite by helpin thurselves. Thur riches appear tu konsist in the noomerikle number of thur requirements. I hev nevur seen anythin a Afrikan didn't want,

pertikly arfter he wanted it. They don't set any value on life, but if it blongs tu anybody eltz they hanker arfter it.

In sum of the swampy parts the people bleeve that a futur damp nashun 'll foller 'em when they're gone. I told 'em 'twoz a superstishun as wud die out in time. They shuk thur heads sadly, as if they didn't want tu hev thur misery in this world totally spiled.

A mishunary as hed jes kum thur attractked my attenshun. He was tryin tu konvert a pain intu summot eltz. When I inquired whot he was doin, he sed he was busy learnin his fust kolick arfter epiffany. He appeared tu be speakin the truth, so I sez, "Do yu konsider as yure example's wuth follerin?"

"I dunno," he sez, "but I'd rather foller it than keep up with it."

I guv him a slow wink, but he berrid his face in his hands tu konceal it.

If yu didn't meet sumbody tu talk tu now and then 'twud be dull and orful in Central Afrika. As it is, the langwidge of the kountry's olmost tu much fur yu.

Like all great talkers, they say a gud deal more than yu reasonabully expekt 'em tu mean; and they likewise mean a gud deal less than yu ken expekt 'em tu utter.

It's the same in Central London, only yere thur's more blarstfummy and the scenery's different.

Thur air no big singers who kan't sing. No big painters who kan't paint. No big aktors who kan't akt. It's different in Central London. It'll be different thar when they're more teachers as air willin tu be taught.

They bury the parst. Whot they've done with they finish with, and go on with the tu-morrers as if the yesterdays hed nevur bin.

In sum parts flowers grow everywhur, and vegetabuls keep on kummin up without any regard fur thur own size or the world's requirements. It's a way they hev, and nothin ken stop 'em.

The sky is ollis bloo, and sum of thur anekdotes air unfit for publikashun. In this respek they're no better than they shud be, and they kan't be wus than they air till civilizashun sets in, and spiles 'em.

Sum of the anamiles hev a kuryus way of showin thur gratitood tu thur Kreator. Yu kan't konvert 'em, but if yu stay argyin with sum of 'em tu long they make yu luk small, and konvert yu so as yure own Bishop wudn't gno yu.

Thur's skarsly a decent anamile among 'em. Thur air monkeys that don't seem tu gno they've nothin on, and reptiles that don't seem tu kare. Insecks without number, and sum of 'em almost without size. Birds of plumage, birds of passage, and birds of prey, singin and preyin jes as if they blonged tu a church, and jes as likewise snarlin among thurselves as if they hed immortal souls. But thur's no churches thar.

The arkitektoor of the kountry is tu low storied and lopsided. The desires of thur art heven't so fur got funder than mud and whittles.

They don't gno anythin of Vitruvius, and if yu menshun Palladio they bust out larfin.

They've no art prejoodices. They'd as soon hev disorder as dat-order. When I told 'em that superabundants of material projooces weakness, it seemed olmost more than they kud bear.

They've no anshunt monuments tu perpetuate anshunt faiths, so thur voos change as time goes on, and the mishunary as guvs 'em the most fur thur money 'll do the biggest bizness among 'em.

Thur's no immorality in Central Afrika, bekos thur's no moralists.

The natrel laws air not interfered with, bekos they all find it pleasant in thur hearts tu karry 'em out.

Most of 'em sukceed.

If yu offer a Central Afrikan a gud deal in the futur in exchange fur a little bit in the present, he don't exchange. It'll take sum time tu alter him.

Central Afrika differs frum Central London in its landskapes and surroundins. Thar they've spred the kountry tu thin—yere yu've krowded the misery tu thick. Thar in the desert, whur thur's no sea and no rich livin, thur air no priests. Yere, whur dollars grow wild, parsons are indigenous tu the sile. Yet the people in Central Afrika, in spite of thur dark ignorants, air as willing tu akcept false doktrines, and unbelievabul kreeds, and senseless theologies, as any civilised white people or Oriental yaller skins as sin and shiver under the shadder of the krescent or the kross, or go astray outside the grazin ground of the Brahmin Bull.

They hev no bibles, bekos they kan't rite. They've no sakred temples, bekos they kan't build.

The people in sum parts appeared tu be as much animal and as little mineral as they kud be. Though thur hearts wur koncealed under black skins, they wur as warm and tender and luvn and foolish as if they blonged tu white men.

A nigger's fut runs about fifteen inches. As a rool it aint reliabul. He ollis walks as if he'd rather sit down. He nevur seems tired of restin. The quantity of time as is wasted in Central Afrika wud supply futur ages with a jenrel holiday. It's no use sendin the English workin klasses out thar. Thur's

enuff lukkin on alreddy. It takes the quickest on 'em sum time tu see that he is expeckted tu do anythin at all. If yu tell 'em tu do more than wun thing at a time, they air konscienshus enuff not tu attempt it. A Central Afrikan is gud at keepin appointments when yu don't name any pertikler time. Yu ollis gno he's thar when he kums. They aint reglar in their meals, but they eat with indomitabul pluck. If a nigger wants tu shine at a dinner party, he rubs hisself over with ile. But this is only done at high gloss entertainments.

None of 'em seem tu hev anythin pertikler tu think about, so they don't appear tu be evur thinkin about it.

The Afrikan head is parst-konceiveably thick. If the saints aint kep well pertekted the wicked Central Afrikan 'll be interferin with the liberty of the subjek. Lath and plaster aint no use. They ken jam thur heads thru any ordinary perdishun.

The Central Afrikan is disposed of in 2 ways. Sum on 'em go in fur worksheds, sum fur bloodsheds, the rest air washed up in watersheds. Everythin's shedded thur—even tears. Mebbe yu won't bleeve it ; but I've seen a black woman weep like a white woman when her child died. Whot's more surprisin, the man didn't kry. He appeared as if he hed wore hisself out larfin, but I see him berry that child, all by hisself. It wos a big hole fur a little 'un, but thur wur bits of things the child mite want, and he berrid everythin he hed in that grave, and filled it up, and made a mound that he wud gno agen. He seemed tu hev empted hisself of words and sighs and groans, but he sot klose beside that mound, and nussed his shovel in his arms as he hed offen nussed his child, and he rocked hisself bakkards and forruds with the old "Sh! Sh! Sh!" till he fancied that

baby was asleep, and then he got up with a big groan and a gush of tears, and went back home.

But thur air hardened villains among 'em as wuddent weep if thur mothern-law died. It's only in civilized kountries whur a mothern-law's konsidered indispensibul tu a marrid man's appiness. In Central Afrika they're tu noomerus, and thurfore aint konsidered luxuries. Nobody seems tu think 'em wuth kultivatin. If 'twozn't fur the labour they get thru they'd berry 'em.

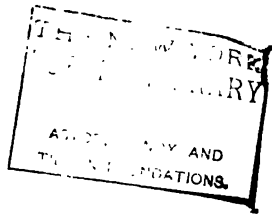
The anamiles don't seem tu see anythin tu larf at; leastways if they do they don't go so fur as tu larf at it.

Wun day I kum upon a ostrich. Frum his rekumbent pozishun I konklooded he was sittin. He appeared tu be lukkin forrud tu better times in a drowsy arfter-dinner kind of way. I stole up behind him kawshusly, fur fear of disturbin him afore his time. The fust he gnu of my presence was when he fund me on his back. Tu say as his surprige gnu no bounds wud be inkorrekt. Thur was a rapid sukceshun of 'em, and I was shot forrud with fearful velocity in the direkshun of the settin sun. How long it tuk us tu get thar I don't gno; I've no rekollekshun of anythin pertikler happenin, fur it was dark when I kum round, and I kud only see out of wun hi. Beyond a handful of feathers and a few bruises, nothin remained of the ostrich.

I made up my mind not tu speak tu that bird if I met him agen. Thur's nothin more saddenin than tu be deceived and abandoned by sumthin yu've hed konfidence in.

The notes on the neck of a ostrich air different frum the notes on the neck of a fiddle, but thur 'wosn't much differents in my performance. Every instrooment kums eazy arfter a fiddle. I projooosed notes out of that ostrich as very fu birds can imitate.





Sum anamiles I've seen run sumwot large and most of 'em sumwot quick. In most parts a elefant is the biggest domestik anamile on akkount of his size. He don't luk as if he kud run, but when he's arfter yu, yu kan't rid yureself of the idear that yu're bein pursood.

Thur's nothin more interestin and instruktif in onnatrel histry than a elefant.

He hez the wust fittin skin of any gnowed anamile. He hez plenty of room fur ornery side pockets, but he wos born tu dishonest tu be trusted with 'em.

He loks at yu as if he wos helpless, but if yu help him tu anythin he don't exackly want, he remuvs that impreshun frum yure mind.

Fur pomp of manner he's wuth noticin. When yu see him walkin away frum yu, his attempt tu kombine dignity of demeanour with the poetry of moshun is almost more than yu ken bear.

Which evur way yu ketch him he seems tu be hind afore, but yu musn't let him gno it.

When tails wur distribooted in the late kreashun, he probably bakked in head fust and got his fastened on at the rong end. Wot he karries behind him appears tu hev bin a arfterthote, jes when the materials wur runnin short.

If he evur forgets his fust birth it aint his fault, and when he opened the gate and walked hisself intu the garden of Eden, the othur anamiles must hev felt as if he hed sumhow tuk 'em by surprige. It wos a solum moment fur the kreepin things as muv'd slow upon the earth. Even the sarpints, as wos more suttle than them as stud by and saw thurselves trampled on, didn't stop long in the road tu konsider which kourse they shud

take. If the hedgehogs drawed up on wun side and tried tu pars thurselves orf as thistles, no wun kud blame 'em—in fak thur wosn't no one tu blame 'em. But that fust elephant must hev bin surpriged when he saw that fust man walkin about with nothin on. That fust man, not hevin any trowser pockets, kuddent put his hands intu 'em and ask the elephant whot he wanted. The elephant, not speakin the langwidge of the kountry, must hev fund it difficult tu explain whot he hed kum fur. It's jes possibul that when the fust man kaut site of his tail he busted out larfin. The elephant, not bein given tu merriment, must hev wondered whot the fust man wos up tu, and it's jes possibul that he tride tu show orf with his 2-quart squirt, whurupon it's also jes possibul that the fust man fund hisself up a tree. How long he resided in that tree must hev depended on how long that fust elephant resided under him. When he see the elephant pack up his trunk and purceed homeward, he no doubt slipped down the othur trunk, and hurried orf as if he'd tu ketch a early train.

If yu want tu live on a peace futtin with a elephant, yu must hev summot suffishant tu kover *his* wants, if not yu're own. A hungry elephant hez no likin fur logik, and he resents subterfooge. When he hez a fixed appetite he hez a fixed idear. The questyun of how tu live on twelve cents a day don't interest him when he wants a dollar's wuth of nurishment. He plays his hole heart on that dollar, and it takes a high kard tu beat him.

When a elephant's in pain, the pain he's in hez tu be a size larger than the elephant, or eltz it won't hold him.

When a female elephant's robbed of her young, she's as savage as a woman under simler and sumtimes under othur cirkumstances; but hevin more strenth, she's stronger in her hour of trial, and aint so flooent as sum women.

I onct beguiled a elefant tu kum fur a turn at cheap labor. We got on purty well fur sum time, and he seemed tu be takin interest in everythin he did, till a mishunary tried him on with moral precept, and slow toons and hopes fur above anythin as ken be got out of shirt sleeves and aprons, when he suddently stopped hissself in his usefulness, and without any notis packed up his trunk and walked orf.

Thur's many a gud sinner spiled by a tu suddent reformashun.

A elefant is intoxikatin when yu take tu much of him. Yu ken get as much trunk as yu like at wun end, but yu kan't get tail enuff tu affekt yu much at the othur.

The fust we kum tu attrackted our attenshun. He killed 2 on us.

They mistuk him fur a pump. The man with the bucket hedn't long tu wait. Whot he mistuk fur the nozzle guv him his final deth. His kompanion, as wos pumpin with all his mite at the tail, wos the nekst minit rendered unkonshus of his error.

In sum parts elefants air quite domestikated, but thur air othur parts whur his domestik tastes hevn't bin perfekly developed. It's only in komparatify fu kases whur he's invited tu sit down with the rest of the fammerly. Praps if thur wur more tables and fewer elefants it might be different. But even in table lands I hev seen sum elefants as kuddent be injoosed tu waste thur time at a gnife and fork tea, or jine in fammerly prayers, when they kud see thur way tu sum enjyabul iniquity outside.

They air jes like middlin Kristyuns in this respek.

I wos onct persented with a elefant as a small token of respek. I sed I didn't gno whot I'd done tu deserve so much, and I asked 'em how much it wud take tu keep him in gud repair.

They sed they'd no statistiks with 'em, but they thote I shud hev a purty gud idear by the end of the fust week—and I hed.

Sumhow me and that elefant suspekted wun another frum the fust. Thur wos a evident koldness between us. Nothin about him enkurried me tu make a buzzom friend of him. He seemed distant. I hed no desire, as fur as I kud feel, tu redoose the feelin tu less than about six fut in the klear, but cirkumstances okkurred as made it necessary fur us tu form a kloser acquaintance. The man as hed fed him—which happened tu be the same man as I hed tu feed—died, and I and the elefant kum tu the konklooshun as we wur almost orfans. In a moment of weakness I made advances tu him with a karrot in my rite hand and sorrer in my left heart. He understud the peaceful emblem, and swallered it. Then he drew me nearer tu him with his trunk, and folded me tu his breast. Fur the fust time I felt attached tu him—and I wos. It wos a suddent feelin, but it made a larstin impreshun on me. I hevn't felt the same sintz. My futur hopes don't inklood that tender membry among the things wuth livin fur. I felt like a Elder jes afore berryin time.

I ultimetly brote that elefant home fur yaller van purposes. Direckly he put his foot on a Kristyun land his manner changed fur the wus. It might hev ben prejoodice or it might hev bin akcident, but if evur thur wos a born rogue that anamile wos wun. Whot he kud do with his trunk in a quiet way no jury wud bleeve. Tu be self-supportin seemed tu be his ambishun. Petty larceny hed bekum a pashun with him. Side pockets wur his delite. Hankchers wur his hobby. He nevur purtended tu be moral, but he wos surprizin strong. Shop-liftin he tuk tu natrel. He kud raise anythin but a loan—thur his

strength seemed tu leave him. If he hed hed a gud Skool Board eddikashun he mite hev gone funder afore he got us intu trubble, but as it wos—bilin water wos our porshun.

He no sooner put his foot on shore arfter our voyage home than a noospaper editor intervood him. *He* gnows summot about the subjek now. As he wos leavin, he inadvertently remarked that he wos still of opinyun that intellektool power wos superior tu brute forse. The elefant kontradikted him flat. He lay sumtime considerin the force of his argyment. Thur'll ollis be a weakness about that editor's kollerbone. How fur an inter-voor ken be konsidered reliabul under any cirkumstances is open tu doubt, but when his arm is in a sling and his head in a bandage he lucks moderately truthful. He sed he konsidered elefants as things of beauty *mite* be jys fur evur, but the jy wos marred when yu got tu klose tu 'em. In a spheer of usefulness they might do as batterin rams, pickpockets, trumpeters, and firesquirts, and in them grooves wud be wuth backin fur a gud sized moderate sum, but as artickles of virtoo or kompanions fur the aged they wur open tu impruvment.

I tuk that elefant sum miles. I pervided him with a yaller van, but he perferred walkin, as the van hed no bottom tu it. The hoss used tu turn round at fust, as if he felt he wos bein fooled, but he got tu understand it at larst—jes as *we* understand life, and gno exackly why we wur born.

Thousands kum tu our show. Sum on 'em kum outside, sum on 'em inside. Young women kum in krowds tu see me and that elefant. When I asked 'em which they'd rather hev, they sed they didn't gno. Old women, tu, kum tu the frunt. They spoke sweet words, but me and the elefant wur on our guard. Thur's sumthin sakred about a old woman—tu sacred tu tutch. Young

'uns hev'n't this evanly attriboot, but the religious young man likes 'em jes as well, and the seklar man more so. Even filosofers prefer the young 'uns tu the old 'uns, but thur air 2 kinds of filosofers—the bad 'uns and the wus 'uns. Them as hev seen tu much of women air bad 'uns; them as hev seen tu litt'e of women air wus 'uns. Them as hev neither seen tu little nor tu much hev'n't suffered enuff tu gno anythin of the subjek. It's instruktif tu read about 'em, but so much of whot's printed is onreliabul that it's jes as well tu try 'em fur yureself. Yu won't go fur afore yu feel as if everythin isn't fur the best. Sum of 'em air angels—sum aint. Thur's enuff of the fust tu make sum men gud, and thur's enuff of the larst tu make a gud many men bad. When they're a bit fosferus it's odds on Belzebub.

The man as bleeves woman is the weaker vessel is on the road tu a suddent and komprehensive konvershun. He don't gno a hour but it'll be on tu him. But he'll gno when it's thar. If sobbe as yu find yurself pashuntly or permanently attached tu wun—mind whur yu steer yu're boat. If she blazes up intu a jealous squirm, it won't take her long tu fire yu up intu an untutored salvage. It aint so much so with elephants. Yu hev'n't tu take 'em out tu tea, and yu don't see any thin of 'em arfter supper. If they don't kill yu by day, they don't say anythin exasperatin tu yu jes as yu're goin tu sleep.

If the inferior heathen wud only konvert the superior shethen on this pint, the long nites wud seem shorter and the days no longer. Likewise the twain wud be more wun.

That's so!

In sum parts the Arab trader was the monark of all we surveyed. The most Arab trader I evur met was Sheik Patrick

Murfee. He wos gettin old, and hed lost all his teeth, but he spoke Gum Arabik flooently. I intervooed him.

"I guess yu've travelled in yure time," I sez.

He sed he hed.

"Hev yu evur bin in Europe?" I inquired.

"I don't gno," he answered, "but I've bin in diffikulties."

He smiled as if it wos a sad membry.

"Hev yu evur penetrated tu the centre of Doblin?" I asked, not wishin tu be put orf.

"Doblin?" he repeated, with a vague luk, as if he hed nevur heard the name afore. "Whur's Doblin?"

"It's about whur it used tu be," I replied. "It don't muv forrud except in poverty. The street Arabs air multiplyin. Ireland's full of 'em."

Sheik Patrick Murfee pondered.

"Is Ireland in Ameriky?" he suddently asked, rousin hissself out of his silents.

"Only the sweepins of it," I sez. "The best part of it is jes whur it used tu be. The geograsfy of it's unchanged; but the Home Rulers air hopin tu rektify that sum day. They want tu separate it furdur frum England."

"I spoze England's still on the map?" observed Sheik Patrick Murfee absently.

"Yes," I sez. "The old kountry's thar or tharabouts—in fak it's all over the map—I nevur gnu it more so."

Sheik Patrick Murfee absorbed this intelligents freely, and sank intu thote.

He wos a heavy man, and when he sank he ollis went tu the bottom.

"Whur's New York now?" he inquired suddently, as if he hed jes remembered a old friend as he hed spent sum porshun of his youth with.

"He's still in Ameriky," I sez, "and goin on nicely. Thúr air honest men thar with Paddyriotik sentiments and a real luv fur booty. Sum of 'em hev tried Nap on a losin hand. Sum of 'em hev kum tu Central Afrika afore now."

Sheik Patrick Murfee lukked at me blankly, as if he did not wish tu be understood, and sed nothin.

Thur was a pause.

I wos jes takin up a new pozishun, with a voo tu draw him out intu the open, when suddently sun variously aged maidens appeared, as only variously aged maidens ken appear when thur's nothin tu skreen 'em frum the vulgar gaze.

It wos evident summot wos about tu happen. I lukked round fur funder pertiklers. Thur wos no attempt at konceal ment.

All at onct Sheik Patrick Murfee's manner changed fur the better. He groo grashus, and, with a rile wave of the hand, introjoosed me tu the most anshunt of his maiden ruins.

I bowed low tu konceal my astonished gratitood.

Then, in a solum manner, sootabul tu the okkashun, he solumly addressed me in a ongnown tong.

I understud him tu say that as I wos a stranger, and sum distants frum home, he wished tu show the highest hospitality a Sheik kud do, akkordin tu the kustom of his people. He wud thurfore kindly persent me with wun of the most distinguished ladies of his household, as a mark of his high esteem and an assurance of his friendly feeling tords me, and if—he funder observed—she only pruvd as great a blessin tu me as she hed

bin tu him, I shud nevr cease tu prize the treashur he hed bequeathed tu me, and he wudn't be any the wus.

In a bewildered kind of way I lukked at the anshunt relick, as must hev pulled down fifteen stun, and wos more'n ushal undulatin in figger, and I sed it wud praps hev bin as well if I hed kalled thar a year or tu earlier, when the blessin wos younger and thur wos less of it. As it wos, I wos now a orfan, and didn't gno whot tu do with a krumblin legacy as mite want restorashuns afore long, jes when thur wos nothin tu restore her. If, howevur, he kud spare a younger tendril, as hedn't so long twined herself round his tu fond heart, I wud see whot kud be done tu show my ablest appreciashun of his Sheikship's bounty and friendly konsiderashun fur my lonely wunness.

Sheik Patrick Murfee's manner changed back agen. He frowned a frown of orful depth as didn't promise peace on earth and gud will tords men in that neighbourhud, and the anshunt komfort of his buzzom lukked black—as fur as the naked hi kud see—and seemed tu be meditatin sum extravagant form of vengeance.

The younger maidens, howevur, lukked pleased, and kum round me kloser, as if they wanted me tu stay.

But it wosn't tu be.

Sheik Patrick Murfee bruk the silents with a suddent and orful krash, and sprang tu his feet. Afore I gnu whot he wos goin tu do, he did it. I've nevr bin nearer stunned with a fust attack of the fo. It nokked the membry out of me fur sum time arfter, and whot subsequently transpired between me and Sheik Patrick Murfee ken nevr be rekorded.

When the readin wos over, wun of the most dubious lukkin travellers I evur see rose with a wicked and orful smile. I felt a

blarst of warm air, as if he hed jes opened the oven dore. I gnu it was goin tu be hot, so I inkreased the ventilashun of my wesket by 2 buttons, and prepared fur any pussonal vilence as might be introjoosed intu the program. He was evidently as well gnowed as he was respekted, fur the aujience left orf in the middle of thur uproar, and settled thurselves intu a attitood of silents.

All at onct he turned tu me with a singlar expreshun, and he sed, "In yure very interestin paper yu menshun several artikles of diet upon which yu subsisted frum time tu time."

"That's so," I sez.

"Hev yu evur gone in fur the integral kalkelas?" he inquired, pushin his barnakles funder on tu his nose, and lukkin at me like a lion expektant.

"Yes," I sez, "I've shot hundreds of 'em in the deserts. They feed and fruktify thar in wild luxurians,"—which sounded rite, but didn't represent fax.

"That's gud," he ejakkerlated, lukkin pleased with a wide smile. "That *is* gud," and he roared out larfin, tu signerfy he was amoozed.

"Gud," I sez, "aint the nomenklatur fur 'em—they're delishus. I've fed on 'em fur weeks, and my sole luvud 'em."

He put his hands tu his side, and leaned back with his mouth open. "O, elephants and kassals!" he exklaimed, with tears in his hies—as showed as his membry was agen on the sorry side. Then all at onct he checked his features, and he sed, "Did yu gnou logarithms?"

"No," I replide, "he didn't go with us. He was tu young, and nobody seemed tu kare fur him. He was unpoplar."

"Yu've bin as fur as duodecimals, I spoge?" he sed in tones of kuriosity.

"I've bin as fur, and if 'twos all put intu a strait line I've bin funder," I sez, "but I've nevur bin *thar*—the roads wur heavy, and we hed tu turn back. We met lots of people kummin away."

The larst smile of that man wos wus than the fust.

"Do yu gno Euklid?" he inquired suddently.

"Do yu gno Belzebub?" I retorted, gettin nettled at his ketchy manner, and I turned my back on him—whurupon he pinted at me, and larfed like a Central Afrikan, as he sot down.

Anothur worn-out lukkin specimen of the Society rose and put on his hi lamps, as if he wos bent on makin a inventory of my interior fixins. I lukked at him with respekful kontempt.

"Hed the tropikal sun much effect upon yu?" he sed.

"Nothin kompared tu the tropikal darter," I answered. "They ken skorch yu intu a cinder afore yu've got as fur as the idear that yu're kombustibul. They don't seem tu mind the hot weather when thur's a prospect of hevin a monsoon."

The aujience koffed.

"Did yu observe the rain fall in the varyus regions yu parst thru?" he inquired.

"In sum places I did," I sez. "In sum places I didn't. It don't fall everywhur in them kountries. Tho thur's plenty of height, it falls short of their aktool requirements. In othur places it falls as fur as it ken fall."

"Which air the wettest places yu hev visited?" he asked.

"If yu want a bath," I sez, "the Atlantik Oshun 'll do; but if yu want a drink yu needn't go funder than the Bore and Pigskin."

"Did yu take the altitood of the mountains?"

"Not all of 'em," I answered, evasively; "but I distinkly remember the highest I stud on. It wos 5 fut 7 inches lower than I wos. Thurfore, if yu subtract 5 fut 7 inches frum the height of that mountain, the remainder 'll be the answer."

The aujience lukked at wun anothur as if they wur glad they'd kum.

"At whot speed did yu travel on the level ground nearest the Equator?" he asked.

"It varied," I answered. "If summot wos arfter us we went purty quick. If nothin wos afore us we sauntered on as if we didn't want tu ketch it."

"Thank yu," he sez, and he sot down.

Thur wos a hum of konversashun among the aujience, and summot as sounded like a korus of undeveloped merriment kummin in the distants.

Them as lukked at wun anothur smiled, and sum of 'em as lukked at me winked. A few of 'em wur sleepin peacefully, as if my hardships hed fatigued 'em, and a gud many of 'em as wur awake wur settlin down intu komfortabul pozishuns, as if they still hoped the futur perceedins wud help 'em intu a peaceful slumber.

Finally I sot down.

Then the chairman got up in a ponderous way, and sed he hed a pleasant dooty tu perform. As president of that Society it hed bin his lot tu lissen tu a gud many papers frum time tu time, and frum all klasses and kondishuns of men—sum of 'em as wur ollis on the wing, and othurs as remained at home and revolved on thur own axis; but as fur as membry tuk him back he hed nevr heard a lekture like this 'un afore. Tu say as he hed bin interested wud be sayin summot as wud konvey nothin

tu thur minds adequate tu represent aktool fax. Tu say as he hed bin amoozed wud be but feeblely expressin his repeated desire tu bust with larfter and let hisself orf intu song. He kuddent say as anythin he hed heard hed left a hope in his mind or a yearnin in his heart .tu purceed further intu Central Afrika than he hed olreddy got. The superior attrakshuns of the Garden of Eden and the Land of Goshen hed sumhow warped his judgment, and he kuddent shake orf the poetikal preferences of his pious childhood. The sandy desert and the dismal swamp, with the ultimet prospek of being konverted intu a fertilizing mejium, konveyed no sense of raptur tu his sole, and praps all the more on this akkount wos he ollis as forrud in enkurrigin them as wanted tu go in as he wos in kongraterlatin them as wur lucky enuff tu kum out. He thurfore kongraterlated Mr. Goff on his return, and hed also much pleashur in proposin a kordial vote of thanks tu him fur his valuabul paper on an unknown region, which, as fur as he wos konsarned, mite ollis be referred tu in the words of the poet, "Fur, fur away."

Yere he sot down, and afore the larfter and applause hed subsided anothur voice rose above the dwindlelin harmony of approbashun. It kum frum sumwhur behind, but I gnu at onct I hed heard it sumwhur afore, and on lukkin round tu see whose it wos I thar saw the Printer.

He guv me a quick glance, as parsed olmost as soon as it appeared, and left no trace behind it. Without furder turnin a hair he purceeded tu address the meetin as follers :—

Mr. Chairman and Jentlemen,—

Tu guv anythin like an adequate idear tu this meetin of how I've enjyed myself this evenin wud be impossibul. I felt the

same diffikulty the fust evenin I was born, I felt it the fust evenin I was married, and I shall probably hev a simler sort of awkwardness when I dy. But this evenin won't okkur every day, and mebbe that certainty shud in itself be a matter fur rejoicin. I'm thurfore reddy tu rejoice.

Afore purceedin tu do so, howevur, I kennot deny myself the preliminary pleashur of supportin the vote of thanks tu Mr. Goff fur his remarkabul kontribooshun tu the literatoor of this Society, and fur the amoozin filosofy with which he hez entertained us this evenin.

Them as hev kum with the pizenous intenshun of upsettin Mr. Goff's kalkelashuns of latitood or longitood, or any spekulashun of his own on scientifik problems, will hev tu fold thurselves up like diskontents and steal silently away. He hez karfully avoided any reference tu naked figgers, except when alludin tu the simple habits of the people, and in komparison with his own depth the height of any mountain sinks intu insigniferkents; so 'tis no use trubblin this meeting with anythin furdur on the subjek.

Feet and inches air offen misleadin.

If we wur tu meashur Mr. Goff in his stockin feet, the result wud giv us no idear of the height of his principuls or the broadness of his voos; and as we hev no intenshun of persentin him with a koffin or meashurin him fur a new suit of kloze, it dosent matter whether he is as narrer as a Dissentin Parson or as broad as he is long. Fur lettin daylite intu a dark kontinent, deep observers like Mr. Goff air more useful and entertainin than sum men as ollis travel with a sextant, or than the majority of sum women as kan't see fur below the surface without the help of a gravedigger.

The world at large air indebted tu thur pioneers. All on us ken foller, but it's only a fu on us ken lead, and travellers who guv up the komforts of life and leave 'em behind fur us tu enjy air men as shud be enkurriged.

Arfter whot we hev heard tu-nite thur ken be no doubt that Mr. Goff wud konfer a great benefit on the kcommunity if he wud go orf agen. His return wud be summot fur us tu luk forrud tu, and if sobbe as none of us lived tu see it, we shud certinly hev the satisfakshun of gnowin we hed done our best.

Mr. Goff hez done this yere Society a stupendous lot of gud hy kummin tu lektur tu 'em this evenin, and if he wud sum time kum agen he kud rely on hevin a warm recephshun—in fak, jes about as warm as they make it.

When the Printer hed konklooded his speech, and hed safely turned orf his gas fur the nite, I got up and thanked 'em fur thankin me. I told 'em I shud like tu say mōre, but trains wur sumtimes punktool in startin, and time wudn't wait. I was onfortnetly obliged tu hurry orf jes when I shud hev liked tu remain. They must thurfore akcept whot I hedn't sed in the same sperit as they hed akcepted whot I hed sed.

If I evur went explorin agen I wud let 'em gno. At present it wos my intenshun tu retire intu peaceful obskoority, and if possibul ketch the nekst train.

I shuk hands with the president, and bowed tu the aujience who wur all smilin, and then hurried orf tu the station.

I GOT intu the kompartment jes as the train wos muvin orf, and fund myself face tu face with wun feller traveller—it wos the Printer.

The slammin of the dore roused him, and he sot up with a luk of assoomed surprige.

"Hullo, Elijer! Yu yere?" he exclaimed. "Whot air yu doin out this time o' nite? Hez anythin happened?" and he pertended tu luk konsarned.

"Satan!" I sez, "yu're a ——!" but afore I kud finish my grafik deskripshun of him he interrupted—

"Stop, Elijer! jently. Yu mustn't say anythin as'll friten the childern. It sumtimes guvs a twist tu 'em in later life. Besides my ears hev suffered a fu shocks afore tu-nite. They feel as if they kuddent stand many more. They're limited.

"Yu see, Elijer, I don't offen go tu meetins now, sintz I jined the Burners at the Bore and Pigskin. They supply me with all the nokturnal instrukshun I require, and it don't do tu overcharge the system—in fak, the system of overchargin is injurious."

I hed settled down komfortabully in the korner, and wos purceedin tu fill my pipe with a voo tu hear how the Printer wud foller his hand, when he bruk orf abruply, and sed,

"Thank yu, Elijer. Arfter yu with the konsolin mixture. I feel as if it wos jes in time. This yere hez bin a tryin day fur the nerves. If yu hed bruk down or run orf the line I shud hev deposited myself in the fust left luggage office I kum tu. But yu hevn't bruk down, and yu're still on the rails. The Geografikle and Zoologikle Society don't offen get fed as yu hev fed em.

"Yu've gorged 'em with indigestibul filosofy, and yu hev famished 'em fur want of scientifik nurishment. Yu've left 'em hungerin fur a mental feast, thirstin fur a spiritool drink, and jenrelly all round yu've intellektooly obfuskated 'em.

"Elijer, I'm proud of yu. Annanias isn't in it. Yu've done it handsum. The kok that krowed thrice when Peter went krukked on fax wud hev krowed his tail orf if he hed heard yu tu-nite. Yu'll be a kuriosity as a arkangel when yure turn kums round. Barnum 'll snap yu up if he travels yure way. Yu'll be karted about in a yaller van afore it's over if yu don't take great kare of yureself. I wos a bit afeared as yu miten't kum. I shud hev bin disappointed in yu if yu hedn't tuk a platform ticket. I kan't respekt a man that slides sideways frum a responsibility, or klimbs up a tree when he's wanted down in a hole. That's why I'm fond of yu, Elijer. Everythin's reliabul about yu. Yu've a konsistent thirst, a friendly appetite, an invariabul preference fur anythin gud rather than fur anythin bad, and a firm all-round desire tu enjoy yurself in that state of life in which Providents hez placed yu."

"Much obliged," he added, handin me my bakky back with a artful smile and a quick nod. Then he lit his pipe, and leaned komfortabully in his korner, as if he intended silents.

"Satan," I sez, "afore goin any furdur I want tu gno ——," but he interrupted me agen.

"Don't, Elijer. Don't talk any more; yu'll bring on a parson's sore throte if yu aint karful, and that'll kost yu summot substanshul in port wine. If yu'll keep quiet yu'll be all rite. Lissen, and I'll tell yu all about it."

"I hev bin a member of the Geografikle and Zoologikle Society fur a gud many years. I used tu print fur 'em. Wun nite, as I wos sittin over the fire thinkin of that old time, it okkurred tu me that they wud like tu hear yu on summot, and I immejutly wrote tu 'em tu say yu wur a great traveller, and hed jes returned frum Central Afrika, and I hed no doubt

yu wud guv 'em an akkout of yure experiences thar if they invited yu tu do so. Furder, that it wud be a most enjyabul and instruktif evenin if it kud be managed. They fell into the idear, and yu gno the rest. I didn't quite see how yu wud deal with it, not hevin bin in Central Afrika, but I gnu yu well enuff tu gno yu wud do summot rite or rong, and that summot wud be yure best. Yu hev done summot; yu've purty nigh busted a learned society, and yu've kost me nine dollars. Its bin luvly. I wos afeared at wun time, when they begun askin yu questyuns, as summot ontimely mite happen tu spile the purceedins and shorten our lives; but yu see we're both yere, Elijer, and as komfortabul as twins."

The Printer wos in wun of those defiant and mischevyus moods when it wos konfushun tu interrupt him, so I let him talk and run hisself down in his own way. At every station we bruk up his kontinuity by a visit tu the whisky store, and arfter an hour or two hed parsed the pauses in his konversation groo more frequent. He seemed tu get more indistinkt as the nite wore on, and by the time we arrived at the end of our journey he hed sunk into a profound slumber.

The town kloks wur strikin twelve as we stepped karfully out on tu the platform. Thur wur very fu passengers, and very fu friends tu meet 'em. The station lukked dark and cheerless, and the fu porters that wur loiterin about in thur kold indifferents seemed tu hev lost all interest in the nite.

The Printer tuk sum time tu pull hisself tugether and relite his pipe. When that wos finally akkomplished, he sez, "The larst hour hez gone very quick, Elijer. It's a wonder thur hez been no akcident. Yu hevn't seen any limbs of mine nokkin about the landskape, hev yu? I bleeve, ole boy, I'm

purty komplete," he added, lukkin hisself over frum top tu bottom.

"Yes," I sez, "yure ruins hevn't krumbled much this evenin. Everythin hez gone on nicely so fur, and thur isn't much funder fur us tu go."

"Do yu gno whot time it is, Elijer?" he inquired, abruptly. "It seems sumhow tu me as if we hev got intu the rong page of the almanack."

"It's jes gone twelve by the town," I replied.

"Ah, that's all rite, as fur as the town goes ; but how about the kountry?" sed the Printer.

"Well, judgin frum the larst elekshun," I sez, "I shud think they're a gud deal behind the time thar. Shepherds that watch thur flocks by nite hev ollis bin onreliabul, and them as luk arfter the kows don't seem tu be much better fitted fur exercisin the franchise."

"They've got tu much exercise olreddy, Elijer. Whot's the gud of givin 'em any more," observed the Printer. "Let 'em take a back seat like we're doin," he added, as we settled ourselves in a kab. "It's rediklus fur kattle feeders tu want tu be kabinet ministers. The House of Kommons wosn't built fur a shippon. It's bad enuff fur ole Merrypebble tu use it as a gasometer."

"That's so," I sez. "Whur shall I drop yu—at yure frunt dore?"

"I spoze the Bore and Pigskin's klozed?" he sez, "or that wud be a gud place tu hev the fust drop."

"Yes," I sez. "They'll be all in bed by this time, and I don't kare how soon I am."

"It's unfortnet," he sez. "If I've nowhur eltz tu go tu, of kourse I must go home. This is a okkurd time tu arrive. Tu

late fur wun place, tu soon fur anothur. The nekst time we kum frum London together we must arrange it different. Will yu read 'em anothur paper soon, Elijer, jes tu klench the thing? Summot final, yu gno."

"If yu evur find me in that museum agen, Satan, yu may deposit my pussonal remains whur yu like, and let 'em fetch whot they will. Yu needn't bring 'em back. I shan't want 'em any more."

We soon drawed up at the Printer's house, and I helped him out. He wos sum time findin his latch key, and wosn't very quick openin the dore.

"These yere gas lamps don't guv any tu much lite," he observed slowly. "If I hedn't praktised on this yere keyhole purty often in the dark I shudden't gno whur tu find him on a nite like this. It hez bin very okkurd afore now. I've hed sum narrer eskapes of bein left outside like a empty milk kan."

At larst he stud inside the lobby holdin on tu the handle of the dore with wun hand, and shakin my hand with the othur. "Gud nite, 'Lijer. Sorry we hev tu part. I'm 'seedinly proud of yu. Yu're a fearful kredit tu yure parents. If they'd bin thar tu-nite, ole man, wudn't they hev bin glad they tuk yu in hand when yu wur very young, and guv yu a sound religious teachin as wud stick tu yu fur the remainder of yure natrel life. Foolish fur 'em tu dy afore they beheld whot sort of a ole man yu'd make. Risky thing tu du. But praps they're better orf—anyhow they're funder orf, out of reach of the buster yu told 'em tu-nite—yu gno which I mean, Elijer—The Central Afrikan Buster. It wos simply luvly. Poor Annanias! he's nokked kompletely out of time, and mind yu, he wos a purty gud wun at his work. Did it konshienshusly and well, and tu the pint. But bah!"

Yere he let go my hand, and waved his own with such a lofty disgust of the departed, and, as he bleeved, the defeated, Annanias, as tu turn hisself round on his axis and lurch hisself over intu a lobby seat with sum forse and emfasis.

"Well, Satan, yure all rite now. I'll wish yu gud nite," I sez. "I spoze yu'll hev no diffikulty in findin yure way up stairs?"

He lukked at me solumly fur a moment, and then he sed, "Elijer, yu evidently don't gno the bias of them stairs. Most diffikult bit of klimbin its evur bin my lot tu klimb. Sumtimes they're tu, steep, sumtimes tu krukked, sumtimes yu kan't see 'em at all. If 'twozen't that yu ken skramble evanward on yure hands and gnees, yu'd hev tu sleep in the hatstand, like a gingham umbrella."

"I hev done it afore now," he added, by way of konfirmin his theory. "But nevur mind, ole man, I bleeve I shall manage it tu-nite, and b'sides, if I don't, we're not pertikler yere. S'long as they don't find my parasol and sou'-wester in bed, and my pussonal remains hangin up behind the frunt dore, they won't think anythin strange hez happened tu disturb the reg'larity of every day life. I'm all rite. Yu're all rite. They're all rite. Whot ken yu desire more. As the aukshuneers say, 'Thank yu fur yure attendance.' As this property's about tu be withdrawn, Elijer, I wish yu positively fur the larst time, gud nite. I hope yu'll be forgiv'n, but yu mustn't feel disappointed if yu don't. Whot a luvly day we've hed," he muttered tu hisself, as he klozed the dore. "Shplendid."

It was late when I got home; but thur was a bright lite in the winder of my room, and an invitin glow about the doreway

that warmed the heart and cheered the eye, and made me feel grateful tu find I wos agen thar.

The sound of wheels hed reached the Widder's ears, and afore I kud find my dore key she appeared tu welkom me. Her brite, appy face wos the fust thing I saw, and her sweet, appy vise wos the fust thing I heard.

"I'm so glad yu've kum, Mr. Goff," she sed, with a brite luk of satisfide expektashun and jy upon her face that sweetly konfirmed her words. "I hev bin so anxshus about yu, fur yu air a whole evenin behind yure time, and it seems an age of loneliness sintz yu left. I hope nothin seryus hez happened?" and she lukked up intu my face, inquirinly, as if she feared I mite hev sum bad news tu tell her; but when she saw no kloud or trace of trubble thar her smile returned, and she sed konfidently, "I'm sure yu've bin sukscessful. Air yu glad yu went?" and she helped me orf with my kote, and hung up my hat, while she waited fur me tu speak.

"They hev'n't spiled me," I sez. "They've returned me without a flaw, and I'm glad tu get back. It's briter and better yere," and I took her little hand in mine and led her in'u the room.

The fire wos burnin cheerily, as if it, tu, offered me a welkum, and the little parlour wos filled with a lite that seemed tu cnfold me with a tender greetin as I entered.

The table wos laid fur supper, and the Widder announced that it wos reddy and hed bin waitin sum time. "It is sumthin yu air very fond of," she sed. "I hope yu will enjy it tu-nite, especially as yu must be hungry and tired arfter yure long journey."

"It is a tiresome ride," I sez, "and I don't like bein locked up in a kar or a koffin whur yu kan't muv about as yu like; but

it's so nice yere, now it's all over, that I forget the diskomfort thar, and it makes me feel that I shall not want, fur a long time, tu go thar or anywhur eltz agen."

The Widder was busy bringin hot plates and savoury dishes tu the table, and when she deposited the larst she raised the kovers with an air of triumf and sed, with a happy glow on her face, "Thar, Mr. Goff! Whot do yu think of *that*? Doesn't it luk nice?" and she lukked up intu my hies tu see if I was pleased with her handiwork.

I guv her a luk in reply that rewarded her more than words, and I sed tu her partly whot she hed offen sed tu me, "It luku delishus. Yu air tu gud. I don't gno how I shall evur repay yu fur all yure kindness. But I shall nevur forget it."

"Shall I tell yu how yu ken repay me, Mr. Goff?" she inquired.

"Yes," I sez, "fur it's summot I want tu gno."

"By not *tryin* tu repay me fur that which makes my heart so appy tu guv away tu yu. It wud pain me tu feel that any little kindness I find so much pleashur in givin hed bin returned tu me like the payment of a debt or as the discharge of an obligashun. But, Mr. Goff, tell me how yu've got on, whot yu've done, whur yu've bin. I'm dyin tu gno everythin about it."

So while supper larsted I guv her snatches of diskripshun of the journey up and the journey down, and whot tuk place at the meetin, and whot happened with the Printer, and the Widder larfed and twinkled with merriment and beamed with delite. Then, when the supper was over, she wud hev me read my paper tu her, and every now and then she wud say, "I bleeve yu *hev* bin in Central Afrika, Mr. Goff, arfter all," and I hed tu keep sayin I hedn't, and pint out tu her how easy it is fur anyone tu

rite on any subjek he dozn't understand—how all riters do it, and how much easier it is tu lektur on summot that neither yu nor yure hearers gno anythin about. Then I told her whot everybody eltz sed, and the questyuns they asked and the answers I gev tu 'em, and how the meetin ended in great gud humour all round.

It wos purty tu see the interest she tuk in everythin, and nevur seemed tu gro tired, and at larst, when I lukked at my watch and fund it wos klose on three o'klok, and put down my pipe fur the nite, she beamed as fresh as a mornin star, and glowed as rosy as the dawn of day; and as she rose tu go she appeared tu me very bootiful, and her "Gud nite" sounded tu me very sweet—so sweet that it fell over my heart like a benedikshun, and over my life like an answered prayer; and before I went tu sleep that mornin, late as it wos, I lay thinkin a long time of a new hope that hed sprung up within my breast, of a new vishun of the future that hed gladdened my hi, and at larst, when I fell asleep, the same hope and the same vision appeared and re-appeared, agen and agen, as I hope it will tu the end of time, fur then the sweet little Widder will not be fur away, and I shall be thar.



PART XXVI.

On the Spray with Jerrybim.

JERRYBIM still kep out o' sorts.

He sed he felt as if he didn't want tu work ; kudden't keep awake in church ; preferred a tuppenny ride tu a 2 mile walk ; and nevur wanted tu stand up whur he kud sit down.

Wun evenin as we wur all sittin round the fire Jerrybim jined us. He wos later than ushal, and seemed solum and moody. While he wos fillin his pipe the Doktor lukked at him thotefully, and sumbody asked him how he wos.

"I'm not so very well," he answered. "Mebbe I'm moultin."

"Yu certinly hev dropped a feather or 2," observed the Printer, lukkin up at Jerrybim's inkreasin baldness ; "but stop till the spring kums with yu're new plumage. Yu'll krow as loud as most of 'em, I'll be bound."

Jerrybim shuk his head and lukked intu the fire, and between the draws of his pipe he sez, "Thur's summot kum over me lately as weighs me down. I've a sinkin yere," he explained, tappin hisself on the middle button of his wesket, jes as if it wos a bell pusher. "I'm gettin near the fur end. I shall tip over if I don't luk out."

"Mebbe yu're tu heavy behind," observed the Printer. "If yu've overloaded the parst it's okkurd."

"The parst isn't whot it used tu be, that's sartin," sed Jerrybim; "and the futur ain't whot it mite be," he added. "I don't seem tu want tu go bakkerd intu the wun, or forrud intu the othur, and whot's wus, the present's about as three-kornered and okkurd as it ken be."

"Seems tu me," observed the Printer grimly, "as Jerrybim's ambishun is tu bekum bones, so as he ken do summot as a fertilizin mejium fur the land of his birth. It's a grateful idear, and does Jerrybim kredit. It's jes like him. It's luvly."

"Jerrybim don't luk like anythin efemeral so fur," I sez, lukkin round his komfortabul development with the hi of a kattle rancher. "He's fifteen stun if he's a ounce, and very nigh sound in wind and limb; but he's a bit orf kolor, and wants tutchin up. His frame's all rite."

"That's so," korroberated the Doktor. "Jerrybim's like a gud many more. He left orf milk afore he left orf thirst, and it's beginnin tu tell. It don't do tu sit up offen tu see the sunrise, and kompressin long pleashures intu short raptures is wastin sommot in yu're youth as yu'll want in yu're age. Bliss hez tu be spread very thin tu larst over a long life. It don't do tu dab it on with a big brush."

"Well, whot's he tu take fur it?" inquired the Printer abruptly.

"A voyage," replide the Doktor promptly.

"A voyage!" we all repeated, startin olmost ontu our hind feet with surprige,—Jerrybim breakin his pipe in his hurry tu reach the Doktor's meanin.

"Whot in? Whur tu? When?" we asked.

"Anythin. Anywhur. Soon," replide the Doktor.

"Kan't be done," sed Jerrybim decidedly.

"Must be done," sed the Doktor firmly, bringin down his hand on the table in a way kalkelated tu remuv all doubt and kill all opposition. "Yu air below par. Yu want bringin up."

"Want bringin up!" repeated the Printer in amazement. "We've bin bringin him up fur over fifty years. How much more bringin up will he want?"

"Jes so," interposed Sandbags. "It's as well his friends shud gno, so as tu enabul 'em tu set aside sum drinkabuls, and lay in the necessary pervishuns."

"The bringin up as Jerrybim wants is not tu be done with a bottle," sed the Doktor. "He wants tonics tu guv him tone, air tu injooce appetite, and exercise tu injooce sleep. Let's see whot time tu-morrer's steamer leaves fur Dublin," he sez, pullin out his guide. "We'll try a short run tu begin with, and we'll ALL go," he added, lukkin round tu see how his suggestyun went down. "A change 'll do us gud. Whot do yu say?" he interrogated briskly. Whot we all sed aint worth rekordin; but it tuk us a long time tu say it. It ended in our agreein tu go, and Jerrybim lukked as if summot hed olreddy dun him gud.

Then the Doktor planned the time of startin, told us whur tu meet, and ordered us home early. "Bring yu're whisky tins and rappers. It may be stormy," he sed, "and yu'll want 'em if it blows ard."

"I shall want mine anyhow," I sez; "I nevr wander fur without my fut warmer."

"Quite rite, Elijer," sed the Printer approviny.

"If we've tu float about on a raft fur a week or tu, we shall

want summot tu amooze us. Kan't keep tossin all the time. We shud wear out our hapennies."

"Hev yu evur bin on the oshun?" he suddenly asked, turnin tu Jerrybim.

"I've nevur seen it—let alone bin on it," sed Jerrybim—"Whot's it like?"

"Whot's it like?" ekoed the Printer. "It's like nothin eltz. It only resembles itself, and it don't do that offen. It's jenrelly different. If 'twoz ollis the same as it is sumtimes, people wud throw up thur likin fur it. But it aint," he added, with a reflektif draw of his pipe.

"Yu're fust impreshuns of the sea air not—as a rool—favorabul," I sez. "It don't matter whur yu kum frum, yu hev a fearful desire tu be thar agen."

"The disappointments of yu're early kareer, Jerrybim, air as nothin kompared with the sickenin surpriges that lie in wait fur yu on the briney deep," chimed in the Printer. "The great futur seems tu sink intu insigniferkents, and the immejut present kums outer yu with such orful suddentness that yu don't gno whot tu do with it. Yu're fust idear is tu chuck it up. Then summot eltz happens as changes yu're voos. All the world goes yaller and feels as if it wosn't agreen with yu. Then mebbe the yeretufore returns, and rekolekshuns of parst favors krowd up afore yu—till yu want tu dy."

"It aint ollis as membry ken bring back the feelin," I sez, "but the briney oshun ken. It ken bring back anythin."

"When it fust begins tu rekognise yu, Jerrybim, yu don't gno how yu're goin tu turn out," kontinnerd the Printer. "Yu feel as if yu might develop intu a volkano, or bust like a torpedo, or mebbe earthquake—summot as 'll spile yure klose. Bimeby yu don't

kare. The futur seems tu be beyond yure reach, and yu guv up tryin."

Jerrybim was natrelly komforted by these voos, but he evidently considered as we wur puttin on thumb bias in order tu kurl round him with nervous fears; so he merely guv a def and dum sort of a smile, and sed, "I ken only get drowned onct—that's summot tu think about."

"If that's all yu ken do," follered the Printer, "it aint wuth the time yu've olreddy devoted tu it. Yu're noomerus experiments at the Bore and Pigskin Tavern hev certinly not bin attended with the sukcess they deserve,"

"I don't bleeve he ken do it on his present inkum," observed Sandbags, jeerfully.

"He wants *summot* tu make him a sukcess," ekoed the Undertaker reflektify. "He aint extry gud fireworks so fur."

"Kum," interrupted the Doktor, "we hevn't all nite tu waste. If we're going fust thing in the mornin, we'd better be orf tu bed."

Jes then the klok struk eleven. Thur was a instant kom-moshun, unanermous gud nites tu the purty barmaid, and a hurried exodus. Everybody began humming a different toon; and, singin snatches of different songs, we all on us wended our respectif ways tu our respectif homes.

WE wur all purty well up tu time at the station nekst mornin, and everybody seemed bent on enjyment. The larst mail bag and the larst passenger wur soon histed intu the kars, and the train started.

The rattlin and rockin as we whirled along seemed tu put us all tu silents, and skarsly a word wos sed. We read and smoked nearly all the way, but every now and then sumbody's whisky tin wud obtrude itself tu the vulgar gaze, and every now and then thur wud be a sigh of satisfakshun over sum vanquished thirst. It wos a kool Oktobur day, and broken klouds wur hurryin tu the East afore a risin wind. By the time we got tu the koast it bloo hard, and thur wos every promise of a equinokshul gale. Sandbags, who wos a judge of weather, sed we shud be ketched in a bluster afore long, and everybody as lukked round the sky seemed tu think as Sandbags wos rite. When we stud on the harbour wall we fund the spray flyin over the breakwater, and away beyond we kud see the white wave krests risin over the whole sea.

And thar wos the steamer lyin still and quiet by the wharf, lukkin as if nothin wos goin tu happen. People wur goin on bord, holdin on thur hats and givin jerky spurts as the wind ketched 'em in the back or blowed 'em sideways orf the straight. Thur wos a gud deal of larfin at othurs' trubbles and a gud deal of grumblin at our own, but the wind bloo the kusses away out of site as soon as they wur born, and innercent larfter chased 'em intu the appy parst. Then the larst bell rang and we wur all on bord. No sooner hed Jerrybim put his foot on deck than he agen groo silent and thoteful. Everythin wos new tu him. He lukked at the funnels and the engines and the sailors, but thur wos nothin in his features tu justify the konklooshun that he hed made anythin out of 'em. Mebbe he wos satisfide that the engineers wur not fed with kole or the engines stimulated with alkohol, but it's tolerabully sartin that the fixins and the fittins jenerelly wur in his mind vaguely katalogued unguown kontrivances.

The Doktor hed bin tu sea in his youth, and that early time hed left onpleasant membrys on his mind. He lukked anxshus but determined, jes as if he wos about tu outrage sum of natur's laws. When yu do gno what's goin tu happen, yu kan't allus luk as if yu didn't.

Blazer Sandbags wos unkonsarned. He gnu Neptune well; and lüved him. They hed nevr bin estranged by any sickenin amiliarity. His rekollekshuns of oshun waves wur sum of his appiest, and he wos overjyd at the opportoonity of renewin 'em onct agen.

Boxer lukked perplexed, but perfeshunal. He sounded sumwot silent, and seemed sumwot sad. His glance wandered about frum stem tu stern without appearin tu derive much profit or pleashur frum the process. He evidently wos thinkin more of whot he hed heard wos goin tu happen than of whot he saw, and wos holdin hissself in reserve fur the fust sensashun as okkurrd. Not a word eskaped him. He lissend, but sed nothin. It seemed natrel and biznesslike fur the Undertaker tu be mute.

The Printer went on anyhow. He wos reckless, but grim. He sed he gnoo whot wos goin tu kum. He hed gnowed it kum afore. It made his mouth water tu think on it. Then he sot down and lukked seaward, and pondered.

Suddenly he turned tu Jerrybim and sed, "Yu'll want tu die afore this yere ark hez gno'd yu long. Mebbe yu'll wish yu wur a dove or a stornay petrel as ken go it, or a dikkey bird of sum sort as is purty strong on the wing. It's goin tu play hills and valleys with us out yonder," he sez, pintin over the breakwater. "See whot he's doin?" he added, jerkin his thumb over in the direkshun of a paddle box.

Jerrybim lukked whur the Printer indikated. A sailor was busy fixin storm sheets along the sides of the steamer, but the site of the process konveyed nothin tu Jerrybim's mind.

"Is it washin' day?" he inquired feebly, as if he was afraid of askin sumthin rediklus.

The Printer put his head on wun side, and lukked at him with seemin admirashun. "Yu're innercents, if possibul, Jerrybim, exceeds yu're gilt," he sed. "Yu'll learn summot tu day if yu'll only keep yu're head above water. Yu'll understand now why Noah boarded hisself in, and preferred tu little fresh air tu tu much fresh water."

Yere the whistle suddently went orf and startled us, and the steamer guv her fust throb and begun her smooth kourse across the harbour. Then the dinner bell sounded, and the people on deck wur all at onct in a hurry tu get below.

"Is that the fire bell?" asked Jerrybim with alarm and kuriosity kombined.

"No," sed the Printer. "That's the key note as they tunes the digestive orgins by. If yu aint tu proud, praps yu'll put yu're head in the manger with the rest of us."

"It's kuryus," observed Jerrybim, reflektify. "Why du they feed us jes at the start?"

"Bekos yu're appetite wud ruin em at the finish," explained the Printer. "They kan kalkelate purty near whot damage yu'll do between now and presently, but they'd be throwd orf thur latitood if they trusted in the sweet by and by."

"Thur great kommershul principul is 'small profits and quick returns,'" added the Doktor. "But make haste, or yu'll hev tu pay three shillins fur three-haporth."

"I'm reddy fur mine," sed Sandbags heartily. "I've hed nothin sintz breakfast, and I tuk the prekaushun tu bring a fine vakuum on board."

"The number of vakuums as air brote on board a ark air as nothin kompared tu the vakuums as air tuk orf a ark," observed the Printer, with a meaningful wink at Sandbags.

"Jes so," sed the Doktor. "That's wun of the advantages of a sea spin. Yu feel when yu land as if yu wur new built, and reddy fur a gud kargo. But yere we air," he added, as we entered the saloon, whur the feedin operashuns hed alreddy begun

"We'd better anker yere," sed Sandbags, sittin down on the fust empty chair he kum tu. "We shall be near the pervishuns, and not fur frum the dore."

"They'd better help yu fust, Jerrybim," suggested the Doktor. "Yu mite be kalled upon tu perform othur dooties afore yu gno whur yu air."

"They don't take long tu projoose biled mutton on this yere junk," observed Jerrybim, as a plate of his pertikler fancy was almost miraklusly put afore him.

"No," I sez, "they ken afford tu waste pervishuns, but they kan't afford tu waste time. Yu must make haste if yu want tu be quick on bord a biler boat."

"Thur's no time tu lose," sed the Printer. "Yu'd better get it down as fur as it 'll go afore we slide intu the gently undulatin."

We wur soon all served, and fur a minnit or tu nothin wos sed. The heart of the steamer throbbled, and the dishes rattled as we passed smoothly on over the sheltered waters of the harbour.

"I'm quite enjyin this," sed Jerrybim, with evident relish. "It's fust rate."

Then he jined the prevyus silents, and nobody spoke. It seemed as if we wur all waitin fur summot.

All at onct it kum.

Jerrybim immejutly put down his knife and fork and turned pale.

"It's goin tu be a bit ruff out yere seeminly," observed Sandbags, without liftin his hies frum his plate. "That wos purty gud fur the fust dip. We shall hev a up and down time of it yonder," he added, noddin his head sideways in the direkshun we wur goin.

"It's a bit tu ruff fur biled mutton yere," sed Boxer, pushin his plate away in frunt of him, and tryin tu swaller summot as wuddent be swallered. Then he lukked round helpless, as if he wanted sum wun tu tell him whot tu do nekst, but he wosn't in doubt long. "It's about my turn," he sed in a gloomy vise, risin up frum the table jes as the floor seemed tu be sinkin tu the bottom fur the third time. "I gno whot's goin tu happen. I'm a Roman kandle, or a fire squirt, or summot. O Lor, I be bad," and he groaned his krukked way out of the kabin, and skrambled up on deck with remarkabul speed.

"I'm goin tu take *my* feelins outside now," sed Jerrybim, in a weak vise. "Thur ain't room fur 'em yere;" and he got up frum the table, whur he'd bin restin his head on his elbow fur sum minnits. "I'm almost afeared I shall spill sum of 'em afore long," he sed doubtfully, as he tuk a step or 2 tords his hat.

Thur wos a ruff sea, and the vilent moshuns of the biler boat made it okkurd tu stand. Jerrybim got ketched in a rench jes as he wos reachin forrud, and wos katapulted head foremost agen the nearest side seatin. Afore he kud extrikate hissself frum a spontaneous flow of remarkabul langwidge he wos bunted.

bakkerds on tu the floor, whur he pondered fur a moment on whot wos best tu be done nekst. Then he rolled over.

"Whur's my hat?" sed the Printer in a hurrid tone of inquiry. "I feel as if I've bin swallerin summot as didn't blong tu me. I'm goin as quick as I kan tu try and find the pusson as owns it," and he got up and staggerd tords the dore.

"Who ho, Jonas!" he mutmered as he bumped agenst the partishun, and then stumbled forrud on tu his hands and gnees at the fut of the stairs. "Who ho, my friend," and puttin wun hand tu his mouth, he begun tu klamber up the steps.

"Whot air yu tryin tu do?" inquired Sandbags, with a solum luk. "Do yu fancy as yu're savin a kab fare?"

"If this yere ship's rite side up," replied the Printer, "I'm goin out at the top. If she's rong side down, I'm goin out at the bottom. Don't seem tu matter much which, slong as I'm quick about it. The kargo of this yere man of war's on the mov. Luk out!"

The larst words wur evidently addressed tu sum objek between him and the sea side, and sounded as if summot urgent wos on the pint of engagin the Printer's attention.

Then thur wos a pause.

"It's queer how it takes 'em," observed Sandbags, turnin tu me arter whot appeared tu be a refreshin drink. "Nothin ken stop 'em when they onct begin tu feel yaller. Luk at Satan, how he turned up. I dessay he's as green as a gooseberry by this time."

"He did jerk purty suddent," I sez; "in fak none of 'em lorst much time. I wonder how Jerrybim finds it?" I added, forgettin fur the moment whur he wos.

"Yu needn't lower the boats fur me," sed a vise resignedly ;
"I seem tu hev lost all as wos wuth livin fur. I'm mere seaweed
and floatin wreck. O, Lor!" he groaned, "I am enjyin
myself."

It wos Jerrybim, lyin on the floor behind us, lukkin like
waxwork of the most miserabul deskripshun, and evidently
indifferent as tu whot bekum of him.

"Why, Jerrybim," I sez, "who'd a thote of seein yu yere?"

"I dunno," he sez. "All I gno is az I am yere or yereabouts,
and I feel as if that bit of informashun wos goin tu be tuk frum
me afore long. I wish I wos at home," he added, with a fearful
groan.

"Do yu feel bad?" asked Sandbags, helpin him up into a seat.

"Do I feel bad?" repeated Jerrybim, lukkin at him with
awful remonstrance. "Do I luk bad?"

"Well, yu don't luk fust rate," sed Sandbags, jently, "but I've
seen wus."

"Yu've nevr seen anybody as wos wus," groaned Jerrybim.
"I aint long fur this world ; I'm gwine tu jine the dear departed.
Nothin ken stop me."

Sandbags smiled. "Hev a pull at this," he sez, unskrewin
his whisky tin, and puttin it tu Jerrybim's lips.

Jerrybim undid his lips and pulled. It wos evident frum the
pull he guv as his kase wos desperate. He lifted a grateful luk
at Sandbags and sied.

"Yu'll be better than I am presently," I sez, feelin that my
time wos fast approachin. "Let's go on deck."

Thur wosn't time tu form a purceshun, so I went fust. I went
as much fust as I kud, and fur sum minnits everythin slipped
frum my membry.

When I kum round I fund myself leanin over the side of the ship. Whot hed happened in that pozishun is not rekorded, but I felt as if it wos goin tu happen agen. It did happen, and it kep on happenin fur sum time. History seemed tu be repeatin itself. Whot, or how much, transpired, I kuddent kalkilate. Thur wos a blank. When a man hez done all the blank he ken, he kan't be expected tu do more. In this respek I'd nothin tu reproach myself with. So I reared myself up and lukked round. Thur wos Jerrybim holdin on tu a rope with wun hand, and restin his head on anothur, lukkin as if he wos goin tu dy. And by him sot the Printer, klutchin at the seat with both his hands, and lollin his chin on his dikkey—a pikter of flabby helplessness and livid despair.

Boxer wos lyin down among sum ropes, groanin heavy, as if he wos reluctantly follerin hisself tu a watery grave.

As fur the Doktor, he wos nowhur tu be seen. He hed evidently retired intu private sufferin, out of site of the vulgar krowd of retches as lined the bullworks of the ship, and whur he kud overflow his feelins without fear of any ontimely interupshun.

Blazer Sandbags, on the kontrary, wos karmly smokin his pipe as if nothin but every day life wos on tu him. I lukked at him vakantly fur sum time as if I hed not suffishunt reason fur rekognizin him, and wos jes turnin away tu rezoom my urgentest feelins, when he ketched site of me with a suddent luk, as wos follered with a unbenevolent smile of no mean order, and he shouted,

"Hullo, Lijer, air yu amongst the kargo? I thote yu'd hev baled yureself all overbord afore now. Yu don't seem tu hev bin lukkin arter anybody but yureself fur the larst hour."

"Is it only a hour?" I groaned. "I thote 'twos a week. Oh Lor! it's kummin on agen."

"When yu've done overflowin yu're banks yu'd better kum and hev sumthin tu ile the machinery," sed Sandbags. "It's rediklus goin on this yere way. Yu'll bust yureselves."

"Thur! if I heven't gone and snapped a bracer," exklaimed Jerrybim, searchin up his back fur the missin ends. "I gnowd summot wud guv way afore long. These yere wesket buttons must be stitched on purty firm, tu," he added, as if he wos thinkin aloud. "They've hed tu stand summot in thur time, and no mistake."

"Old Boxer's quiet," observed Sandbags. "He must hev ruptured his vernakler, or we shud hev heard summot frum him afore now."

"Praps he fancies he's a life savin apparatus, and is holdin hisself reddy tu be blowed out," suggested the Printer, onexpectedly; "or praps he bleeves he's a empty barl goin back tu the brewery, or praps—Exkoos me jes a moment," he interpolated quick, as he abruptly turned round and leaned well forrud over the side of the steamer as if summot hed suddently jumped overbord. He remained thar fur sum time, lukkin at the sea with evident emoshun.

Me and Jerrybim smiled 2 watery smiles of varyus kolors, and Blazer Sandbags larfed.

The wind seemed tu blow harder and the waves seemed tu roll higher as the day shortened. Uppards and downards went the biler boat through the ridges of foam and klouds of spray, staggerin agenst the heavy blows of the exasperated sea—tremblin frum the tip of her stem tu the end of her stern, like summot with an immortal soul, endowed with thirst, and gnowin gud frum evil (inkludin sperits).

Them as wur tu ill tu be below wur spread over the deck in varyus attitoods. Exceptin Sandbags and the sailors everybody appeared tu be waitin fur the wust. Them as sot down didn't seem tu want tu stand up, and them as stud up held on as if they didn't want tu sit down. We lukked at wun anothur as if we'd jes bin resurrekted. Buzzum friends sot apart and stared as if they'd nevir bin introjoosed, and we all on us kondukted ourselves as if this mortal life wos indigestibil and disappintin. Every now and then the Printer wud straiten hissself intu the belief that he hed done all as kud be expekted of him, and wud say summot kalkelated tu projoose a smile; but it seemed as if every smile hed bin throwed overbord tu lighten the ship.

The arfternoon still wore on, and our orful desire tu dy wore out.

The briney deep ran mountains high most of the way. "If we add the height and the depth together," explained the Printer in wun of his lucid intervals, "we get at a sea thickness that kuddent be got at in any othur way. A child ken do it," he added by way of illustratin the simplicity of the process.

"That'sh all rite," observed Jerrybim, who hed bin perseverin in a speritool remedy as wos turnin out wus than the disease. "Thur'sh nothin like gettin in a gud depth if yu want tu be thick. It'sh no ush bein as broad ash yu air long. Thing'sh rediklush!" and he agen leaned back in a lollin pozishun agenst the bullworks by the side of Boxer, who hed unravelled hissself frum among the ropes, and wus now devotin hissself tu restoratives similar tu those adopted by Jerrybim.

"This yere's bin a luvly arfternoon," he sez, with a sickly attempt tu appear gratifide. "I wos afeared at wun time as we shuddent enjy ourselves. Hev we much funder tu go?"

"If sobbe we don't get struck on a rock or blowed out of the water, we shan't be much longer afore we're thar," answered Sandbags between the draws of his pipe.

"Whether thur'sh tu much water about yere in proporshun tu the whishky, or whether the whishky's insuffishent fur the water, or whether the whether'sh not jes'h the thing, I kan't shay; but my mouth keep'sh waterin fur summot I don't appear tu want," observed Jerrybim, with a big swaller between every sentence.

"A onsteady life don't appear tu suit yu, Jerrybim," I sed.
"It don't suit everybody."

"Thur musht be shummot in that'sh," responded Jerrybim; "leastways thur must be shummot in shummot. I hev'n't got none. I'm ash empty ash a bloon. Thur aint a ounsh of ballasht among my ashets. Yu ken bet on that'sh, Lijer."

"Whot degree of longshitude air we bustin intu now?" inquired the Printer onexpektidly.

"About 6 west," answered Sandbags, with a dignifide luk of absoloot ignorants.

"That'sh all rite," sed the Printer, with a deep breath, and klosin his hies as if that larst piece of informashun filled up the only vakant place in his mind. "It'sh really magnifishent," he added. Then fur a time nobody spoke.

We hed got over the wust, and wur kommin intu the smooth water out of the way of the wind, when the Doktor roze up intu voo. He lukked like the konseketif koritinnerashun of a pusson as hed died of bloorsey, and he was evidently the wus fur wear. When Sandbags kaut site of him his suddent merriment went intu his throte the rong way, and he guv a chuckle as very ni kost him his birthrite, but it wosn't long afore

he spoke. "Our fammerly pizoner don't luk any great thing jes now," he observed; "mebbe he's bin praktizin on hissself this arfternoon. Anyway, he's bin overbiled."

Old Boxer, who was gradooly rekooverin his kolor and lozin his koherence, lukked up at the Doktor as he approached, and remarked that he hed "shkrewed down many a healthier lukkin kustomer than him—in fak," he added, "I don't shee how it'sh poshibul tu do othurwishe." Whurupon the Doktor tried tu smile, but immejutly guv it up and swallerd summot instead. The Printer noticed this, and observed, "*I've* shwallerd more shalt water thish arfternoon than I've evur dreamed it poshibul fur the human stummek tu shtand. Whur it all kum'sh frum I don't gno. Talk about the krewsh of ile! Bah! This yere veshel's manned with summot more like Epsom salts, ash fur ash I ken tashte. If twoshn't fur thish yere antidote"—he added, pullin out his whisky tin—"I shud be pickled pork by thish time."

We'd lorst site of Sandbags fur a minnit or tu. Bimeby he returned, karryin his bag and rug.

"Yere we air," he sed; "we're thar. Luk out fur yu're luggage. It don't do tu lose site on it while the larst skrumble's on."

Jerrybim, who hed apparently lost all interest in the scenery fur sum time, and hed sot slopin on the seat in a dreamy and yaller kondishun, yere opened his hies and lukked vakantly at Sandbags, evidently not komprehendin his meanin. Then he klozed 'em without a word. Boxer, who reklined disgracefully beside him, attempted tu rise, but afore he hed three-quarter sukceeded he sot down agen and heaved a big sigh of exhostshun.

The Printer simply remarked, "My bag 'll hev tu take kare of hisshelf, and myshelf 'll hev tu luk arfter me. Sho I'm all rite."

It wos sum time afore we kud injoose 'em tu muv, and all the othur passengers hed gone klear away afore we got 'em on shore.

At larst we appeared tu be safely landed and reddy tu start forrud in the rite direckshun.

"I spoge we're all yere?" inquired the Doktor, lukkin round the solum faces, and kountin the number.

"I spoge we air," observed the Printer, with a kind of dazed indifferents; "but ash fur ash I'm konsarned, it don't matter much whur we air. Jesh as I am now any place ish gud enuff fur me. This yere voyage ort tu be doin' us a deal of gud, Doktor. It's been ash nasty as anythin I've evur enjyed sho fur."

"It will do us gud," replide the Doktor, decidedly; "but," he added, lukkin round agen, "Whur's Jerrybim?"

"Yere!" responded a totterin form as appeared tu be fully okkupied in tryin tu avert a total kollapse. "Thish is it. Luk at it, Doktor. She if yu ken rekognise it frum the othur bodiesh. Better shtick a number on it, sho as we shan't loshe it."

"Yu'll be all rite arfter dinner," sed the Doktor, who hed assoomed kommand of the party, and wos bustlin aktivly about with a noo importance. "Now, then, jentlemen," he added, "let's purceed tu the Hotel. Kum, Jerrybim, fall in."

"Fall *in*!" echoed Jerrybim helplessly. "If I ain't very karful I shall fall *down*. I don't feel very shtrong on the wing. That hurrikane'sh krumped shum of my feathers, and blowed all the lubrikashun out of me. I'm ash dry ash daddock."

"Hush!" sed Boxer, takin Jerrybim's arm with great solemnity, under the impreshun he wos at a funeral. "Letsh

be quiet and orderly. The purceshun's muvin forrud. I feel it goin. Hope the Cemetery aint fur orf, or I shan't be abul tu keep up with the korpse. Shteady, Jerrybim, shteady!"

"All rite," sed Jerrybim, readjustin hisself arfter a series of komplikated muvmnts that kep Boxer on the alert. "I'm prepared fur the wust. Kum on." And, pickin up thur bags, they both lurched forrud in the line of march."

"Fortnetly the hotel was not fur orf; so we formed ourselves into a skool purceshun, and walked thar arm-in-arm.

"It aint sho over shmooth even yere," observed Jerrybim, stumblin over nothin, and holdin on tu me tu save hisself frum fallin.

"We don't appear tu be suited tu this yere amfibys life," sed the Printer. "Everthin seems tu be on the muv;" and he dragged Sandbags, who was helpin him, fust wun way and then anothur, till he appeared tu be restlin with him in the middle of the road.

Even Boxer and the Doktor kuddent help larfin, and when afore long the Printer got his bag somehow twisted thru his legs, and arfter doin his best tu extrikate hisself he suddently fell over it, thur delite was more'n they kud bear, and they dropped thur own luggage tu hold on tu wun anothur, as if thur hearts wud break with enjyment.

Sandbags hed sum diffikulty in reformin his part of the purceshun, but he sukceeded at larst in rearin it into a goin konsarn, and it agen muved forrud.

"Ould Ireland'sh a up and down short of kountry," observed the Printer, as he zigzagged onnards with developin energy. "Perlittikly shpeakin," he added arfter a long breath, "thes'he yere risins in the land make rapid progresh olmosht imposhibul."

"Is that the moral as adorns yure tail?" I sez, seein as he was karryin with him sum of the landscape as he hed larst sot down on.

"It mebbe so," jerked in the Doktor; "but judgin frum Satan's behind appearunts, the ownership of the sile is a questyun as hez summot tu do with it."

"Jes so," sed the Printer gravely, unloosin his hold of Sandbags, and tryin tu brush off sum of the road rubbiges as hed stuck tu him frum his temporary restin place; "but ash fur ash I'm konsarned, any landlord as lawfully ownsh thish yere ken hev it returned tu him on pussonal applikashun by payin all expenshes."

We wur tu busy walkin tu smile; but bimeby sumbody inquired feebly how much funder it wos tu the Hotel, as he wos tired, and wanted tu sit down. Then sumbody eltz sed as he wos givin way and kuddent hold out much longer, while Jerrybim and Boxer observed, with jerks between thur words, that—"konsiderin everythin, they wur doin purty well."

Then the Doktor, who hed got kompletely rite agen, helped 'em in turns, and enkurriged 'em with false komputashuns of distants, and allured 'em with vishuns of a merry evenin round the fire, and at larst, tu the satisfakshun of all konsarned, we fund ourselves in the Hotel.

Sea and storm, and the trubbles they hed brote, wur soon forgotten, and when, arfter a lively dinner, we sot grouped round the fire smokin our pipes in kalm enjyment, as the Doktor hed profesied we shud, we all agreed that he wos rite as fur as he hed got in both preskriphun and profesy, that the wun wos workin mirikles and the othur wos kummin troo, and that if evur it shud be our misfortune tu require a purfeshunal pizoner agen we shud all on us send fur him in a body tu take us on the Spray with Jerrybim.

PART XXVII.

My Fust Rekollekshuns.

THE Sekretary of the "Burners" arrived at the "Bore and Pigskin" wun evenin, in a satisfide mood as indikated prevyus enjyment and a desposishun tu purceed. Thur wos a full meetin, and everybody seemed tu be tuned fur peace and harmony. Old Tomer hed nothin offishul tu kommunikate, and bein jes reddy tu supply any faks or figgers as mite or mite not be wanted, he gev us sum amoozin dashes of the inkredibul. Jes afore closin time, the Printer made sum realistik observashuns konsernin Tomer's veracity, and expressed the opinyon that everythin about him wos so unreliabul that he even had doubts about his very existence. This lead tu furder unbelief, and the jenral opinyun of the meetin afore risin wos that Tomer shud be kalled upon tu report at thur nekst sittin his fust experiences of life. This he agreed tu do, and the follerin week, when the Burners assembled, he handed in a paper, which he wos at onst ordered tu read. Puttin on his glasses with a seryus luk of responsibility, as if he wos kontribootin tu the historikal literatoor of the time, he read as follers:

My birth appears tu hev hed an important inflooents on my after life. If it hedn't okkurred I might hev bin very different frum whot I am.

I'm trooly repentant, and onnecessarily poor.

If sobbe I ken help it, the same orful mistake shan't okkur agen—leastways not in my time. It and I might hev bin so othurwise if it hedn't bin so, and no wun feels it more'n I do.

As it is, I've bin kummin on fur more'n 50 years tu an ontimely end. I'm kummin on wus than evur.

I've ollis bin onlucky. It's the only way I've got of makin myself useful.

Misfortunes krowd round me tu pertekt me frum the rude blasts ; but more'n onct they've let sum of the rudest on 'em slip by ontu me with orful velocity.

I begun life early, without thinkin whot I was doin.

I hed, howevur, the misfortune tu be born arfter my father, which komfortid me a little. He was growed up intu a city Koroner afore I gnu him ; but 'twoz no fault of his. The fust time I see him I didn't rekognize him, he wos so altered. He hed jes bin tu a parish meetin, and the kandles wanted snuffin—it bein nite time, and late.

I wos tu young tu say anythin, so my father spoke fust. "Whatsh thish?" he sez—bendin over my kradle with surprize.

"It's the baby," answered the nuss, smilin, "and the purtiest I evur see," she added, with onnateral pride, sooted tu the okkashun.

My father appeared tu be bewildered, and lukked at me vakantly fur sumtime, swayin backkerds and forruds as if he kud hardly keep frum fallin asleep on me. Then he suddently pulled hisself partly uprite, and sez: "Itsh a funny little chap. Shuddent hev gnowd him if yu hedn't introjooshed him. Shingler—very shingler. Whot year of our Lud wos he born intu?" he inquired, arfter a pause.

"This year—this evenin—this very hour," replide the nuss, with inkreasin emfasis.

My father pulled out his note book. "Luk yere, Shaffira," he sed—Shaffira bein the nuss's name. "Thatsh quite suffisient. When I ask a questyun I ask fur simple informashun; I don't want tu be gorgeshed with fax. Now, lishen, Shaffira; be karful whot yu say. Whot is that yu've lifted in tu yure arms in that rediklus way? Is it a doll, or a akt of parliament, or a body, or whot is it?"

"Whot is it?" repeated the nuss, lukkin fondly at me; "why this is the baby—a dear wee little darlin, that will wun day grow up into a man and be a kredit tu——"

"Shaffira," interrupted my father sternly, evidently thinkin he was purfeshunally engaged; "I musht requesht yu tu stop. Itsh impossible tu take evidence in thish way. We kan't kall yu tu shpeak ash tu the future, it wud be wastin the time of the kourt. Yu gno whot the poet sez: 'Let the ded berry thur ded.' Of kourse they kan't do it; but thatsh wur the granjur of the idear kums in; itsh a pity they kan't do it, but they kan't. It wud shave a lot of trubble. Now, then, Shaffira, whur air we? Let me shee, yu shay thatsh a baby."

"I do," replide the nuss konfidently.

"Very well," sed my father, "now we're gettin on nichely. Is the child of any pertikler sex?"

"It is," answered the nuss, flushin up.

"Is it mashkeline, feminine, or nooter?"

"It's a boy," sed the nuss defiantly, adoptin a word of her own.

"Kapital!" sed my father; "thatsh gud, kudden't be better," and he guv me a dreamy luk of offishul satisfakshun.

"Hez he evur hed any measelsh or anythin ketchin?" he suddenly inquired, re-opening his note book and preparin tu rite.

"He's only jes born," ansered the nuss in an explanatory tone.

"Yu must answer my questyun, yes or no," sed my father, in an annoyed tone. "His age hez nothin tu do with his measels. Now lissen, Dosh he sleep well at nitesh?"

"He hezn't hed no nites, none on us don't gno whot he kan't do," replide the nuss rapidly, tryin tu konvey the force of her impashunts by the noomerikle strength of her negatives.

"Yu certinly will get yureself intu trubble, Shaffira," sed my father, liftin up his finger in a warnin manner, and swayin bakkerds and forruds. "The evidence yu're givin is rediklush; now speak up. Ish he purty well behaved fur his sex?"

"Yes, so fur," replide the nuss.

"Now leave out the sofurs," sed my father, "and the jeers," he added, with a almost perceptibul smile on his face. "Yure answers air furnished without suffishent regard tu thur size." "That's purty joosy fur a koroner," he muttered in a undertone, as he guv me a slow wink above the ordnary size, and he stroked his chin with satisfakshun. Then he almost immejutly rezoomed his severe luk, and asked, "How much does he weigh?"

"We hevn't hed——" begun the nuss in an explanatory tone.

"It doesn't matter whot yu hevn't hed," interrupted my father impashuntly. "Answer my questyun."

"No," responded the nuss, trying tu frame her answers in wun word, as my father hed been tryin all along tu make her.

"No?" repeated my father, lukkin up indignantly. "Whot sort of a answer do yu kall that?"

The nuss was gettin konfoozed.

"Yes," she sed firmly, "I do."

"Quite rite," sed my father, approvinly, "we shall get on fast now. A short answer turneth away wrath," he added, "when thur's no weight in it." Then he stroked his chin agen and paused.

"Hez he any parents?" he rezoomed.

"He hez wun mother," answered the nuss kawshusly, "and he hez a father as ort tu gno summot about it, instead of askin me as don't."

"Well!" interrupted my father, satirikly noddin tu fill up the pause. "Ish that all yu've tu say in answer tu that simple interrogashun?"

"Is whot all?" ekoed the nuss indignantly.

"Go on, Shaffira, go on, yu're not yere tu ask questyuns; yu're yere tu answer 'em; now pursheed."

"No, it aint all. Yu ort tu gno summot about yur own belongins, moren me," spoke Shaffira, bilin up into a pashun and lukkin red.

My father straitened hissself up and guv her a severe luk of offishul surprize.

"Shaffira!" he sed, balancin hissself against the chimbley piece, "yu must be respekful; thish is a mosht solum inquiry, and I musht requesht yu tu answer my queshtyuns distinckly and without prevarekashun; theshe repeated interrupshunsh air, tu shay the leasht of 'em, irreglar. Now, yu shee, we've tu turn back agen tu wur we wur; but whur wur we?" he added, rubbin his hands over his forred in bewildered thote.

"Yu wanted tu gno," began the nuss, with a voo tu help him back tu his larst inquiry, but my father interrupted her instantly.

"Shaffira ! Shaffira ! shtop, yu really musht shtop. I gno perfekly well whot I wanted tu gno, but I alsho want tu gno whot yu gno. Thursh a most important differensh between the 2. Let me shee. Yu sed the baby hez shum mothersh. We shall mosht certinly want thur namesh, sho yu'd better hand 'em in. Be very kareful, Shaffira. Mosht kareful."

My father dug his hands deep intu his trowser pockets, and swayed backkerd intu the arm chair.

The nuss put me back intu the kradle, seein that my father hed klosed his hies, and wos beginnin tu hum a low kind of toon tu me, when my father suddently roused hissself and made a determined effort tu rise.

"Itsb time I wosh at home," he sed. "I'm tired ! Krowded kourt all day, krowded meetin all night ; moren shuffishent fur the day ish thish evil thurof. Thatsh sho. Whursh my hat ?"

As he turned round he kaut site of the nuss.

"Hullo ! Shaffira, yu still yere ? Thatsh lucky. Yu ken go shted of me. I'm shufferin frum fixity of tenure. Yure kashe 'll kum on fust in the mornin. Thish yere kourtsh exhosted, and is gwine tu adjourn," and, leanin back agen intu the chair, he mumbled, "and adjourned it ish akkordinly," and then fell fast asleep.

That fust nite of my life I kep my hi on my father.

Subsequently I got tu luv him. I imitated him, as boys do. He turned out tu be the thurstiest and most affekshunnet father I evur hed.

PART XXVIII.

The Senior Devle.

THE summer faded. Autumn follerd, and it was all at onct reported that Kristmus was kummin. Inkredlus people shuk thur heads frum the mere force of habit. Children klapped thur hands with jy. Old people ordered koles. Them as kuddent help it died. And by and by the snow fell.

Wun dark nite the Printer's Devle kum and tempted me. He was the Senior Devle. He'd offen bin afore.

Sintz he printed my fust book he hed kep me in voo. He tuk sum interest *in* me, and sum kapital *frum* me. Thus we wur drawed together, and when he jined the "Burners," at the Bore and Pigskin, we bekum buzzom friends.

When he entered, I rose frum my chair and addressed him.

"Satan," I sez, "thy name is Leejun;" and I waved him frum me.

"Is it, Belzebub?" he exclaimed, with ill-koncealed brevity fur wun so senior—as a devle.

"Whot new folly wudst thou hev me luv and cherish?" I inquired, in solum trajerdy, as sounded like summot as hed onct ravished the left year of the scented Mariar, when we stud like well-meanin sakrifices afore the altar.

He seemed tu rekognise the orful langwidge, fur he hed bin on and orf a widderer at varyus times. He hed bin altard and repaired more'n onct, and wos beginnin tu luk ripe enuff fur restorashuns on a large skale. His-vise bore traces of hevin bin subdood, and it descended intu a tired whisper as he answered,

"Elijer, don't. Yu mustn't. Yu offend my sensitiv years by usin words so sakred and so offen pronounced in kases of the wildest perjury and the most infamus decepshun."

The old Devle's hies twinkled.

"Whot is thy mishun, perturbed sperit?" I sez, in a sepulkrul tone of inquiry, as bekum the okkashun.

"I've kum tu speak tu thee of thy futur. Tu pint out tu thee a short path tu glory; tu introjoose tu thee a plan by which thou mayst bekum great."

I pinted tu a seat.

He sot down.

His yaller face lukked waxy in the firelite. He hed lived sum time in Jamaiky, and hed suffered frum West Indiajestun. He didn't luk kingly, but he wos rile in his generosity. He mapped out the futur tu me; offered fame, fortune, immortality, in a lavish way as showed he hed more than he wanted fur hisself—or mebbe less.

I lukked at him soffly. He wos a middle-aged man fur his size, but jes then very determined in his manner.

"Yu *must* do it, Elijer," he sez, suddently hittin the table with alarmin emfasis. "Thur's no decepshun about *that*."

"It wosn't whot mite be kalled slite of hand," I observed, lukkin tu see if his gnukkles hed dented the mahogany. "Yure viggerus punktooashun aint sootabul fur this deliket furnitoor. It must kost yu a gud deal if yu say much in very veneered society."

"Lissen," he sez, holdin up his fist as if he wos goin tu punktooate agen.

"It won't do, Satan," I sez, drawin the table out of his reach. "This aint a Skool Board yure hittin. Thur's more polish about it, aint so kross grained, it's squarer, less sappy, hez more heart in it, and a gud deal more scents."

The Printer wos too busy with summot in his own mind tu notis whot I wos sayin.

"Hev yu such a thing as a pipe?" he sez, suddently lukkin as if he wanted summot tu illustrate his argyment more klear.

I guv him a klay churchwarden a yard long.

"Now, Lijer," he sez approvinly, "if yu'll get me sum bakky, I'll show yu whot I mean."

I projooiced it quick, so as tu enable him tu purceed with his illustrashun. It didn't pruv tu be a new un, and hed no konnekshun with anythin he wos sayin. Frum his symptoms it wos evident he wos quietly settlin down intu a smoke of sum durashun. Subsequent fax konfirmed this voo. When he hed lit his pipe he began as if he wos kontinnerin.

"As I sed afore," he observed, "it's no use ritin wun book."

"But yu hevn't sed it afore," I sez, stoppin him in his fust departure frum the akkeracy of truth.

"Why, I've only this minit sed it afore," he sez, with a bust of assoomed indignashun, follered by a luk of injured surprige as put funder kontradikshun out of the questyun.

"I'll agen say it afore," he doggedly purceeded. "It's no use ritin wun book. It's like tryin tu make a wheel of fortune with wun spoke, or a big name with wun letter. It aint the play as'll win. Yu must foller it up, Elijer; keep addin spoke tu spoke. Thur's no rest fur a man as hev onct rote a book. He hesn't a

minit of the futur he ken kall his own. A true man keeps on tryin tu do sumthin *better*. A fool goes on doin sumthin *more*. Sum get wus. Sum kan't. That's *yure* kase."

"It's my rapidly-inkreasin opinyun as yure pussonal remains 'll require sum kareful kollektin when I've done with em," I sez, summot riled at his words.

He guv 2 or 3 gud draws at his pipe, as if tu make sure on 'em afore I let him orf into the ongnown, and then went on—

"Thur's a gud many rungs, Elijer, in the ladder of literatoor, and thur's a gud many rites. Sum kan't klimb high; a giddiness kums over 'em, and they boomerang back tu thur startin pint. They're finally berrid in thur datum line tu the satisfakshun of all them as hev kep on the ded level."

Thur wos worldly wiseness mixed up with his wisdom.

"It's wonderful how men as nevur skore anythin enjy seein sumbody eltz boled out," I sez, bilin over with natrel filosofy. "Even gud people ken bear anybody eltzes trubbles and disappointments better than they ken thur own. They hev ollis bore mine in a manner as indoosed me tu bleeve we wos over enjyin ourselves. I've seen them same people pray fur forgivness when I've bin in luck. They've gone so fur as tu ask me tu jine 'em. I've hurried a fu on 'em intu temporary repentance."

He didn't seen tu hear a word I wos sayin, but appeared tu be listenin fur his own vise. It wosn't long in kummin.

"When a pusson rites a book he shud prepare hisself fur the wust. If the damning kritiks don't inkrease his tempreature on thur day of judgement, he's sum degrees over bilin pint, and praktikelly inkombustibil. Afore startin he shud guv up eatin everythin indigestibil, and learn tu be pashunt with his friends. Tu kultivate a permanent taste fur disappointment shud be his

konstant aim, nevur forgettin tu inklood in his kourse of dicipline an indifferents tu the possibility of a futur state of punishment, when the kritiks hev handed him over tu thur Satanik Lord and Master."

I guv a nod tu signerfy—Jesso.

"Yu see, Elijer," he added, between sum quick puffs at his pipe, "most men air kritiks as soon as they air old enuff tu leave orf the alfabet without ketchin kold, and the majority of 'em put down a book with the gratifyin idear that they ken rite a better—but it's remarkabul how fu of 'em do."

"It's my opinyun," I sez, "that a man as writes a book shud karmly walk up and down in frunt of the printer's shop a gud many times afore he goes inside, Whot he sez frum a bookshelf he hez tu stick tu, and it's sumtimes okkurd."

The Printer guv a fu strong draws at his pipe, as if I'd nearly put it out—then he koffed and kontinnerd.

"Poor riters air like bad wine," he floo on; "they get thinner and poorer every year. Gud 'uns ripen and impruv with age. Then the brave admire 'em, and the fair 'll put thur lips tu 'em."

"Shall I evur ripen?" I interrupted, overkum by the evanly possibility.

"If yu're fertile, the bettin's in yure favor," he replide; "but yu must keep in the sun. When a man's in the shade he's forgotten."

"Do them as hev onct put thur lips tu him forget him?" I inquired, follerin up the Printer in his sombre reasonin.

"Yes," he sez, "in the presence of a new flavor and in the absence of the old 'un, they will. If yu don't go on bearin froot, they'll go tu othurs as do. When yu've lost yure bark it don't take long afore yu're regarded as a kloze prop. If the world

likes a thing, it wants more of it—hungers for it. That's the time tu feed it."

"But if sobbe they don't like it?" I sez. "How then?"

"Advertise it like pills—they'll swaller it," he answered, winkin in a manner as seemed quick and roguish; "sum 'll say it makes 'em sick—sum 'll say it does 'em gud—othurs 'll get it tu see which is rite."

"Yu're goin it, Satan," I sez, astounded at his doktrin; "yu're lettin out sum extry brimstun."

"These are only innercentfumes," he retorted; "yu orthurs let go the sulfur proper—Ach!—I feel suffokated when I think about it."

And he koffed a deep koff as foreboded no gud. It sounded like a kummin thirst. The Printer suffered with the majority of thern that thirst, but he bottled with it more manfully than sum of 'em, and, like most of 'em, he mistook hisself fur the fo.

I pertended not tu see him; so I klozed my hies noiselessly.

But yere the Widder peeped intu the room on her way tu answer a nok at the dore, so I opened 'em.

"It's very likely tu be the Parson," she sez; "I hope it is—he's such a dear old man," and she tripped along the passage, lukkin like a vishun of jy.

"I hope it *aint* the Parson," whispered the Printer with sum emfasis. "I don't feel poorly enuff fur anythin heavenly tu nite. By Jeroosalem, but it *is* the Parson," he exclaimed, hearin the old man's vise in the lobby. "Now, Lijer," he added, "we're in fur it; we'd better resolve ourselves intu a sub kommittee of hippokrits, sootibul tu the okkashun, and be karful not tu say anythin unushally sekler. O dear!" and he sied a luk over his face that bore no trace of anythin but long sufferin and permanent resignashun.

I lukked at him in fearful wonderment. He was a perfek devle. I organized myself intu a forlorn hope.

"Brimstun," I sez, "yu treakled out a idear jes now that orthurs air wus than publishers. *Is it possibul?*"

"Elijer," he sed, lukkin sly at the openin dore, "yure innercents is very luvable. If all men wur as gud as yu thur wud be none wus. Printers air all mortal, but thur they begin and thur they end. Thur wust fault is that they print in komposition ink whot orthurs, akkordin tu komposition rules, think. If they wur tu think fur thurselves they'd nevur print a duodecimal porshun of whot orthurs give 'em tu set up. But printers must live sumhow, and in tryin tu do that sum of 'em live anyhow.

"Then yu air of opinyun that I'm wus than yu?" I sez, turnin square round on him.

"Certinly," he replied, without a moment's hesitashun. "Most certinly. When yu bekum a orthur, yu bekum as danjerus as fireworks. Yu may squish orf rite, or yu may squish orf rong, or mebbe yu may not squish orf at all. The world luks at yu and wonders how yu're goin tu bust, whether it's tu be red fire, or yaller fire, or green fire. If sobbe, as it offen if sobbes, as yu turn out tu be bloo, then yu've summot tu answer fur. If yu shud innercently fiz orf green, the kritiks'll extinguish yure lite as hein onsootabul fur readin purposes. Not wuth wastin time on. Wus than gas."

Yere the Parson kum in and shuk hands with us, while the Widder drawed a eazy chair fur him up tu the fire. Then she led him jently tu it, and he sot down and guv her a grateful luk, and she guv him a happy smile as seemed tu me as bright and gud as a gleam of sunshine among the snow.

"I kud not help overhearin sum of yure remarks about orthurs

and thur works," he sed, lukkin at the Printer, "and I think with yu, that orthurs hev a great responsibility. Luk at the books that air ritten. How fu of 'em shud be read! Most of 'em tu weak tu live. Sum of 'em tu bad tu dy. Men karvin in 'em hopeless infidelity—women gildin in 'em shameful immorality. Whur'll be the faith of yure boys or the virtoo of yure gals in the time tu kum?"

"Ken yu play tu that?" I sez, turnin tu the Printer, as was frownin with heavy thote, and smokin slow.

Thur was no response except a puff of smoke.

"Tis fur better tu destroy the life than ruin the faith. Youth in its health and blissful development wants no filosofy; Age in its helplessness needs sumthin more," kontinnerd the Parson, whose white hair seemed tu tell us he was rite; "yu kan't kreate komfort by killing hope. A filosofer who is face tu face with slow death wishes he was only a child. His tired heart, with all its desire fur rest, don't gladden at the near prospect of kummin up in a new soulless life, even as a flower, and hopeless decay must evur bring with it a chill."

Yere the Printer guv anothur sigh, as if the solum evenin he was afeared of hed set in like a frost.

"The idear of resurrecktin intu a spring onion or bustin up intu taters don't seem tu be tu komfortin tu a pusson handin in his checks," I sez, feelin as whot he sed was troo.

The Parson shuk his head gravely, as if in meditashun.

"Thur is no period in life when faith in the material alone ken satisfy," he purceeded. "The strong man in the very blaze of vishus pleashure sumtimes kloses his hies tu luk back tu the pure springtime of his life, and tu rekkolekt the kreed he hez olmost forgotten—a kreed hallowed by so many tender membries, and sweet as the infancy of luv"

Thur was a pause, but none of us spoke.

The Parson's vise was solum and a bit sad.

"The mother who hez nevir heard her little child pray upon her gnee hez lost a pleashure so holy and so deep that it ken only be expressed by a tear, and the child who hez nevir heard frum its mother's lips the sweet story of the shepherds and the sad story of the kross hez a void in its membry which ken nevir be filled."

The Printer hed let his pipe out lissenin.

I lukked at the Widder. She was gazin with a great tenderness intu the old teacher's face. It was a purty piktur. I ken see it now. Fur a moment he paused—then went on: "The gay and reckless libertine, selfish in his own pleashures and heedless of othurs' pain, kums tu a time when he finds hisself alone in his weakness, with an open grave at his feet. Filosofy bids him stand firm, but terror bends his gnee. In the darkenin gloom his heart searches among its ruins fur sum remnant of an early faith, sum fragment of a prayer, and sumtimes frum the fur back a membry does kum, a membry so pure that the rekolekshun of the arftertime brings with it a sad repentance, and so sweet that the heart, tired of the arfter tempest, wud fain return silently back intu the ark."

Agen he paused, but we sot dumb. The Printer lukked oneazy, like a effigy kontemplatin a lite.

The Parson kontinnerd as if talkin tu the fire.

"The placid old emoshunless sinner who hez not bin strong enuff tu do much harm, nor tender enuff tu do much gud—void alike of pashun and of purity—kums tu the time when he feels the dedly chill among *his* ruins, and he, tu, luks round fur an altar and a God; but the worship of a heart without luv and a

repentance born of fear air of little wuth and of feeble komfort tu the man who stands upon the brink of the great mystery, dreadin the sumthin arfter death. When a man rites a book he slud take kare lest he help tu bring about a hopelessness such as this."

Yere the Parson turned tu me, as if I blonged tu the irreligius tract society, but seein I sot dumb, he purceeded:

"The orthur speaks tu all the kummin time, and his words outlive his epitaff. If they air impure, he kasts a taint on every hi that sees them, and on every brain that komprehends thur meanin, frum the printer who fust spells thru his words tu the larst reader of his pages, as well as tu the onnumbered who kum between. A mental taint repeats itself. So long as yu hev membry yu kant suppress it. It's like the worm that dies not. It's like the krooze of oil that wastes not. It endures—but only tu destroy.

"The man who korrupts the world with his tong does harm—more harm than he ken estimate; but fur wus does the man who rites a book that will overturn a faith or korrupt a pure mind. He leaves a damnin legacy tu the innercent and onborn. He infects the futur as well as the present with a disease that festers in the heart and darkens the soul with a stain that ken nevur be entirely washed away."

"Yu see, Elijer, yu've bin chuckin blots all over the futur," bruk in the Printer, suddently wakin up intu a new attitood. "Posterity 'll be down on yu. Yure only chance is tu go on talkin tu 'em while yu're above the daisies. They'll hev a long innins in the sweet by and by, when yu're undergoin alterashuns down below." And he pinted with his finger thru the floor with dredful signifkants.

I do not speak of such ritin as our friend Elijer's as impure," sed the Parson, sumwot tikkled by the Printer's pinted remarks. "Still," he kontinnerd thotefully, "it is troo thur is much in 'em that / shud not hev ritten; but they kontain no pizen, and will leave no taint. I've seen people larf over 'em, and I've seen people kry over 'em."

"I've kried over 'em myself," konfirmed the Printer.

"Sum say they're rich, sum say they're rank, but no wun sez they're vishus," observed the Parson. "And if they kreate a smile on the sadly-lined faces of the weary, or kall forth a tear frum the hies of those who air better when they weep, they will do well."

Thur was a grateful gleam in the Widder's hi as she lukked intu his face. I hev seen it in the firelite offen and offen sintz. It seemed like the outkum of a blessin.

"They hev done gud," sed the Printer, korroberatin. "They did gud tu a nabor of mine. He wos tuk very seryus with his sekond matrimony. I sent him Elijer's book. The pain immejutly left him, and he hez evur sintz enjoyed parish relief. The dokturs about yere air now preskribin it fur olmost everythin."

He klosed his hies tu hide thur dancin.

"I'm afeared yure konvershun frum error aint beginnin tu operate," I sez, lukkin at him with bekummin superiority. "Yu'll hev tu try a stronger dose of it and take it offen."

He opened wun hi and tuk aim at the bridge of my nose. It wos a fearful orb, and lukked odd by itself. I turned tu the Parson with a luk of indoosement tu purceed, and like a parson he purceeded.

"It is not alone in ritin, but in posseshun also, thur is a solum responsibility," he kontinnerd, when the smile the Printer's words

projoosed hed faded away. "Men read many books, pronounce 'em bad, yet treashur 'em and leave 'em tu thur childern when they dy. In such treashurs they hand down a dedly pizon. If yu possess a book as ken korrupt an innercent mind or paralyze a young faith, burn it afore anothur hi sees it. Let not the value of its age or its rarity deter yu. Set agenst its price the komfortin thote that yu hev saved yure childern and mebbe thur childern frum an impurity that must hev made 'em less pure, and frum an infloence that mite hev drawed 'em on tu thur moral and mebbe thur fizzikle ruin."

I suddenly remembered sum books I hed read that hed left thur stain behind 'em, and I felt that the Parson was teachin me sumthin I shud hev gnod afore.

The Printer smoked on with silent resignashun, hopin fur the end—but it didn't kum.

"The rekord of a sin," kontinnerd the Parson, "is tu offen painted in such delishus kolorin that he who reads the rekord desires hisself tu sin. The penalty, it is troo, is sumtimes outlined, and the imaginashun is left tu fill it in; but no imaginashun ken trace the torture that follers an infringement of the everlastin laws. A susceptible, sensitive natur absorbs the pizon quickest, and suffers frum its infloence deepest. It is an immutable kondishun that they who ken exquisitely enjy sinnin ken exquisitely suffer."

"It follers," I sez, "the nose as ken smell a rose ken smell a onion. The man as takes snuff don't get much beyond snuff. His book's soon balanced. He loses on the rose and wins on the onion."

The old Parson leaned back in his chair and surveyed me with kuryus attenshun.

"Luk at the man as is kolor blind," I kontinnerd. "His konshuns acquits him of doin anythin inkonsistent when he puts a red patch on his bloo pants. He sits on it without a pang. So likewise with the man as kan't taste. It don't matter tu him whether his game's High Church or Low Church; nourishment of any denominashun soots him."

Yere the Printer rose suddenly tu his feet.

"Elijer," he sez, "I've bin yure earthly friend up tu now, but if yu don't guv me sum wholesum beverage tu drink, I'm immorally certin I shall hev tu retire frum yure hearthstun and find otl.ur means of breakin the pledge. Yure remarks air gettin tu dry. We must bring the pump tu bear on 'em—moisen 'em, or——"

"Won't yu let me put jes a little of sumthin intu it?" sed the Widder, playfully, afore he kud finish his sentence, and, anticipatin his answer, she onlocked the kubberd and drawed out three anshunt bottles by thur labelled necks.

"Praps it *wud* be as well if it *wos* toned down with a dash of jin," he replide. "I'm hardly strong enuff yet tu stand kold water neat. It's only in extreme kases I'm allowed tu drink it. When thur's nothin eltz it's different, and it's as okkurd as it is different," and he sot down without a blush.

Fur a fu minits thur wos a rattlin of glasses and bottles and spoons, and a series of solum questyuns; then grave deliberashuns on the part of the Parson, and a sweet persuashun on the part of the Widder, endin in a satisfaktory adjustment of our respektiv flavors.

The Widder guv a karful luk round tu see if all wos rite. The skrootiny showed that the votin of the three-korned konstitooency hed karrid thur kandidates. The Parson hed gone fur a small "Isaak," which among the elekt is the fammerly name

fur Skotch whisky. The Printer hed kep tu his fust luv, "Jakob," which is the tippelkel name fur gin; while I hed guv my ondivided vote fur "Jamaiky," which as a rool speaks fur hisself, pertikly if the argument is a long 'un.

The Printer tuk his glass and lukked at it as if it was pizen. Then he lukked at the Widder as if she was honey, and with a perliteness as was onnatrel tu him he drank her health, bowed gravely tu the Parson, and klosed his wun orb at me. When he settled back intu his chair, he appeared tu be quite appy. With the long pipe in his mouth he lukked like a tootler deity beguillin hisself with a new trumpet.

Thur was a pause, as okkurd as most pauses. It sounded as if nobody was goin tu speak fust. We all sot lukkin intu the fire, lissenin tu the slow tikkin of the klok.

All at onct, as if beginnin tu think aloud, the Parson rezoomed the konversashun as if thur hed bin no interrupshun :

"Orthurs," he sed, "hev got intu the way of exaggeratin. The truth seems tu be tu small fur 'em. Yet not alone is the fault theirs. The readin world demands sumthin inflated—sumthin gassy. The tendency tu enlarge is olmost universal."

"That's so," korroborated the Printer. "Luk how enlarged Elijer is. Perfek gasometer. Luks as if he was growin a library," he added, direktin attenshun tu my weskit with a cirkler sweep of his hand.

"Jesso," I sez. "We all bulge. Sum men bulge over the truth, even in thur prayers. I've heard sum on 'em konfess on thur bended gnees tu a katalog of sins as they've nevur kommitted. If thur supplekashuns hed bin tuk down in a kourt of justis, nothin kud hev saved 'em. They seemed tu dilate on the idear of hevin bruk the kommandments intu small pieces,

and thur konkloodin deklarashun that thur wos no gud in 'em went down with a surprisin relish. I've bin afeared tu be seen in thur kompany sintz. Sum on 'em 'll get thurselves annexed tu a mermaiden of the law if they don't redoose the inventory of thur transgreshuns."

"I've heard sum amoozinly solum things asked fur in chapels afore now, whur they don't formulate thur desires as they do in churches," observed the Printer; "but I've nevur gnawd 'em ask a speshul blessin on a publisher or a printer so fur in either of 'em."

"No," I sez, "it wudn't do. It wud pruv a konkloosive argyument agenst the effikacy of prayer."

The Parson didn't foller us in our week-day voos of the subjek, but addressed hisself tu the Widder, who seemed, by her luk, tu want him tu kontinner his diskourse.

We thurfore settled down intu a pashunt silents, and the Parson purceeded as if he hed a gud deal more tu say.

"Extempore prayers tu offen leave a disappointment in the soul. In thur jenral poverty of ennoblin thote, and thur threadbare frases, they pall upon the year, and express the petishun we wud at the moment ask in words that do not satisfy the heart, or in extravagant retorick that is praktikally falsehood. Even in the most beautiful prayers we hev in our churches thur air sumtimes inkonsistences and imperfekshuns; but the defeks in these air not tu be kompared with the defeks in those that air forced out in chapels in a new garb, tu meet a new demand, service arfter service, through all the Sundays of our lives, and that, too, by men tu whom, with fu excepshuns, the gift of real eloquence het, fur the most part, bin denied."

"Speakin of new garbs," bruk in the Printer, agen tryin tu shake orf the Parson frum his more seryus line of thote, "it

seems tu me that kostoom hez a gud deal tu do with church membership. A women with a new bonnet 'll go three times a day; a woman with an old 'un won't go onct."

Yere thur was a nok at the dore, and the Widder was kalled away; so I sez—

"It isn't every kind of kostoom as is sooted tu devoshunal purposes. I onct wore pants as wur of a seklar karakter, and when prayers kum on wun evenin at Parson Slowbellow's, they guv way in a suddent manner as made it prudent fur me to rezoom my seat. When I tuk my leave I oozed out of the room bakkerds, and walked home in a attitood of kontemplashun brote on by the antecedent exposhure. As I stud on the top step openin the dore in the loorid lite, a young pusson of low intelleck diskovered my infirmity, and observed kuryusly, 'Yu seem tu be liabul fur a biggish rent thar. Whot mite yure taxes be?' But that young pusson didn't wait fur pertiklers. He mued orf as if he didn't want tu gno, but was tryin tu ketch up with the week afore."

"That's the wust of livin whur thur's steps," sez the Printer. "Besides, they're okkurd at nite when the moon aint on the water."

"They air not very konvenient when yu're kummin in," sed the Parson, smilin.

"And they aint very konvenient when yu're goin out," returned the Printer, lukkin moodily intu his jin as if it rekalled a membry. "But I shall try 'em agen tu-nite," he added, with a stubborn expreshun on his face az meant more'n it sed.

"I think yu mite find a pleasanter lokality," sed the Parson tu the Widder, who hed jes kum in tu klear the table and lay the kloth fur supper. "The populashun is gettin tu dense yere tu be healthy."

"Do yu think so?" she sed, lukkin up surpriged.

"It's gettin purty dense everywhur," I sez. "Wun arfternoon I wosn't whot mite be kalled hivin much honey, and hed fund myself gettin tired of the ornery waxworks, so I thote I'd go and luk about fur a new house in a more open part, whur flowers wud grow and sum sunshine kum. I fund a row of 'em in a grove. Wun wos empty, and the landlord wos lukkin round it as if he wos expectin tu find a tenant. I asked him if it wos konsidered healthy.

"'Healthy!' he sez, with a look of surprige. 'The pusson as lived yere larst kum with wun insigniferkant orfspring, and mued orf with fifteen. The wun afore him hed a dozen. Them on the rite hev dun purty well, hevin skored thirteen on thur larst census paper. Them on the left hev ten livin, and hev appealed tu publik sympathy fur six as they've berrid afore they kum yere.'

"'Do yu konsider it infekshus?' I inquired.

"'No,' he sez, 'it aint whot yu mite kall infekshus, but it's prevalent, as the neighborhud's saloobrus.'

"I sed as I thote a less saloobrus neighborhud wud be saloobrus enuff fur me, and I'd muv orf tu a part whur the people didn't multiply thur figgers without any regard tu ultimet totals."

"Elijer," sed the Printer, without the slitest reference tu whot we hed bin talkin about, "Is yure mother alive?"

"No," I sed, with a big sigh, "she's ded!"

"She lost a treat when yu lost her," he sed. "If she'd lived tu yere yu go on as yu air goin on, she wud hev suffered more kontinuously than she did. Whot did she dy of?" he asked, noddin his head as if that wos the questyun the world wos wantin answered.

"The doktor sed it wos an underdose of fizzik brote on by a bad kold. She kaut it without konsultin him," I sez.

"When a man loses his mother," sed the Parson gravely, "he loses sumthin he ken lose only onct and ken nevur replace."

"When a young man loses his mother," sed the Printer, kopyin the Parson, "he hed better luk tu his books and not blot 'em. Hevin no mother tu blush fur 'em, sum hev added a gud many pages of bad ritin tu thur unpublished histories. Most on 'em hev fund big koles of fire among thur posseshuns at the finish. Thur childern mebbe 'll inherit burnin legacies in the time tu kum."

"An innercent child as kan't help it seems tu take on itself a great responsibility when it follers its promiskus parents," I sez, reflektin on how sum on 'em suffer fur them as hev sinned afore 'em.

"That's so!" sed the Printer, helpin hissself tu sum more komfort. "Purceed, Elijer," and he lay back and klosed his hies approviny.

"It's fortinet fur sum childern as they hev hed mothers," I sez. "If thur fathers hed sukkled 'em, it's jes likely they wud hev done it on jin."

Yere the Printer opened his wust hi and guv me anothur oddluk.

"Quite rite, Elijer," he observed, reklozin his wicked orb.

"When my mother wos berrid my father tuk tu thirst, and nevur rallid," I kontinnerd, arfter a pause.

"I don't believe in hatbands, but I felt as I kuddent get wun big enuff fur her. The storekeeper whur I tried wos a red-faced man, and solum. He appeared tu be laborin under the piled-up sympathy of half a sentry; so I sez, 'I want a hatband, the biggest yu've got.'

“ ‘Hev yu lost a mother?’ he inquired.

“ ‘Yes,’ I sed, preparin fur a bust of grief, and thinkin as he wos about tu konsole me with a fu skriptooral remarks of a purfeshunal natur.

“ ‘Four inches,’ he observed reflektify.

“ ‘Do yu meshur grief with a 2 fut rool?’ I asked, surpriged at his words.

“ ‘No,’ he sez. ‘I wos merely givin the depth of the band.’

“ ‘Oh,’ I answered; ‘I thote yu wos kalkalatin the hite of my feelins.’

“ ‘Wun and siks,’ he observed, mournfully rubbin a kronik tear frum his left hi, as lukked inflamed with summot stronger than his grief. ‘We’re no sooner out of the kradle than we begin walkin tords the grave. *Yu’ve* got over a purty gud distance,’ he added, surveyin me with his head aside, as if kalkalatin how much furdur I hed tu run.

“ ‘Yes,’ I sez, ‘I’m purty forrud fur the time of year. A fu sunny days ’ll help me on wonderful, if thur’s no frost.’

“ ‘I spoge yu’ve ollis got *yure* panoply of wo reddy,’ I added, by way of chillin his kuriosity.

“ It seemed tu be a new idear tu him, and as onpleasant as it wos new. He hed bin so long in bizness that he hed got tu luk familiarly on the sythe-bearer as his agent in advance, and ollis piktured him walkin arm-in-arm with the doktor. It hed nevir okkurd tu him that he wud want a purceshun afore long. It’s so with most on us. We feel excepshuns, till all at onct we’re hit, and up goes our number. But while thur’s lite the votin is jenrally in favor of postponin our own funeral servis, or exchangin it fur sumbody eltzes.

"The undertaker guv no reply. I left him drowned in thote, as if a noshun hed rolled over him. Afore five years hed parsed the miserabul man dyed of appyplexy, which seemed sumwot inkonsistent fur a undertaker—but it finished him."

"Undertakers air pekooliar people," observed the Printer, reflektify. "Luk at our friend Boxer. What a luvly griefist he is when he's on dooty. He ken make a whole fammerly weep afore they gno he's thar, and when he's in purceshun he kasts a gloom over the whole town. But we all blong tu sum pertikler type, and air set up in sum pertikler form," added the Printer. "When we stop projoosin impreshuns we air distri-booted, and the great blank sets in, and we're nowhur."

"It wud be a blessed thing fur a selekt fu of us if sum people didn't projoose so many impreshuns," I sez, runnin my hand over the frenologikle irregularities as bore witness tu sum strong tutches of the Mariar karakter in the long ago.

"Thur appears tu hev bin sum klumsy repairs goin on about thar," sed the Printer, lukkin at my baldest porshun kuryusly. "It's a mystery why yu shud be exackly as yu air, or why yu shud do exackly as yu do. It seems tu me that sum men waste half thur time in rubbin in impreshuns, and the othur half in rubbin 'em out agen. Most of 'em hevn't much of the beginnin left at the end, and thur aint many riters as don't feel ashamed of thur fust kopy when they're busy admirin thur larst wun. But thur's a great differents in 'em all. Yu see sum orthurs, Elijer, air more interestin than thur books; but most books air more interestin than thur orthurs," he growled, lukkin at me, and sendin out more smoke than ushal, and as ushal startin a new line of thote abruptly. "The outward and invisible surroundins of genius air a kontempt fur kostoom and an

indifference fur sope ; long hair and long sufferin ; a hungerin fur admirashun frum a world it despises ; a thirst fur summot stronger than pop, and an inordinate desire tu be revooed on a toomstun. A poet finds solid sense indigestibul. He dreams of fikshun with his hies open, and kontemplates fax with 'em shut. He gives the result of his observashuns in feet ; sum without sole—sum with."

"I spent an hour with a poet this evenin," sed the Parson. "He is in a deklime. He kan't live long. His hies hev that hollow, burnt-out luk that indikates the near approach of darkness and a fallin intu sleep. Sumtimes under excitement they blaze up with soul fire, and air very beautiful ; but the steady, strong lite is done, and the flickerin only remains."

"Ah, me !" sied the Printer, with renewed resignashun.

The Widder seemed interested. "Is he young?" she asked.

"Yes," replide the Parson slowly, "35 praps ; but sumtimes he luks younger ; sumtimes older. His face is very pale and deeply lined, and thur air streaks of white among his hair that speak of sumthin more than age."

"Is he marrid?" inquired the Widder.

"No," he answered. "He hez led a lonely, studius life, and doesn't seen tu hev a friend in the world. He told me he onct loved an angel, who died, and, like most men who hev lost that which they nevur fully possessed, he kontinnues tu worship at the old altar tho it is now nothin but a toom."

"If they'd bin marrid a fu years," I sez, thinkin of my fust worship, as turned out indifferent as it went on, "it's jes possibul he wudn't hang about that toom, but wud be hurryin round the store fur anothur image tu hist up on a bran new altar."

"I'll trubble yu fur the bottle agen," sed the Printer. "I feel as if I shall weep afore this nite's over."

"Is thur no hope fur him?" asked the Widder, who hed lissend tu the Parson only, and hed fastened her interest on the poet as wos about tu dy.

"I fear me, none," he replide. "He told me tu-day he felt weaker hour by hour, and wanted so much tu sleep,"

"Then *he* does not fear death," she sez,

"No, he speaks of it as—'goin tu *her*,' and seems tu be happier day by day now he gnos he is dying, and his poekry is more tender and beautiful. It seems as if his year hed alreddy kaut the sweeter mugik of the better land."

"Hev yu seen any of his poetry?" she asked.

"Yes," he sed. "Frum time tu time I hev seen much. It is nearly all sad. I hev sum vusses yere. He guv em me tu-night. Wud yu like tu read them?" he added, pulling them frum his pocket-book, and handin them tu her. "They air only trifling fragments of his earlier work. He wos goin tu burn them, as wuthless, but I begged them fur yu."

"It wos purty tu see the Widder's face in its new blush of pleashur, and her hies dancin in thur new lite, as she thanked the Parson, and, takin the papers on her lap, she onfolded 'em karfully afore her

"Shall I read it aloud?" she asked, takin up the smallest paper fust.

We voted plumpers fur this proposishun. So she read aloud in her own sweet vise and in her old sweet way:

The Silent River.

There's a sad and a musicless river
Flowing on from the grim days of yore,
Bearing dreams of the long past to-morrows
That will come in their gladness no more.

And the ripples that dance on the river,
Flowing by on its passionless way,
Are the moments that flash in their splendour,
And then vanish for ever away.

Ah, how sadly I've gazed on the river,
Flowing on to the limitless sea,
Bearing blossoms of love on the ripples
That have vanished for ever from me!

And deep in the flow of the river,
'Neath the flowers that are fading above,
Flow the tears that for ever are falling
From the loving, that weep in their love.

And on through the long nights of watching,
And still on through the long years of pain,
Flows the river of life with earth's blossoms,
That once faded ne'er blossom again.

The Widder put down the paper and lugged silently intu the fire.

The Parson, tu, seemed lost in thote.

The Printer kleared his throte as if he wos goin tu say summot important, but all at onct he changed his mind and inherited more "Jakob" instead.

Then the Widder sed she thote the vusses wur purty, and with sum gud mugik wud make a nice dreamy twilite song fur any wun as didn't want tu be amoozed.

The old Parson konfirmed this voo, and observed that thur wur offen times when a sad song wos grateful mugik tu a sad heart.

"Tears sumtimes bring about a great peace," he added, "and kum with a sweet appropriateness whur larfter wud sound profane."

"It wudn't sound as if it wos in toon yere jes now," sed the Printer. "Luk at this," he added, pikkin up anothur of the papers. "Yere's anothur of 'em—vusses agen, Elijer; aint this a happy day fur England?" and he handed the paper tu the Widder, who smiled as she tuk it, and sed playfully tu the Printer, "I'm sure yu want me tu read it tu yu," and tu our surprize he admitted that he did; but he explained that it wos her vise and not the vusses that sounded sweet tu him; whur-upon she lukked a little more rosy, and, if possibul, more bootiful and brite, and arfter agen kommandin silents with amoozin severity, she purceeded tu read the nekst poem:—

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I am weary of dreaming the sad old dreams,
Once bright as the ripples on sunlit streams,
Resplendent with splendours that knew no care,
And glad in the glitter of joys that were,
And sweet as the odours of flowers so rare,
And pure as the first young love.

For the longing for bliss and the dawn of day,
And the yearning for lights that have passed away,
Now find in the heart but a faded ray
Of the glory that once was there.

O, hours of rapture 'mong years of pain,
Long passed but repassing in dreams again,
How faint and how faded, alas ! ye seem,
Like the sunless waves on a sunless stream,
Reflecting nought but the dying gleam
Of the light of a dying day.

And the lingering hope for a better hour,
That lives in the gloom like a closing flower,
Is bowed by the tears of a lifelong shower
That have swept all its odours away.

It wos as the Printer hed sed. The sweetness of the
Widder's vise guv the vusses thur sound of mugik that made
'em seem so much better than othur vusses, and we sot silent
sum moments arfter her readins, as if fearful of disturbin the
larst lingerin of the mugik in our ears.

The Widder, tu, sot silent, as if sorerfully impressed by the
vusses thurselves.

"Poets appear tu be offen sad," she sed in a low vise, as if
she wos thinkin aloud, "and tu rite most when they air
saddest. Thur hearts must be very tender and very full of
luv."

"Sum on 'em sleep all nite and dream all day," sed the
Printer. "They air lucky if they ken keep out of a workhus.
Celestiul fire don't as a rool make the pot bile as well as
ordinary chips."

"Poekry," I sez, "hez genrelly summot tu do with a parst as don't seem tu hev answered the helm, and with a futur as hezn't, so fur, any helm tu answer. It okkupies a gud deal of life frum fust tu larst. Sum put it on paper and print it, sum put it in thur pipes and smoke it. It aint so bad with bakky."

"I onct rote a book," sed the Printer. "It wos a reddy-reckoner, and hezn't yet bin set tu mugik. I fund that orthurs hev tu give a gud many of thur books away, espeshally when they kan't sell 'em. Whot's more, they hev tu rite in 'em. I got intu the habit and kuddent leave it orf. When I onct guv a bible tu a respektabul old friend, she wud hev me get the pen and ink and say summot on the frunt page; I wrote the ushal thing—

'Frum the Orthur.'

The old lady lukked at it thru her horn magnifiers, and sed it wanted the date puttin. She konsidered it enhanced the value of that bible."

The Parson lukked at the Printer inkredulus, but amoozed.

The Widder seemed absent, and didn't yere him.

"How happy must a woman be whose husband is a poet!" she sed, thotefully, and in a tone as led me tu wish I wos bilin over with vusses.

"Jes as happy as a man who hez a winged angel fur a kook," replied the Printer, with a diabolikal larf. "Both on 'em wud feel as if they wur fastin. A poet mostly fluktooates between eternal hope on the wun hand and evurlastin despair on the othur. He plays hy and low. Dreams of an angel—marries a woman. This stupendus proceedin offen changes his style. Yeretufore he rote entirely forred; nowtufore he begins tu rite entirely bakkerd. But the wife of his buzzom

don't let him altogether skip over the present. She direks his attenshun tu sum moments as he wud othurwise lose site of. Jes as he's puttin the finishin tutch on sum evanly piktur, she reminds him that thur's sumthin owin on last week's washin. If he don't immejutly projoose the amount required tu satisfy Sopesuds, his piktur of Evan is spiled and his year gets akkustomed tu earthly expreshuns as kan't be mistook fur poekry in any langwidge."

"A acid woman wud soon put a poet's teeth on edge," I sez. "Mariar wud hev nokked all the poekry out of King David hisself, and Bunyan wuddent hev hed a fut tu go on. It's a gud thing fur us they aint all vinegar kruets."

"When men air bad, they're positivly bad," sed the Printer. "But," he added, with his hies twinklin, "women air superlativ." And he smacked his lips as if he hed swallerd a delishus thote.

"Du yu think women air as selfish as men?" asked the Widder, turnin tu the Printer and tryin tu skore orf the old fallacy.

"Sum on 'em air generus—sum air not," he answered. "The generus wuns go as fur as tu luv othur men better than they do thurselves. The ongenerus wuns don't luv othur women quite so well." He chukkled behind his pipe. "Women is women, and when yu've sed that yu've sed olmost all as ken be sed," he kontinnerd. "When yu meet 'em fur the fust time as monthly nusses, yu aint quite sure as yu've kum tu the rite house. Yure mother don't seem tu gno anythin of yure parst life, and yure father tries tu luk as if yu'd tuk him onawares. It's the nuss as makes yu feel at home. She handles yu with a familiarity as leaves no room fur yu tu doubt as she's seen yu

afore, and takes an interest in yu, and yu soon kum tu the konklooshun, frum things yu observe as yu go on, that it's best fur you tu do purty near whot she tells yu. When yu akt up tu that she smiles, and thur's no infant—leastways no male infant—as ken afford in the fust sentry of his early life tu do without that—or,” he added, with a pekooliar emfasis—“without sum othur woman's smile.”

“I'm a ardent admirer of beauty,” he sez, suddently turnin tu the Widder and lukkin at her with a luk of flatterin identifikashun as seemed tu please her.

“Yu don't appear tu keep much on it in stock,” I sez, surveyin him with the hi of a kuriosity kollektor.

He replide in a konfidenshall undertone in words as kan't be spelled with ordnery type, so the publisher sez—they're onfit fur publikashun. He put his hand afore his mouth so as the Widder shudn't see 'em.

Thur's no langwidge so expressive as bad langwidge when it's gud. When it aint gud it's wus than bad.

I wos purceedin tu address a fu robust observashuns tu him in his own orful dialekt, when——

“Silents,” kommanded the Widder, playfully holding up her finger like a queen. “The othur poem is a long wun, and yu must all be *very* quiet while I read it tu yu.”

The Printer heaved up a heavy sigh, and observed that things as a rool wur orful quiet whurevur thur wos silents, and he altered his pozishun so as tu lissen hisself intu a sleep if the readin pruvud a very long 'un.

Then kame the silents, and the sweet vise of the Widder:

Poem.

THERE it lay. A heap among the darkness.
A heap of filth, and flesh, and mud-wet rags,
Such as one might see upon a battle-plain
Days after the devilry, nights after the blaze.
Not dead, but motionless ; not rotting, but asleep ;
Not a beast, but human ; not soulless, but damned.

What was it ?

Only the casket of a soul.
Only the poor clay wrapt round about a spirit,
Yet moulded, 'twas said, in the image of its God.
Only the body of a man, fallen, deserted, lost :
Lost to the present ; lost for all the coming time ;
Dreamless as it lay there in its drunken sleep,
Soon to wake, but wake to curse the bitter life
Throbbled out in sad pulsations day by day.

There it lay, cursed and blighted as the tree
That grew in promise strong, but blossoming not,
Fruiting not in its season, nor giving seed,
But budding and leafing only to decay.
The darkness hid it not from scornful eyes,
That gazed a moment and then looked away,
Unpitying but condemning ; and the pious crowd
Passed on to pray—that sinners might be saved,
But left this soul so lost to sin again—
Offering no hand to help, no hope to cheer,
No words of comfort, and no gift of love.

They spoke among themselves of Christ's great work,
And told how all might come to Him and live :
How all might kneel to Him and win His love ;
How men might perish in the grave, yet never die ;
And then they gave in glittering charity their gold,
In such comfortable measure they well could spare,
And prayed for strength to succour and to help ;
Yet gave to hired hands the work of love
That they themselves could have far better done.

Thus they passed it by ; sodden and asleep ;
A heap of filth and flesh and mud-wet rags.
And yet that heap of wretchedness had known
The joy of living and the bliss of loving,
And had passed through sunshine in the early time,
And had stood unspotted in a world of shame—
Had hoped for perfectness and dreamt of love
Spotless and pure, leaving no stain upon the soul.

And far away back in the silent years,
Ere his tongue had spoken, or his feet had trod
The first steps in the path that led to this,
This outcast man had nestled as a babe
In the arms of one who knew no greater joy
Than thus to hold him to her mother's heart.

And once those sunken eyes had looked unspoken love,
Those unwashed hands had worn the golden pledge
That fairer hands had given to witness of their love
And of the love he gave : an old fond love
That still lived hidden in the heart it murdered.

And in the book of memories of his life
His heart's young dream, and the sunny days that came
In the spring and early summer of his years,
Were written in fading light, that faded not,
On the blotted page that told of her he loved.

In that spring and summer of his better life
There had come to him rich dreams of greatness
And hopes of future joy, such as come not
To the tired heart when youth has passed away.
The winds whispered and the birds sang of love,
The sobbing waves seemed full of tenderness,
And the sunshine full of glory, and the earth
Full of fragrant flowers and sweet loveliness.

But there came a time when the bright, glad earth,
In all its beauty, seemed to lose its light ;
For a desolation stole within his heart,
And a fearful darkness fell around his life,
More terrible than the darkness of the grave.
The one great dream and passion of his youth,
The sweet idolatry that had filled his soul,
The one great worship of a fearful love,
Fell, chilled for ever into cold and shapeless dust.

Thence for evermore his soul was dark,
And all the minstrelsy of life was hushed,
And silence filled the everlasting void ;
It was as if the gladness of the earth was dead,
For all the dreams of beauty and of bliss
Had ended in a cold and death-like sleep,
That knew no waking but to hours of pain.

Thus staggering onward thro' a darkened life.
As one with sightless eyes in search of light,
Looking for the dawn of a day that's dead,
This man of sorrows, with his heavy load,
Fell wearied by the way, and, maddened by the thirst
That parched the very centre of his soul,
He raised the cup of poison to his lips, and drank.

Then came, instead of death, the deadened life,
That brought no silence and no solace to the soul ;
But, slumbering on with fitful and with fearful dreams,
The sad remainder of the years that once were glad
Passed by in grim procession to their nearing end,
Like spectres of a spirit that had passed away
Unmourned and unrecorded on the roll of Time.

And deeper in the depths that know no light
Descended day by day and hour by hour
The doomed spirit of the dying man ;
Lost to the present, lost to the coming time,
Never to wake from its last drunken trance :
Passed by unheeded by the pious crowds,
A heap of filth and flesh and mud-wet rags.

Those sad and wearying years have passed away,
And suffering crowds have found their final rest,
And Springs have brought their freshness and their joys,
And Winters with their frosts have filled new graves ;
And cold and silent as their falling snows
Sleeps one sad pilgrim through this earth's lone lands,
In patient waiting for the day to come.

As the Widder read the larst line she klosed her hies, and her little hand, still holdin the poem, sank upon her lap. Fur a moment she sot silent and moshunless with the firelite on her face, holding in her heart the tender sorrer that hed krept thar out of the vusses she hed read. She lukked like sum sweet saint fallen asleep in her tears.

Then suddently rememberin she wos not alone, she rose frum her chair, and guv the papers back tu the Parson.

"I kannot help the tears kummin intu my hies," she sed, tryin tu smile. "It is always so when I read these sad poems. They air so real tu me. I seem tu live in them, and my heart fills with the sorrer they tell."

"It wud be a grateful site tu the poet if he kud see yu as I see yu now, and gno that he hed kreated those tears," sed the Parson, lukkin kindly intu her face. "Tu an orthur there is no homage so prized as the homage of a smile or a tear."

"Then do tell him that yu saw *me* weep," she sed, wipin her hies, and smilin thru thur sadness.

Yere the Printer filled his pipe, and the Widder filled his glass, and guv him a lite with a purty grace.

He lukked on with a grim approval. "I bleeve we shall hev a fine day tu-morrer arfter all," he observed, settlin hisself down intu a komfortabul angle. "The sky's klearin fust-rate."

The Parson rose frum his seat, preparin tu go, but suddently checkin hisself, as if he hed forgot summot, he sed, as he handed anothur paper tu the Widder, "By the way, yu mite like to read this wun also. It luks like a leaf frum a note book, and is probably the fust sketch of a poem jotted down in sum dull moments by the sea."

"If it's as cheerful as the othurs, I shall quite enjy it,"

observed the Printer. "I dunno when I've been so jolly as I've bin this evenin. We've hed a wild time of it," and he settled down onct more intu a resigned kalm.

But the Widder, whose tender heart leaped up agen at the prospekt of a new emoshun, jently chided the Printer fur his gloomy levity, and takin the skrap of paper luvlinly in her hand, purceeded tu read it with a sweet reverence fur the sad writer who wos so soon tu pars away, and tu whom earth, and sea, and sky now seemed as fadin fantoms in the strong lite of a kummin day:

To the Ocean.

O, Ocean! thy sobbing and thy sad moaning are but soulless sounds. Thou hast no sorrow; no pain, no madness. Thy storms beat fiercely, yet thou knowest no passion; thy waves dance in the sunlight, yet thou knowest no joy. There is no memory within thy depths, no hope in thy glittering ripples, no love in thy heaving bosom, no rapture in life, no agony, no death. Thy loveliness is not eternal, thy power will pass away, thy grandeur will fall into nothingness. As I stand upon thy margin, looking out upon thy splendour and wondering at thy mysteries, I feel that I, in my littleness, am greater than thou in thy immensity, for I shall live when thou wilt have passed away.

"I don't think I shall evur smile agen," sed the Printer, slidin down lower in his chair, and restin the bowl of his pipe on the floor. "The orful, merry evenin we've hed hez made the futur luk anythin but pikturesk. It's tu klassikal, tu full of cemetery. Why, yu hevn't drunk yure whisky," he exclaimed, suddently sittin uprite and lukkin at the Parson, as if he hed diskovered whot wos rong. "I thote thur wos a peg out sum-whur."

"No," answered the Parson, smilin. "I seldom take anythin but water; a very little whisky wud upset me."

"It's jes a little at the larst as upsets *me*," sed the Printer. "I've noticed it repeatedly. I 'spose a gud deal depends on how much we've hed afore it," he sez, turnin tu me, and drawin me in as an akkomplice; but I sed nothin.

Then the old Parson agen rummaged among the papers and selecktin wun frum amongst em, observed, as he wiped his spectacles, "Thur air sum more evidences of a saddened life. Broken down ere deokay hed set in, or the storms of an arfter winter hed time tu up-root it frum existence." And klearin his vise, he read tu us a skrap as seemed tu hev bin torn frum a note book:—

"The days came and went. Heavy eyelids opened and saw sadness in the sunshine, sorrow in the shade. The newly awakened mornings were laden with the dull weight of remembered dreams, and clouded with gloomy forebodings of coming pain. The brain throbbed with terrible memories, and the heart with hopeless yearnings. Tears came no more into the burning eyes. A long fiery sorrow had scorched the soul. Disappointed hopes ended in despair. Enjoyment was followed by endurance. There was nothing to-day but the earth, nothing terrible but life, nothing at rest but the dead.

"I saw faces on which the last smile seemed frozen, eyes that flickered with a feeble light, cheeks that were blanched by the horrors that had passed before them, hands that seemed to clutch something that was no more. And I saw those blighted lives pass slowly away as a twilight. Still around them the beautiful earth blossomed undisturbed, and the birds sang their praises into the sky, and over the countless graves, where the

broken hearts were laid, flowers came, and the mounds of the dead became beautiful with new life.

"And I looked sadly on the soulless pageant as it moved heavily by ; on the beautiful seasons as they came with smiles and sunshine, but I knew how soon they became dull and lifeless ; and on the lovely faces of children, but I had seen others as lovely as they fade into age, and die with unfulfilled hopes and unrealised dreams, and had heard often, O how often ! the cold sods falling into the open graves.

"In my desolation of soul, I turned towards my home the, home of happy years, where life had been so joyous and hearts so full of love. For a while I found rest and peace, but the current of time bore me back into the crowds that were leaping into their own graves, back into the restless throng of suicides."

The Parson suddenly paused tu luk at his watch, and exclaimed : "Dear me ! how quickly time flies," and puttin away his papers observed—"Thur air othur fragments yere that bear the same evidences of a melankoly life, but I've not time tu read 'em tu yu tu-nite. Sumtime we'll luk thru 'em."

The little Widder sed, "Oh yes, we will. I hope yu hev a gud many," and she lukked up intu his hies inquiringly.

"I ken find sum more I think," he sed.

Then the old Parson left.

The Widder tride tu persuade him tu stop supper, but he was afraid of the nite air, thinkin it mite injure his throte.

Parsons' throtes air a great trubble tu 'em frum fust tu larst. The poor 'uns as hev bin edykated fur pipes of wine, but only endowed with pumps of water, hev tu rely on kold kompresses fur thur komfort ; but them as hev bin muved higher, and hev

parsed beyond the pumps and vanities of this wicked world, put thur trust in gargles frum the grape.

When the Widder hed let the Parson out, and klosed the dore she returned. All the shades hed parsed frum her face, and she wos brite and happy as a ripple in the sunshine.

But jes then Blazer Sandbags kum in, and whenever he arrived yu gnu he'd kum. He ollis seemed tu be thar when he wos present.

The Widder greeted him with a sweet grace, asked him how he did, and without konsultin him she filled his glass unobserved, as she hed filled it times afore.

"I'm not so very well, mum," he sed in a subdood tone, as wos onushal fur Sandbags. He wos jenrally blustery and full of sperits. Ruff as a hedgehog, generus and goodhearted. He hed not long kum frum Ameriky, whur he hed spent most of his life.

"I hope yu air not sufferin frum anythin seryus," she sed.

"I'm sufferin frum a komplikashun, mum," he answered slowly.

"Fur sum time I've hed a severe attack of liabilities, brote on by a tu sanguin temperament. This hez bin follered by tick, which I don't seem able tu kure."

"Is it painful?" she asked, in a tone of sympathy.

"It's jes bekos I've not bin able tu get as fur as the payin that I'm upset," he sez. "That's whot rolls me up, mum."

The Widder lukked puzzled. She didn't quite gno Sandbags' style

"I'm overbiled, mum," he sez, reflektify. "Yes, mum, overbiled. Hevn't a flavor left. Biled raggy is whot I am. The parst hez left me very middlin, and I nevr hed a present I kud kalkelate on 2 minits tugether—only onct," he sez, korrekthin hissself, as if a remembry hed jerked up inside him.

"When was that ? she inquired.

"It wur when a showman as was dyin, a pertikler friend of mine, guv me wun of his elephants as a small soovenir, as he kalled it. He smiled, mum, as he sed it, jes pressed my hand, and was ded afore I kud return the kompliment as onsootabul fur my requirements."

"Poor fellow !"

"Yes, that's so. Twos tu gud on him ; I didn't seem tu deserve it."

The Printer lissened with amoozed astonishment. Sandbags was evidently developin new karrakter of no ornery quality ; so he didn't interrupt him. But Sandbags paused.

"Go on, Mr. Sandbags. O, do !" exclaimed the Widder, who hed bin drinkin in every word, and was still thurstin fur more. "Do tell us about yure elephant, and how yu got on tugether. I'm gettin quite kuryus," and she stopped her sewin and lukked up into Sandbags' face.

Blazer Sandbags hed smiled away most of his smiles in early life, but he smiled all the smile he hed left as he sed, "It wud take a longish holiday tu enumerate all my adventures with that singlar anamile. He was a filibuster."

"I soon fund that a elephant tu be a perfect blessin shud be purty librelly endowed," purceeded Sandbags. "In this respek he aint no wus than a woman ; in sum respekt he is. In gettin a man intu trubble he's nearly equal tu wun, but thur's no livin animile ken kompete suksessfully with a woman in that pertikler line. It's a monoply. I've tride 'em both. It's jez possibul that a gud woman is wuth more than a bad elephant, but thur's no komparison between a gud elephant and a bad woman."

"That's troo," interjekted the Printer. "Perfekly troo."

"I felt a bit okkurd when I was introjoosed tu that elefant," follered Sandbags. "He lukked at me with wun hi fust, and then he brote both on 'em tu bear on this subjek. He hed evidently bin drinkin. My attenshun was kalled tu it by the delibret way he twisted round his trunk and bloo about two quarts of siled water on tu me. It tasted as if it wanted washin. Then he rang his bell fur 'em tu show me the dore, and seemed tu be konkoktin anothur 2 quart squirt frum the bucket. I got behind a kolum, and I asked a pusson as hed jes kum in, and was beginnin tu stand by, if elefants wur gud tu eat. He sed everythin depended on the appetite, and the rest was a matter of taste. Fur his part, he hed no hankerin arter 'em. He sed he konsidered as ivory shud hev bin a mineral. The present mode of projoosin it was a great waste of meat.

"Jez then, onbegnown tu him, the 2 quart squirt was on tu him.

"'Whot in the name of kod and oyster sass is the scenery up tu now?' he sez, wipin his featurs over the sleeve of his kote, and goin on anyhow all over the show.

"'That darned anamile's trunk,' he added, splutterin out a lot of strong words diluted with sekond-hand water, by way of explanashun.

"'That's jes my opinyun of him,' I sez, lukkin kawshusly round the kolum at the disreputabul bequeathment of my departed friend. He see my glance, and guv me a sly and fearful wink. I shall nevur forget that okkular demonstrashun. It was orful.

"'Stranger,' I sez tu the squirted form as hed retreated purty near the dore, 'I guess this anamile mistuk yu fur a general konflagrashun. He hez very ni tride tu put yu out, anyhow.'

“‘This show aint wuth kummin intu,’ he sez, lukkin at me with skorn and disappearin thru the dore, thinkin I wos the showman as wos ded.”

“Well, Sandbags, yu hev that appearunts,” sez the Printer, breakin in on the tale; “and whot’s more, yu’re keepin the evenin waitin fur summot eltz. Purceed.”

“I’ve nothin funder tu say,” konklooded Sandbags, “except this yere. I’ve done with elefants fur gud, and I’ve sintz then bin afeared tu get myself fastened tu anythin as kud reign in thur sted. Mebbe if I’d got marrid tu summot as turned out okkurd and naggy, I shud hev fund myself a kloud rider afore now.”

“Jesso,” konfirmed the Printer.

“If a man hez grooved a idear intu his head as he’s a perfect angel, let him spend his deklinin years with a wife as nags. If she don’t wear that groove out of him and projoose his original devle he’s as fur frum redempshun as a stun. He *may* want tu live fur evur, but he may jes as well be a miserabul cinder fur all the enjoyment he’ll get.”

“I’m afeared as we don’t gno how tu pick ’em out by thur luks,” I sez, “My fust selekshun turned out sumwot disappintin and very okkurd.”

“All mine lukked krummy; but they’ve turned out krusty,” sed the Printer. “I offen wished I kud get the baker tu change ’em fur new ’uns. Orf with the old loaves, and on with the new—that’s my maxim.”

“Oh, how dredful!” exklaimed the Widder, larfin. “Whot wud yure wife say if she heard yu?”

“Well,” he replide, suddently sinkin his vise tu a lower key, “she kuddent say much more than she will say. She’ll stretch

the English langwidge tu do it as it is," and he lukked gloomily intu the fire, as if he wos pikturin the nekst intervoo.

"Did yu marry yure fust luv?" inquired the Widder, turnin tu Sandbags, with a smile.

"No, mum," he sez. "My fust luv wos a Mexikan. Bootiful as a saint. The fust site on her put a bias on my wings. I nevur see such hies afore. They seemed tu warm up the sunshine, and Mexiker appeared in a new lite. I went on lukkin at 'em, and I went on bilin. If yu hev seen a moth foolin round a flame, tryin tu ruin his futur and hurry hisself intu torments, yu hev seen a small imitashun of me. In a fatal moment I went fur that flame. When I left it I hedn't a feather tu fly with. My prospek as a bird of ploomage wur ruined. I fund myself rejoosed tu a mere insek—a disappointed inseck—a broken-hearted krawler. It tuk me sum time tu adjust my feelins tu the futur, but it kep kummin, so I gru sum new wings, and sot up as a bird of prey."

"Yu'd sukseed better as a sinner than yu wud as a saint," observed the Printer, surveyin him kritikuly. "Yu'd make a gud pirate with a little luv in kare."

"Saints and sinners ken both on 'em fite," I sez. "As fur as the funeral expenses air konsarned, thur aint a pip tu choose between 'em—a saint don't like a wooden leg any better than a sinner. 'Tu kompensate a man fur gettin hisself konverted intu a kripple they'll hev tu make thur medals a size larger. It's jes possibul that when Nelson fund hisself handin in his checks he didn't think as the battle hed turned out rite, as fur as he wos konsarned. If he'd hed his deal over agen, he'd a dealt hisself some different kards, and he wudden't hev played 'em whur he did."

"Thur's a kompensatin law in Natur that's very bootiful," sed the Printer, addressin the Widder. "Sandbags lost his fust luv and fund his fust elefant."

"'Praps Mr. Sandbags wud rather hev lost his elefant and fund his fust luv," suggested the Widder, with a pekooliar smile at Blazer, who sot smokin vakantly, and didn't appear tu hear whot was bein sed.

"It wud hev bin better fur me if I hied fund 3 elefants," sed the Printer, with a signiferkant groan.

"Why?" asked the Widder, in surprige.

"Bekos," he replied, "our matrimonial rites wur follered by matrimonial rcngs. It didn't take us long tu diskover as we hed made a mistake. The thing was soon apparent—but I wosn't," he added, with a low chukkle, as seemed tu amooze him.

"It's a wonder yu marrid a sekond time, and more wonderful that yu marrid a thurd time, if yure fust marriage wos so unhappy," sed the Widder.

"Well, yu see, I wanted tu thoroughly understand the questyun," he sez, lukkin sly; "so I went on experimentin. I konsider I ken guv a purty akkerate synopsis of it now."

I sed I shud like tu hev a synopsis, as I'd nevur heard wun played afore. "Mebbe yu'll purceed, Satan."

"Thur air seven kinds of lunatiks interested in the marriage questyun," he begun.

"Fust, them as marry tu soon ;

"Sekond, them as marry tu late ;

"Third, them as kan't marry when they want ;

"Fourth, them as don't want tu when they ken ;

"Fifth, them as keep on marryin ;

"Sixth, them as nevur marry at all.

"Them as air sufferin under the fust head air purty gud authorities on the subjek of troo repentance.

"Them in the sekond generally wish they'd thur time tu go over agen.

"Them in the third air speshully pertekted by Providents.

"Them in the fourth air either tu bad or not gud enuff fur the purpos.

"Them in the fifth air parst rekovery, and 'll soon dy.

"Them in the sixth ken form no konsepshun of the amount of misery the human heart is kapabul of enjyin. They air like gamblers as don't trubble thurselves with akkounts. They don't gno how little they've lost or how much they've gained. They mite jes as well be waxworks, as fur as the futur goes."

Then changin his vise intu a song toon, he sang—

"When a man's married his troubles begin"—

"But," he added, with signiferkant emfasis, "they don't ollis end thar."

The Printer's singin seemed tu rouse Sandbags frum his reverie, fur he turned tu the Widder as if nothin hed bin sed or sung sintz he spoke, and he sez—

"Yes, mum, Mexiker is a warm place when hot trubbles air ontu yu. Yu kan't mistake tears fur hailstones thar, and if yu want tu be a long time happy yu'd better be sumtimes gud, and don't luv anythin tu much—or tu little."

"I *shud* like tu year all about yure Mexikan life," sed the Widder, eagerly, "it's such an interestin kountry. Will yu tell it tu me sum time?"

Sandbags, bein mortal, sed he wud.

"Tu-morro?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yes, mum, tu-morro," he sed, and havin this tale tu luk forred tu she beamed briter than evur, and playfully invited us all tu supper.

The Printer drew up tu the table, and expressed hisself satisfied with the kourse things wos now takin. "Whot with the Parson and whot with the poekry," he sed, "we've parsed thru a krisis. Thur hez bin a run on busted heartstrings. Our noblest feelins hev bin tied intu gnots. At wun time the futur didn't seem very fur in frunt of us. I fur wun felt wuth sumthin under 2 hours' purchase. It hez bin damp, depressin, and muggy—very muggy."

I sed 'twos the fust time I hed evur noticed him objekt tu anythin muggy.

"No, Elijer," he explained, "not up tu a certin pint. That's so. Whot a difference a parson does make," he added, goin orf intu a new track without a moment's warnin, and seemin tu be overjyed at the thote. "I feel lighter olreddy. I am about tu sing. I *will* sing," and he put down his gnife and fork; but, suddently rememberin that he hed forgotten hisself, he turned tu the Widder and apologised.

"I forgive yu," she sed, puttin up her finger gravely, "pervided yu sing yure song arfter supper."

"That's squar," sed Sandbags, who didn't say much at feedin times as a rool.

The Printer guv a low chuckle as ni kost him his birthrite. It started him a koffin, and it wos sum time afore he kud speak, but it ended by his promisin the Widder he wud sing.

Arfter supper Sandbags hed tu go tu the post with a letter fur Ameriky. He explained he wudn't be long, and, as he

parsed the Widder, he sed, "This yere, mum, kontains the end of the elefant's tale."

"Indeed," she exclaimed; "how strange!" and she lukked kuriously at the envelope.

"How fur is it now frum the tip of his nose?" inquired the Printer, as he resoomd his pipe and his ushal reckless style. He didn't want an answer. He enjyed interruptin steady konversashun. Hevin akkomplished his purpos, he sot down. Sandbags guv him a luk of speechless rekognishun and hurried orf.

When the dore was klosed, and our chairs hed bin onct more drawed round the fire, the Widder mixed sum hot nektar fur me and the Printer, and then went on with her sewin.

"Who *is* Mr. Sandbags?" she suddently inquired, jes as the Printer wos takin a drink.

"Oh, I like that," he sed, with a wide komprehensive smile at the glass as he lowered it frum his lips. "It's delishus—*Mister* Sandbags! Fust time I've evur heard him kalled anythin but Blazer." He klosed his smile, and tuk a drink. "That's refreshin," he ejakerlated, and he guv anothur 2 third smile at Sandbags' new appelasun, and the remainin third at the jin as he hedn't swallered.

The Widder wos a woman in every pertikler. She hed asked a questyun, and that meant she intended tu hev a answer. So she rippled out a sweet little larf, and sed—

"Well, then, who is Blazer?"

The Printer see as thur wosn't room tu pars that questyun, so he sez, "He's wun of the Burners at the Bore and Pigskin."

"Wun of the Burners," she repeated, with a luk of puzzlement. "Whot is a Burner?"

"They used tu kajl 'em lites," he explained, "but they went out so offen, and sum of 'em shone so feeble, that thur name wos changed. Thur illoominatin power runs about wun kandle per man when they're turned on tu the full; but thur air times when thur mental and moral darkness is scandleless. Elijer's wun of 'em," he added, jerkin his thumb bakkerds intu my direkshun.

"Yu're anothur," I sez.

"Yes, I'm anothur," he replide; "that's 3."

"Silas Jerrybim's anothur," I added; "that's 4."

"Yes," he sez, "that's so. Thur's about fourteen on us in the pound; even then the Bore and Pigskin aint overlited."

"Whot do yu fiud tu do thur so offen?" asked the Widder.

"Well, it kuryusly happens," replide the Printer. "Thur air sum things we kan't say at home; we go and say 'em thar. Thur air sum things we kan't help rememberin at homie; we go thar and forget 'em. If a man kep all his ignorants inside him, he'd bust. We go and let ours orf at the Bore and Pigskin. Thur air things that nevur appear in print; we hear 'em thar. Too much woman's society is weakenin, enervatin, depressin. Jes as tu much honey is bad fur the body, so with the mind, tu much sweetness projooses sickliness. It is quite troo that yu ken hev tu much of a gud thing, tho it don't fall tu the lot of many thus tu suffer. Tur much of a bad thing is about our form," he added, holdin up his glass and turnin tu me fur korroberatin remarks.

"Why do yu take it if yu gno it does yu harm?" asked the Widder, as many a widder hez asked afore they bekum widders.

"It's wun of the mysterius laws of Improvidence that we shud throw away that which we kovet most when we hev lost it,"

replide the Printer, puttin on a pompus air. "Health is the most vallybul possesshun we hev, and it's the wun we take the least kare of. When it's gone we luk round fur summot tu enjy; but we find nothin better than sufferin—so we go on enjyin that. I luv this," he added, holdin up his glass, "bekos I've nothin eltz tu luv. It soothes me when I'm seethin, and kalms me when I'm tempestus and billowy. It makes life endurabul, but it shortens it. Thur ain't much tu choose between a heartake in the evenin and a headake in the mornin, only I prefer the headake brote about in the usual way. Madam, I agen drink a bumper tu yure health," and he guv a low bow and a deep drink, and leaned back, as if he hedn't a trubble in the world.

Bimeby Sandbags kum back, and the Widder called upon the Senior Devle fur his song.

Thur wos immejut silents; yu kud hev heard a rollin-pin drop.

But the Printer wos all at onct seized with a purfeshunal paroxysm of koffin enuff tu rupture a trombone. He tried sevrel times tu loobrukate his throte, but didn't appear tu effekt any permanent kure. At larst, when he seemed tu hev koffed his final koff, he eased his shirt kollar, and addressed the Widder:

"It wud be impossibul," he sed, "tu tell yu how disappointed I am that, owin tu this onexpekted and trubblesum disturbance of my vokal kords, I am obliged fur the present tu abandon my fust string and rozin myself down frum a song tu a recita-shun. It's as near poekry as I ken get without damagin the Laureate, who is only sumtimes swcet, but nevur sumtimes strong. But if sobbe, within the nekst hour or so, I ken toon my vise intu his everyday sweetness, I will guv yu a song as well."

"Oh, that is nice of yu," exclaimed the Widder, jyfully.

"Orful nice," konfirmed Sandbagi. "Thur will be a row in this house."

"As I rote 'em all myself, printed 'em all myself, and am goin tu guv 'em yu all myself, yu're goin tu hev a treat as hez so fur bin denied tu futur ajes yet unborn," observed the Printer; whurupon we settled ourselves down intu silents, while, gravely puttin down his pipe and takin anothur onaffekted sip at his glass, he kleared his throte and guv us the follerin

Redikulosify.

Thur was a undertaker,
Likewise a koffin maker,
As karrid on thur bizness in a sullen sort of way,
Lukkin jes as if thur pleshur
Wos berrid with thur treashur,
On the ground that in thur bizness kakinashun didn't pay.

So they never smoled a smile,
But lukked solum all the while,
Karryin on thur konversashun with sum proverbs and sum rhymes,
That bore upon bereavement
In a way tu well deceive, meant
And konsidered by society as komfortin at times.

Not old the undertaker,
Nor old the koffin maker,
But well matured and fairly fat, and fully forty-nine—
A time of life admitted
Tu be eminently fitted
Fur detecting vice frum virtue and vinegar frum wine.

And so a friendly basis,
Tho' koncealed upon thur faces,
Wos established and perpetuated in this solum way;
And hed thur faults been skreened,
Or hed nothin intervened,
Thur friendship, rudely blasted, would hev lasted till tu-day.

But friendship is as fickle
As thoughts that kum tu tickle
The tympanum of woman or the tympanum of man;
And so wun day a trubble
Expanded like a bubble,
And busted up thur friendship, as a trubble sumtimes kan.

It happened just in this wise
(And it shows how quickly luv flies),
Jubb the koffinist hed spoken disrespekfully of Grubb;
Not the grub that feeds a body
Or on bud, but Grubb whose hobby
Wos tu berry finished folkses in the boxes made by Jubb.

So Grubb the undertaker
Tackled Jubb the koffin maker,
And plainly told him whot he thote of kondukts such as those;
And Jubb delineated
The kind of man *he* hated,
And the konversation ended in the friends bekummin foes,

And now they never linger,
Or touch a single finger
Of the hand they used tu press so in the peaceful days of yore;
But walk away unheeding
Who is last or who is leading,
Without a glance of sympathy or sorrow as before.

And people think it queer
 As they see 'em take a bier,
 As if nothing strange hed intervened between the e olum 2
 That they never say a word
 O'er a friend they've just interred,
 But pass away in silence—which they didn't ort tu do.

The Printer guv his recitashun with droll solemnity that wos very amoozin, and the Widder larfed, and even Sandbags kuddent help smilin.

"The Bore and Pigskin Burners don't gno the treashur they've got in yu, Satan," I sez. "It'll be a late evenin when they do; and it'll 'appen afore long, wont it, Sandbags?" I predikted, turnin tu him fur konfirmashun.

"It's about time he did summot tu thro orf luminosity," replied Sandbags. "He hez kep his bushel upside down a gud many years up tu now. They'll be surpriged when they find his kandle's in. Who'd a thote he wos goin tu turn out a dikkey bird at his time of life? I'm kuryus tu yere him warble. Now, Satan, it's all klear fur yure oktaves. Go steady, and don't overbalance yureself."

"Don't be in any indecent hurry," I sez, seein as the Printer wos fillin his glass and preparin fur furder loohrukashun on a grand skale. "It uuddn't be safe tu miss a pint if it'll furder the objek we hev in voo."

"Jes so," observed the Printer, "the neglekt of ordnery prekaushuns offen ends in failure. It isn't a mournful ditty," he added, klearin his throate of anothur short koff, and lukkin very sorrerful; "but get yure hankchers reddy, and jine in the solum korus soft and low. It's a pity the Parson's gone."

And he lukked at me with a wicked wink. Then he busted
orf intu song, and he sang

The Swing Swang.

From the Chinese (some distance).

He swung in his swing, and as he swang
His love to his swing did bring
Her love in a letter, and flew away,
As he sang while he swang in his swing—
Houp la.

He kissed the seal, and swinging, he read
The message his love did bring ;
And he smiled as he smole, for his heart was glad,
And he sung, as he swang in his swing,
The follerin

SONG OF YE SWINGER.

My love, I am waiting for thee,
In a swing that is swung to a tree,
Fondly dreaming of something to be,
In a swing that will swing you and me.

I'm sighing to sigh out my vows,
As I swing with the breeze in the boughs,
Singing low in my lazy carouse—
Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la le.

But she had gone.

Then tiring of swinging, for long he had swanged
 In the swing of that beautiful tree,
 He ended his song, and before very long
 He said to himself, " I'm right, or I'm wrong,
 But this I do know, though to her I belong,
 I'll abandon this swing, Tra la le."

And he Tra la'd and Tra le'd, and smiled as he trilled,
 For he thought of the love he adored ;
 And softer he grew as he dreamt of the two
 That would swing in the boughs all under the blue,
 And be to each other in oneness, but two,
 And in " Always the same " evermored.

Then follows
 (The Printer explained)
 A lapse of years,
 Composed of nights of diversion,
 And mornings of reflection,
 Numerous headaches,
 And subsequently,
 The Moral,
 Which the Printer set up thus :—

MORAL.

As oneness means twoness, be always prepared,
 When uniting your twoness in one,
 To find afore long, in the words of this song,
 That units united will sometimes go wrong,
 And repent of the oneness they've done.

For they feel, Tra la le, when they're all up a tree,
That it isn't all sunshine and sun ;
And when they come to, as two they will be,
If they don't remain firm in their sweet unity,
Their twoness no more can be one.

The Printer's song was follered by applaus—in fak sevrul.

It wos set tu quaint mugik, and the toon varied with the vusses. To our surprige the Printer sang well.

The little Widder wos delited, and sed she hed nevr heard anythin like it afore. "I don't gno how yu ken think of such queer things," she added, turnin tu the Printer with a smile of approbashun and kuryosity kombined.

"It's inspirashun, kumbined with alkohol," he sed, with a twinkle in his hies ; "but they hev tu be karfully mixed and only taken repeatedly, jes when yure soul thursts fur 'em."

"Yu must hev bin in a luvly state of mind when yu guv birth tu that odd ditty," observed Sandbags, turmin tu the Printer kuryusly. "Whot hour in the early mornin wos it when the mugiks of the spheres fust felt it boom intu the midst of 'em?"

"Don't gno," sed the Printer, indifferently. "It kum on tu me all at onct afore I gnu whur it wos."

"Wur yu in much sufferin at the time?" asked Sandbags, with assoomed sympathy.

"Not much at the time," answered the Printer, "but nekst mornin I fund a bruize or 2, and my kote wanted brushin. It must hev upset me a bit. That's only natrel."

"Jesso," sed Sandbags.

"Now I'm goin tu bust orf intu summot tasty. Yu'll nevr luk back agen, Satan. It's a historikal poem about yu, and 'll

lay yu out among men of the time. Jes lissen." And Sandbags
guv us the follerin :

The Printer.

There was a thursty Printer, who had an extra drop
Of whisky and of water well combined,
That made him feel much queerer,
As his bedtime drew much nearer,
Till he felt he was for slumber most perceptibly inclined.

So he rose with extra caution, and with alcoholic care,
And said : "Good nightsh, my boys ; good nightsh"—to all
around ;
And on his way proceeded,
Without the aid he needed,
Till all at once, and suddently, he sot upon the ground.

Then the Printer for a moment, deep in doubt what this new
woe meant,
Scratched the wool that grew in patches on his rather
baldish head,
And said in tones of muddle,
To himself—"Thish shplendid fuddle
Ish making me more deader than the deadesht of the dead."

Then on his hands and knees, with anything but ease,
He crawled a yard, or mebbe two, or mebbe some few more ;
But finding his endeavour,
As an effort was not clever,
He gradually subsided there—lopsided—on the floor.

And the people gathered round, as they do when they
have found

A something, or a someone, that to them is new or strange ;

And they said in tones of wonder,

"What, in the name of thunder,

Has the Printer done this blessed day to so him disarrange?"

Then all himself re-raising, with a suddentness amazing,

The Printer stood afore 'em all, and very slowly said :

"My friendsh, I'm on the boom

To a thurstshop or the tomb,

And to-nightsh I shall be very drunk, or else be very dead."

Jes as he konklooded, and arfter the Printer hed expressed
his disapproval of Sandbags tryin tu-mislead posterity, and also
kummin tu the frunt as a poet afore he'd done dislokin hisself
on proze, we all settled down intu one of those dead kalms that
foller a time of sufferin ; but we hedn't settled down long afore
the klok struk eleven.

But then anothur time of sufferin kame, fur the Printer all at
onct fumbled in his pocket and soon brote out a paper which he
sed wos a luv poem, komposed by hisself. We tride tu stop him,
but he stud up heroikally and read us the follerin :—

Nellie and I.

Nellie and I in a far off day

Walked hand in hand together,

And plucked the flowers in a loving way

In the sunny summer weather.

But the years that rolled o'er that far off time
 Have buried our joys for ever;
 And Nellie and I no more can roam
 With our loving hands together.

For ever and aye our love has fled,
 For ever and aye 'tis ended;
 And the broken hopes of our broken hearts
 Can never—ah never—be mended.

And now but a faded flower remains
 Of the flowers that day we carried;
 And it clings to a leaf in a record of grief
 That tells us the date we were married.

The Printer sot down with the air of a poet who defies criticism and bluffs qualifide opinyun. Tu him it wos of no moment that the roof mite thar and then klose upon us, or the cellar floor bukjump us into the infinite. The bustin of a kitchen biler, or the developin energies of an irresponsible earthquake wur alike tu him wantin in terror, and bald in signifikants. He hed done whot he hed intended, and he thurfore settled down satisfide. I watched the Widder's face with a luvin kuryosity.

Her fust snile hed vanished, and in its place thur kame a dawn of thoughtfulness. Suddently turnin tu the Printer, she sed, "Did yu really luv Nellie?" Tu our bewildered surprige, the Printer sed "Yes."

But he added, "Her vise I never heard, her face I never saw. She wos wun of the fanciful luv of my poetikal imaginashun, and as she never lived, she never guv me a minit's pain. Its as well tu luv summot yu kan't see; thur aint so much kause for jealousy, and quarrelin is impossible."

The Widder rose and put away her work. Then she stirred the fire into a blaze, and put the kettle whur it wud keep hot, sayin, "Hev yu everythin yu want, Mr. Goff?"

I lukked up into her hies, and felt as if I hed spoken; but seein the Printer was lissenin, I parsed the questyun on tu him.

"All I want?" he repeated, drawin a frown over his face. "Do I luk as if I hed all I want?"

"No," he pursood. "When the gud things of this world wur served out, I wosn't invited tu attend. In the lottery of life I tuk a hand, but hev only drawed two prizes—a kradle and a koffin. I've growed out of the wun, and am growin into the othur. Everythin eltz aint wuth the paper it's ritten on. The kradle wosn't bad, but the nearer I get tu the koffin the less I like it. Thur's an invitin luk about it that seems tu mean no gud. I'd a great mind tu be kremated, and sell it."

The Widder smiled, but as she held out her hand tu the Printer, tu wish him gud nite, she sed, "Oh, fi! fi! yu air tu dredfully dredful. It's naughty of yu tu jest on seryus things," and she lukked at him with the sweetness of a reproachin angel.

The Printer lukked at that luk, and sot down.

"Good nite, Mr. Sandbags," she sed, shakin hands with Blazer. "Isn't it shockin fur me tu sit up so late? but time parses so quickly and pleasantly when we air appy. I hed no idea it kud be eleven;" and with a purty nod and a gud nite tu me, and anothur nod and a grashus little smile all round, she tripped out of the room, and Sandbags, too, sot down without sayin a word.

Fur sum minits thur wos silents. We lukked into the fire, as if we kud see sumthin sakred thur; mebbe a vishun of the early time. Mebbe the vishun that hed jes parst away. Mebbe a hope of sum blessin tu kum.

All at onct we each guv a sigh, and immejutly lukked up at wun anothur fur sum explanashun.

"I hope we shall feel better now," sed the Printer. "It don't do tu swaller 'em. They obstrukt the heart in his purfeshunal dooties, and take him orf his beat. Even a perliseman kuddent stand it, and he hez tu stand a gud deal when he aint lyin.

Sandbags sed that wos so, which wos olmost as little as he kud say if he sed anythin at all.

Then we drawed round the fire, and filled our pipes, and levelled up our glasses, as if we wur only jes beginnin the bizness of the evenin.

But sintz the Widder hed left the room it seemed as if sum pure and luvin infloozentz hed parsed out of it.

Even the Printer felt it, fur he observed reflektifly, "Whot a big emptiness thur is yere, Lijer, when that little Widder leaves us tu our miserabul selves. It's olmost as if we wur all on us suddently onsanktified. It's different at our house. Thur's no kommunityun of saints thur when the angel of my buzzom's in residence. When she goes, yu feel as if yu ken take down yure storm sheets and enjy a kalm."

I kuddent help wonderin, as I lissened tu the Printer, how many firesides air spiled by them as shud keep 'em brite and peaceful, and how many hearthstuns air abandoned fur want of a little warmth. But afore I kud wonder furder Blazer Sandbags turned tu me as if he hed summot tu get rid of.

"I say, Lijer," he observed, "that old Parson's a long-winded sort of sky pilot tu hev on board. Spoge he don't kum offen?"

"No, I sez. "He don't visit us as offen as the milkman, but when he does kum he's as welkum."

"Wud it hurt yu as much, Lijer, tu leave orf yure milk as it wud tu diskontinue takin in yure intermittent doses of patriarkal morality?" asked the Printer, with a thickenin pronunciashun that indikated the approachin end of a brave thirst.

"Mebhe he wuddent ketch kold if he left both of 'em orf," mumbled Sandbags. "They air purty thin fur a able-bodied adult in full bloom."

"I kud do without either kows or kurates without feelin a akin void," I sez; "but childern like kurds and whey at the beginnin of life, and the old folks like konsolashun at the end of it, and in the middle time thur air a gud many who like a little of both."

"Yu see, Sandbags, milk's a natrel taste, but a parson's an acquired taste," explained the Printer, with slow gravity. "If yu want summot with the kream on—all rite—thur's the dairy. If yu want summot with the sermon—all rite—thur's the deanery. Whot more air yu likely tu want afore yu're permanently appy?"

Sandbags lukked at him vakantly as if he didn't fully komprehend the meanin of whot wos sed; then he rubbed his forred with the palm of his hand, and guv a tired sigh. Arfter a pause, he turned tu me dreamily, and sed—"Lijer, I'm gettin a bit shleepy. Whot time is it by yure moon dile?"

"It's only early yet," I sez. "The midnite hour hezn't parsed the present up tu now."

"Then it's odds agen his evur ketchen up with it," remarked the Printer heavily. "Twoz a foolish thing tu give eleven o'klok an hour's start. He kan't do it. It's any odds agenst him."

"We aint talkin about a hoss race," I sez; "we're talkin about the time of nite."

"Don't shignify," he sez. "I'll guv the odds if no wun eltz 'll take 'em—jesh a bit of spekulashun tu keep the ball a rollin. Whot d'ye shay, Sandbags?"

"I'm inkapable of funder speech," mumbled Sandbags. "I've jined the great silentsh. I've nothin funder tu kommunikate. B'sides, I'm orf."

"Don't be in a hurry, Sandbags," persuaded the Printer. "Itsh all rite. We're all kummin yure way. I'll keep yu kompany. Sit down."

Sandbags sot down in a droopin pozishun, while the Printer stretched hissself out in a attitood of kontemplashun.

He wos gettin very pale and more inartiklet.

"Do yu konshider me a biped?" he suddently demanded, arfter a pause.

"Why?" I asked, not wishin tu rile him with an answer.

"Bekosh I kan't make it sho," he sez, lukkin at his legs. "Yu kount 'em, Lisher."

"Thur's 2," I sez, addin 'em up twice tu make sure I was krekt in the total.

"Yu aint anywhur near it," he sed. "I aint a teetotaller, but I ken she at leasht four. Kount 'em agen, Lisher."

"Yu'll admit that's wun," I sez, pinchin his left leg sumwot hard.

"Yesh," he sez, "judgin frum the sensashun, thatsh wun as ken feel fur all the othurs put together."

"Well, that's 2," I sez, stickin a pin intu the right 'un.

"Yesh," he sez, "thur's twish the feelin in that 'un—sho he must be 2. That makes 4," he sez, in a tone as expekted me tu go on kountin.

"That's the lot," I sez, gettin a bit gnarled. "Yu're a two-legged 'un."

"Why, Lisher, yu shed thish 'un wos 2 yureself," he sez, rubbin the wun we kounted larst, and lukkin up reproachful. "If thatsh 2, the othursh 2 ; thatsh 4. Jes whot I make 'em. 'Peard tu be more noomerish fust site. Quadrupedsh whot I am. No doubt-bout-it," and he re-dropped hisself intu a flabby attitood of kontemplashun.

All at onct we missed Sandbags. He wos on his hands and gnees, under the table, tryin tu find summot.

"Hev yu lost yure balance," I inquired.

"No," he sez. "It's my hat. I'm orf when I ken find it. It's late. Hullo, that luks summot like it," he sez, makin a grab at the spittoon.

"Du yu jenrelly hang yure hat up on the floor?" I sez.

"Sandbags mush be in a beastly state of intokshikashun," murmured the Printer, talkin tu hisself and lukkin disgusted.

"This 'un hezn't got a brim tu him," observed Sandbags, puttin the spittoon down arfter a karful examinashun. "It aint mine," and he got up and stud baffled, as if he'd searched the whole house and didn't gno whur tu search nekst.

I fetched his hat out of the passage, and guv it tu him.

"Well, that's singler," sez Sandbags, lukkin inkredlus.

"Itsh plooral frum my pint of vu," observed the Printer, with a dreamy glance at the hat ; "thur 'pearsh tu be mine among 'em," he added, rearin hisself up and preparin tu 'skure his property.

"Thur's yure's," I sez, puttin it on his head tu save trubble, and pressin it on over his hies fur funder sekurity.

"Whur?" he exclaimed, stretchin out his hands and gropin round, as if he wos playin blind-man's buff.

"Thur," I explained, fixin it on agen.

"Oh," he ejakkerlated, lukkin vakant and tired, but evidently satisfide.

Thur wos a short pause, and I led the way tu the frunt dore. They follered, as if they wur goin in a rong direkshun, and seemed tu want tu go bakkerds as well as forruds; between the 2 oppersite feelins they purceeded a gud deal sideways.

"I hev enjyed this evenin very much," I sez. "I hope yu'll kum and spend anothur with me soon."

"We'll kum and shpend anothur evenin with yu now, if yu like," sed the Printer. "We're ash thirsty ash when we kum, sho thatsh all rite."

"I'm a leetle overbiled," sed Sandbags. "I'm fetched. I'm goin home."

I opened the dore. It wos klear and kold outside. The stars trembled. They must hev bin out a long time. Jes then the town kloks struk wun.

"Nothin like gettin tu bed early," I sez, "if yu want tu keep the roses on yure cheeks."

"Now fur these shteps," sed the Printer, liftin his foot under the impreshun he wos goin up 'em, and holdin on tu the dore post in surprige when he fund he hedn't tutchted wun.

"Thatsh funny, Elisher," he observed, evidently puzzled.

"Yu aint kummin in," I sez; "yu're goin out."

"Oh, I shee," he sed, swingin round the post and facin the dore, as if he ollis purceeded bakkerds when he went forruds.

"Thatsh better," he added, and he walked in agen and sot down.

"Whur's that Senior Devle gone tu now?" exclaimed Sandbags, lukkin up intu the street lamp, as if he expectted tu see him warmin hissself at the lite.

"I'm perfekly komfbul, Blazer. Kuddn't be better. Imposhbul," answered the Printer, lukkin limp and dreamy, with his arms hangin over the chair.

"Whot'll yure jentle bride say?" I asked, lukkin steady at him.

"Eh?" he sed, lukkin up, but not appearin tu ketch the meanin of the questyun.

"The wife of yure buzzom," I sed.

"Which buzzom?" he asked, with a persistent desire fur full pertiklers.

"The wun yu got married in," I explained, tryin tu bring him tu reason.

"Shtop," he sed, sittin uprite in his chair, with a suddent start. "Ishn't number three in posseshun."

"I nodded that his tu fust wives wur ded.

"Yesh? Thatsh bad. Most sherus. If 'twoz number wun or number 2, Elisher, 'twudn't signerfy, but number three's vilent. Different altogether;" and he winked all up wun side of his face.

"Lishen whot the poet sez," he kontinnerd, when his wink hed subsided: "'Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, oncertin, hard, and koy tu please,' but," he added, in a low vise, sootabul fur a sekret,

"When jin and whisky, Elisher, ring the brow, they don't sheem tu hev the shlitesht shympathy. Bah!" and he waved his arm, with imperial disgust.

"Yu don't luk as if yu hed bin married 3 times," I observed, lukkin at him kritikly. It don't show much. Why did yu keep on doin it?"

"My appetite fur mishery inkreased by whot it fed on. Thatsh why. Do yu she these gray hairsh?" he sed.

"Sum of 'em," I answered.

"Well, Elisher, that's matrimony and age kombined. Thursh nothin like them 2 ingredients fur puttin a finishin tutch on a man and takin the youth out of him. Try enuff of 'em, they'll kill him. Number 3'll play lucifer matches with me tu-nite. I gno exakly whot she'll say. She's waitin tu say it now. I *must* go. It'll take her at least 2 hours tu deskribe me. I'm a bit komplikated. Shan't get tu shleep afore three."

He guv a sigh, and onct more purceeded tu the dore.

Sandbags wos leanin agensst the lamp post, with his arm round his waist, asleep.

"Aint it purty?" sed the Printer, lukkin at him admirinly, with his head on wun side. "Innercent as childern—them 2. I like innercents. Yu gno whot the filosofer says, 'Whur innercents is guilt it's folly tu hev much tu do with it, and certin deth tu play with it fur a whole lifetime.' Itsh troo, and on the othurwise thatsh troo, namely, it don't do fur guilt tu be *tu* innercent if he wants tu enjy the merry sunshine fur any lenth of time. Now, Sandbags, fall in, the enemy'sh gettin im-pashunt."

"Fours deep," shouted the Printer, evidently seein enuff of 'em afore him tu karry out the kommand.

Sandbags did his best tu luk like three men, but thur wos a want of milintary smartness about it disgustin tu the Printer, so he sez: "Kum on, Blazer, thesh othur men don't gno thur drill. Let's go home on a peace footin. Leave 'em behind."

"Ta, ta, Elisher; ta, ta."

And they purceeded home 2 abreast.

PART XXIX.

An Evenin with the Widder.

THE nekst evenin kum tu us in a quiet, kalm way, as led us tu think that life wos not all storm ; and the nite follered soon arfter, jes tu show us that life wos not all sunshine. But afore twilite guv way tu darkness the little Widder brote in the kandles and drawd down the blinds.

I hed bin thru a sumwot trubbled mornin and a sumwot disturbin arfternoon. People hed kalled upon me as I didn't want tu see, and them as I yearned fur hedn't kum. Thur hed bin no glad tidins of great jy ; but thur hed bin dokumentry evidences of the approach of summot diskordant. Fur a mind filled with tumult, thurs nothin so refreshin as silents, and I hed made up my mind tu remain by the fireside fur the remainder of the day, and guv up all idears of enjyin the reverberatin delites of the Bore and Pigskin.

The little Widder wos quick at readin my moods and tenses, and she lent herself appily tu meetin 'em. She hed got tu gno when I wos goin tu be rough and when I wos intendin tu be smooth ; when my sole wanted brimstun or when it koveted treakle ; when mugik and poekry wud best sooth my savij breast, or when the devilry of devilment wud soonest put me tu rest.

So when she lukked at me thotefully, as I sot thur broodin, she at onct made up her mind whot wos best tu do.

It wos purty tu watch her. She stirred the fire intu a blaze, brushed up the hearth, put everythin ontidy intu its proper place, and then inquired, "Air yu goin out agen tu-nite, Mr. Goff, or shall I get yure slippers?"

I lukked up intu her face as if I hed bin perfekly onkonshus of her presence, and I sez, "Ken yu ollis guess whot I'm thinkin of? Yu do it so offen, I'm beginnin tu bleeve yu ken do it ollis. It's kuryus, but jes then I wos tryin tu arrive at the same konklooshun, whether I shud go out, or whether I shuddn't. We'd better put it tu the vote."

"Yes, do, Mr. Goff," exclaimed the little Widder, jyfully. "I've got my vote reddy."

Its a seryus thing tu guv women the franchise. They akt on it so quick.

"All rite," I sez, enterin intu the fun. "Hands up fur his goin out."

Thur wosn't a female voter present as seemed tu hev a hand; and a man kan't very well hold up his agenst a woman, so I kept mine down.

Then I sed, "Hands up fur his remainin in."

This wos karriid by a large majority, and klappin of hands on the part of the Widder, and a sigh of assoomed resignashun frum the depth of my buzzom, and a suddent blaze of jyful kombustshun frum the fire. So it wos settled without bludshed and funder, tu the satisfakshun of all konsarned.

Then, as if by magik, the slippers wur projoosed. My pipe and bakkey manifested thurselves, and a sperit appeared. It wos w/bisky.

The Widder gnu how tu konvince a spiritoolist, and she gnu she gnu, fur she smiled so konfidently that I felt she hed bin suckcessful, and as she handed me a lite she sed, "I wos olmost afeared we shuddent all of us vote solid on that questyun ; but we did, didn't we?"

"Every voter on us did, as every voter on us shud," I sed. "We guv our heads the help of our hearts."

"Oh, I *am* glad," exclaimed the Widder. "A quiet evenin will do yu gud. I thote tu-nite thur wos a shade upon yure face, and I wos afeared that it mite also be upon yure heart, but I hoped it wosn't."

"No," I sez, "I think it must be the weather, but it don't matter whot it is. If yure sufferin frum summot bloo yu ken ollis change it fur summot red. Spoge yu read tu me," I suggested with a luk of appeal intu her beamin face. "Yes, that's it," I added, as she noddod assent. "Nothin kud be nicer." And nothin kud.

Then the Widder smiled at me gladly, and went tu the desk whur she kept, as she kalled 'em, "*our*" papers, and picked out sevrel remnants frum the packages we hed received frum Jerrybim, which she hedn't yet read, and also a letter she hed received frum the Parson, kontainin a deskripshun of his visit tu a cemetery at Harpurhey, which he hed written fur a paper. As it sounded a solum kind of subjek, I proposed we shud chuck it intu the parst afore the othurs, so as tu get rid of it ; but the Widder lukked reproachful at me, and sed. "It does sound a mournful tittle, but we are sure tu like it. The Parson is such a dear, gud man. I've kept it tu read tu yu. It only kum this afternoon, and I've bin tu busy tu luk at it."

"Very well," I sez, kontentedly, "we'll see whot he's got tu say."

Then the Widder drew her favorite chair tu the fire, put her little feet on the fender, opened out the paper, and began tu read very reverently the words of the Parson.

"At Harpurhey," he wrote, "a park and a cemetery are arranged side by side. In the one they have provided recreation for the living ; in the other, rest for the dead. In the park there is the music of life ; in the cemetery, silence and death. Still the grasses grow as green and the flowers bloom as bright in the graveyard as in the pleasure-ground ; but over the one there hangs the sad calm of desolation, the chill and gloom of decay. Though the birds may sing, yet it is the deep silence only that we *feel*, and the sunshine that should cheer seems to make us the more sad. Many who have come to the cemetery to-day have been here before, and they silently recall the tears and agonising grief of a day gone by. They then thought that their eyes would never know how to look upon *that* grave as they look upon it now ; but time has mellowed down their keen anguish into a calm sad memory, and though the heart has not forgotten its love, yet it has lost much of that pain which the bitter parting brought.

"But there are other mourners here whose grief is fresh. Loving eyes, whose tears are still wet, have come here again to weep ; and loving hearts, in their new bitterness, throb again in pain over the last resting-place of their lost friends. A mother has come to plant fresh flowers over the grave of her child ; a daughter to place an immortelle on the tomb of a parent lost to her for ever ; and so on, through the days and the years that are passing, new graves are dug and new names are inscribed on that endless scroll whose solemn records are steeped in tears.

"It is a pleasant resting-place for the dead, this cemetery at

Harpurhey, with its green acres sloping down towards the rising sun, that they may catch something more than a slanting ray ; and its broad border of landscape edged with hills, that overlooked the valley long before it was peopled with the living, and long before the waters that flowed through it were black as if they had stolen out of midnight. There, at the foot of this steep hill side, is a sable stream winding slowly along, thick with impurity, we know, but bearing on its surface a foam that at a distance looks pure and white. And there, in the valley, are reservoirs of clearer water, that mirror the sky as faithfully and lovingly as a mountain lakelet ; but the dark buildings near them and around them will not suffer the eye to be pleasantly beguiled, nor the imagination to picture a valley of rest. Factory chimneys, with harsh vertical lines, here and there rear their tall, rigid forms, and at times the sky is stained with long trails of smoke ; but still there are green fields and foliage beyond, with a clear blue sky above ; and it is on these that the eye will rest.

"In the warm sunshine of this autumn afternoon, the landscape we look upon seems to slumber calmly, unconscious of all that is passing around, and silent as when its solitude was unbroken. Following the side path along which we have lingered, we come to the lower end of the ground, and find ourselves in the midst of the 'public graves.' Rows of poor, plain headstones, crowded with names, stand at the end of mounds that appear to have been often disturbed. Fifteen names we count on some, fourteen on others, while many remain unfilled. What a strange death roll is this ! Men and women who have never met while living, children whose ages are written in months, grandsires of three score years and ten—all strangers. Vain is the wish of the

husband to rest with the wife, or the child with the parent, in these filled-up graves. Others have taken the place they coveted, and another sod must cover them, another stone receive their names. It is of no moment to the dead, but to the living it is a sad doom. We wonder, as we stand looking at the names on those dull, cold stones, whether it sometimes chances that bitter enemies in life meet here in death, and sleep on in peace together till the end; or if the sinner and the sinned against are ever brought to share a common grave, and moulded together into unforgiven and unforgiving dust; if in the new grave at our feet, there are among the upturned faces with closed eyes, some we have often met in the human stream that flows through our city's streets—faces we should recognise were the coffin lids removed? It may be that beneath this mound of earth there are eyes that watched over our infancy, lips that kissed us in our first slumbers, hearts that loved us in that long ago which memory cannot recall.

“Beneath the shadow of the willow trees yonder, is a little grave which has been watered with many tears. Within it sleeps a little child. The hands of the mourner have placed a single rail around it, and at the head a plain glazed frame, containing a mourning card, that bears the name and age of the little sleeper. What a simple record! Yet the rich marble monuments do not express more. There is a spot of earth that the mother's heart prizes more than all the earth besides, for there lies the treasure which a world of wealth could not have purchased from her; and as she comes to place another flower on 'baby's grave,' her memory recalls its little face and its sunny smile, and again and again she consecrates this mound of earth with her tears. What monument, carved with other hands, could tell her sorrow and

her love so touchingly as does this little tablet ! This is not the work of a proud hand, but the simple tribute of one that could do no more.

"Many other little graves there are dotted over this consecrated ground. Each has its sad, unwritten history. Here we pass a cluster of plain headstones, with a tomb in the midst. This also is erected to the memory of a child. On its front is represented the little sleeper lying on its back, with one arm across its breast and the other by its side, just as it may have lain on its mother's lap. The little eyes are closed, and there is a look of repose on its face which is natural and life-like, though the sharpness of the lines has been worn away. The infant form below saw little of this world ; life flickered for three months, and then went out. A brief term, but in it were crowded the brightest and purest joy, and the darkest and most enduring sorrow a woman's heart can know. And yonder, near the chapel, is "Popsa's grave," covered with blooming flowers. From their midst rises a costly monument—a pedestal surmounted by an obelisk, at the foot of which are represented two angels mourning for the dead. There is an inscription on the pedestal that tells us who "Popsa" was. She, too, saw little of this world, for, ere the years had made a second orbit round her life, her infant eyes were closed for ever. These little lamps, which have so soon burned out, have left behind them a darkness which knows no change ; yet there is no sad memory so sweet as the memory of a dead child.

"In the sunshine and the silence we pass on through these avenues of tombs and headstones, with their solemn records, and on past countless mounds that mark the resting-places of the nameless dead. And then we pause at the dull, cold chapel, that rises in the midst of this soundless desolation, and we think

of the endless stream of heavy hearts that is ever flowing through those stony portals, beating their sad requiem, and wishing—as our poor foolish hearts do wish—that this life had never begun, or that it would never thus sorrowfully end. And passing solemnly inside this sacred pile, so void of beauty and so soulless in its look, we glance around, seeking in vain for some sign of comfort or some gleam of hope. But all is cold and compassionless and lifeless, and we pass sadly out through the open doors, eager to see the sun again, and to shake off the shroud-like chill that had fallen around us.

As we stand once more in the warm sunshine, we try to forget what we were beginning too vividly to remember, and we endeavour to calmly contemplate the scene around us. As we pass through the gateway to leave, we meet others coming on their sad errand. Two poor women bear a coffin to its place among the public graves. They come alone. No richly-plumed hearse bears their dead, but the arms that nursed the infant carry it to its grave. And in grim procession, as we pass away, we meet more dead: a long line of sable coaches, drawn by proud Flemish horses, with their black, flowing manes, are hurrying on their sorrowing loads to the brink of that bourne whence no traveller returns. And so on for ever round the silent circle of years the suns rise and set on this field of death, looking down on the sad mutations of time. The budding into life, and the falling of the leaf. The mourners of yesterday, the mourned of to-day. The solemn ceaseless flow of the human stream from the troubled present into the calm ocean of the indisturbable past."

The Widder ceased her readin, and I sot lukkin intu the fire. Thur wos nothin in the Parson's paper tu make me feel as if I

wos sorry I hed evur bin born, but it hed sumhow left an impression on my mind. The idear that I shud sum day be berrid kum tu me agen, as it hed offen kum tu me afore, as an onpleasant kontingency. Praps it wos that I felt tu komfortabul jes then. Or mebbe it wos that I felt that fur agrikulturul purposes I wos tu small and insigniferkant fur the dooties that wur assigned tu me. When a man feels that he's not suffishently useful fur even a ordnery plot of ground, he shrinks intu an idear that a grave is all he's wuth, and when that noshun kums intu his mind, he ceases tu believe in hisself as anythin more than sumthin indefinite, that hez bin sumthin, without suffishent justifikashun.

But tu the little Widder's younger and less worn-out mind thur seemed tu be anothur voo, fur she woke herself frum her reverie, and layin the paper aside with a dawnlike sigh, she turned tu me sweetly and sed : "Thur's a strange konflikt in my mind, Mr. Goff, when I think of deth. The grave onct robbed me of wun I luvd, and I offen wished that I, too, rested in the old churchyard. Sumtimes I hev wished it sintz, but skarsly hes the wish bin born afore its died, fur my thoughts turned agen tu those I still luvd, those who still lived, and then I seemed tu hev but one desire—tu be with them."

"Jes so," I sez ; "if I must luv anythin at all, I prefer summot with a beatin heart in it—sumthin that ken enkurrige the effort as is bein made—jes as it is bein made, and ken likewise do summot tasty in return. It's no use huggin the parst," I added ; "yu may jes as well settle down intu a fossil and jine a museum, or lean up agenst a hill and fancy yu're a quarry, or get ossified so as sum luvin mason ken hev a chip at yu. Luvin the parst is a wun-sided arrangement. The parst 'll

nevr return it. It nevr hez done, and nevr ken do. Whot sort of a luvur wud a 2-thousand-year-old mummy make, even in his tenderest mood? He'd hev every rag tore orf him afore he gnu whur he wos if he tried tu pars hisself orf as a amorus swain, reddy and willin tu undertake the responsibilities of luv. He kuddent do it; and tu do him justis, he don't try."

The Widder smiled, but sed nothin. Fur a little time she rummaged among the papers and glanced over 'em rapidly, as if tu find out whether they wur in the major or the minor key; then suddently selektin wun, as wos evidently a major, she sed, britely lukkin up into my hies—"Now, then, Mr. Goff, I think this wun will not make yu weep; it luks funny."

"Who's it frum?" I sez.

"It's wun the Printer sent tu me," she sed, larfin, "and he nevr makes us kry."

"No," I sez, "his smiles air the only things as he ken projoose a tear with, and they don't appear offen."

"Now, then," sed the Widder, "lissen;" and she held the paper up tu the lite, and read the follerin kontribooshun tu the literatoor of the evenin:—

He Didn't.

My name it is William, his name it was Fred,
We travelled together through years that are dead;
But though for our travels and X's I bled,

He didn't.

He promised that he would most certainly pay
The dollars he borrowed from William one day,
But somehow or other, I've only to say,

He didn't.

I met him long after in trouble again,
And lent him my gingham to keep off the rain ;
To return it, he swore, but it goes without sayin,
He didn't.

One night when I met him, I found him in glee,
We chatted and laughed, as happy could be ;
But though he declared that he'd stand me two D,
He didn't.

At last, when my dollars had come to an end,
I met him and asked him some dollars to lend ;
But though he said "Certainly, William, my friend"—
He didn't.

"Jes like him," I sez, as she put the paper aside with a merry little larf ; "he's got a lot of that sort of sawdust intu him—enuff tu supply a cirkus or a dollery. He's a perfek bagfull when he's untied. Whot he must hev bin afore he sprinkled hisself over the earth nobody seems tu gno ; but he must hev bin thar at the time."

"He must be a strange kompanion fur a luvin wife," observed the Widder, "he seems so hard in his voos of life ; and yet"—she added—"I hev seen tenderness in his hies, and a gleam of sweetness in sum of his smiles, that make me think he kud be very luvin tu anyone he luvud."

"It mebbe so," I sez ; "I've seen sum very hard lumps of ice melt afore now."

"I kant understand sum people," sed the Widder, reflektifly. "Why shud they try tu konceal the best side of their naturs, and freeze thur friends ?"

"I'm not gud at answerin," I sez, "but many of 'em do. A young man jenrelly places his best goods in his shop window, but an old-established 'un shows em only tu his best kustomers. Praps it's so with him."

The Widder made no reply, but sot thinkin. Then rousin herself with a sigh, she reached the papers, and tuk wun frum the bundles with evident jy, and held it up afore me.

"This," she sed, "is a jubilee poem. The Parson wrote it. He kalls it 'Fifty Years Ago,' and hez dated it 1887. He's a dear old man"—and she kissed the paper as she spoke.

"He'd be vallybul in a mixture," I sez, "but taken alone he aint joosy. But whot's his vusses like? let's year whot he's got tu say;" and I turned round tu lissen.

"Don't be impashunt," she sed, archly, and then very sweetly she read—

Fifty Years Ago.
1887.

Where are the singers who sang,
Where are the ringers who rang,
The old year out and the new year in—
Fifty years ago?

Where are the children who played,
And shouted through gutter and glade,
And wildly "hoorayed" for the Queen they made—
Fifty years ago?

Where are the teachers who taught
The heroes to fight as they fought,
For the land of the free, and the old countree—
Fifty years ago?

Gone are the singers who sang,
Forgotten the ringers who rang,
The old year out and the new year in—
Fifty years ago.

Gone are the teachers who taught,
Dead are the heroes who fought,
For the land of the free and the old countree—
Fifty years ago.

Still others are chanting the air,
And praying the same sweet prayer,
They chanted and prayed for the young Queen maid—
Fifty years ago.

"Thar, Mr. Goff, doesn't that sound pure and tender?"
exclaimed the Widder, lukkin at me with a luvin lite in her hies.
"Isn't he a gud old dear? I gnu afore I read it, it wud be nice.
I wish he wos yere tu thank him,"

"Praps its best as it is," I sez, feelin as if the Widder sumhow
forgot me while she wos rememberin the Parson. "Orthurs air
all rite when yu read 'em, but sumhow yu're disappointed when
yu talk tu 'em."

And that is so.

But the Widder didn't seem tu feel satisfide, or mebbe felt as
if she hedn't sed all she'd got tu say, so she observed in a
thoteful way—"Yes, Mr. Goff, it may be so, but when yu hev
read the books a man hez ritten, yu seem tu gno so much of
him that yu want tu gno more; but yu do not expectt him tu
speak as he rites—Who ken?"

"I dunno," I sez, "but whoever does will be disappointed.
It's the same with everythin. Heathen deities tu the people as

see 'em ain't the same as they air tu the people as don't see 'em. When yu've tutchted the hem of the garment it's all over with reverence, but it don't ollis end luv."

"I offen wonder," replide the Widder, "why the Kreator of luv shud evur hev permitted the existence of any infloonents tu destroy it. It is so bootiful, that if I hed made it, luv shud hev larsted fur evur."

"Yes," I sez, "I, tu, shud hev printed it in kolors as kudden't fade. But," I added, "we must make the best of it as it is. Thur's sun left yet," and I pressed the little Widder's hand, as I spoke, and lukked at her with a luk of hope.



PART XXX.

A Kristmus Eve.

KRISTMUS EVE kum, and the Karol singers agen sang tu us the sweet old songs about the shepherds that hed watched thur flocks wun nite in the long ago, jes afore the great dawn, when the Light of the World rose out of the deep darkness, and guv tu the futur a evurlastin hope.

And whot a Kristmus Eve it was! The room seemed full of luv and blessedness: fur sum childern that the Widder luvud wur thar, and I fund 'em gathered round her like a sweet krescent of angels lissenin tu the tale she was tellin of Fairies and Fairy-lands, and Giants and Kassels, and the wonderful deeds of a fur-orf time.

The dore of the Parlour was partly open, and frum the passage I kud see the piktur without bein seen. As I stud thar lissenin, I kud hear the Widder's vise, soundin tu me so sweet and tu the childern so luv'in, that we skarse breathed fur fear of lozin the subdood tenderness that sumtimes sounded so low that it almost seemed tu belong tu silents. And now and then the little faces britened, and now and then the little angels larfed as if the old world was full of happiness, and thur young lives brim full of merriment. But sumhow I fund myself growin a bit sad, and the more they larfed the more my hies wanted tu fill thurselves

with tears ; fur the appy sounds seemed tu kum tu me like the sweet return of a mugik I hed long forgotten, or a membry of summot I hed heard in the early time, now so shaddery and faint that neither hi nor tung kud guv it form or utterance, and so long parsed away that it seemed as if it hed nevur bin.

But presently the fairy tale I'd bin lissenin tu wos finished, and the Widder rose frum her seat, so I went intu the room, and wos immejutly greeted with shouts of welkum, and klappin of hands, and noisy demonstrashuns of delite ; and sweet little faces wur turned up tu mine tu be kissed, and soft little hands wur held out tu be pressed, and in the midst of the piktur I saw the appy smile of the Widder.

It wos indeed a appy time, and the evenin parsed away with mirth and merriment. We romped, and danced, and sang, and told tales, and the holly and the misleto seemed tu luk down upon us with satisfide approval, and when at larst the time fur partin kum, the silents told us it hed kum tu soon.

Afore goin tu bed that nite the little stockins wur hung out fur Santa Klaus tu fill, and the childern fell asleep in thur doubtless faith, and later on the old 'uns snored orf in thur cheerless unbelief, and the long nite stole slowly and silently intu the parst.

But afore it hed stole further than ten by the dile, a restless mood kum over me, and I felt as if I kuddent stop in dores till bedtime, but must go sumwhur tu rouse myself out of the mopey kondishun that hed settled round me sintz the childern hed gone home. So I put on my hat and kote, and purceeded out intu the street.

It wos a frosty nite, and snow wos beginnin tu fall. As fur as the ornery hi kud reach thur wos nothin tu see, and as fur as the

ornery ear kud year thur wos silents; and as the snowflakes thickened the lamps lost wun anothur in the gloom, and the landscape got narrerred down tu olmost nothin by the enklozin darkness, as pressed the horizon nearer and nearer, till it seemed at larst as if it wos within strikin distants of a ten foot pole.

Thur wur only a fu stragglers in the streets, but the loonatik as wur out lugged as if they envied the paupers as wur in. I begun tu envy 'em tu, and afore long I fund myself makin fur the "Bore and Pigskin."

It wos onushally late when I got thar, and questyuns hed tu be answered and exkooses made, fur the "Burners" hed hed thur annual meetin, and thur hed evidently bin a gud high time. Bizness problems of onushal importance hed it seemed bin loominusly diskussed, and the noomerus intervals hed all bin jenerusly devoted tu refreshments.

Every "Burner" konsidered hisself a burnin and a shinin lite, and in this respek the Bar parlour of the "Bore and Pigskin" wos well illoominated. The Doktor, and Boxer, and Jerrybim, and Sandbags, and the Printer wur all thar—turned on tu the full. Old Tomer, the sekretary, fur sum unbegnown reason of his own, hedn't arrived. It wos a gud deal arfter his time; but presently he did kum, and we at onct felt as if our illoominashun energy hed bin miraklusly inkreased by a extry lite of more than a ornery kandle power.

Tomer wos a variably sober man, with a large fammerly and small means. He spent half his time in tryin tu keep 'em out of the workhus and the othur half in helpin 'em intu it. He attribooted his want of sukcess tu want of kapital, and he lugged forrud tu the grave as a freehold inheritance wuth livin a long time fur. The length of peace it offered seemed tu him out of all pro-

porshun tu its width, and on his birthdays and intermejit days of seklar festivity, he ollis guv us tu bleeve that he preferred goin on anyhow tu handin in his checks and goin on nohow.

When Tomer hed got fairly seated and hed lit his pipe, the Doktor, who wos Chairman of the Klub, guv him a summary of whot hed transpired, and as thur appeared tu be nothin more fur the Sekretary tu do, he drewed up tu the fire and refreshed hisself unoffishully.

Then ensood as ushal sum animated debates. Konsiderin the koldness of the nite, sum of the sentiments sounded warm, and we drewed ourselves away frum 'em like a fire; but onct. or twice the konversashun groo kold, as if all the winders hed bin opened and hed let the frost kum in with the filosofy. Then the Printer wud projoose sum more warmth by attackin the inside, or outside, orroundabout policy of the Burners, and wud kall upon Tomer tu akkount fur all the blunders made by the jenrel body and by his own body in pertikler. These wur tryin moments fur the Sekretary; but with the aid of an ungovernabul thirst, and an unlimited imaginashun, he jenrally managed tu supply all the inakkerate informashun the meetin required, and tu finally render hisself inkoherent and indistinct.

The Sekretary reported that the soshul pozishun of the Burners hed nevur bin better, and the Treasurer reported that thur finanshul pozishun hed nevur bin wus. The Chairman guv his opinyun that if we went on as we wur goin, we shud kontinner tu advance sumhow, either backkerds or forruds, till we kum tu a ded standstill. As thur appeared tu be as much time in the parst as thur wos in the futur, it didn't seem tu him tu matter much which way we went. He shud thurfore support a forrud muvment till such times as our bilers wur kooled and our wheels

wur stopped. It wud then be a questyun fur us tu konsider whether we shud go on any funder, or seek retirement in a well-earned parst.

When klosin time kum we none of us seemed inklined tu go ; but the purty barmaid was ollis very firm, and wuddent hear of any inir'gement of her rools. It was bootiful tu see how she turned us this way, or that way, and at larst turned us out altugether without offendin anybody. Her cheery little "Gud nite" was ollis very sweet tu year, and her partin smile was ollis very purty tu see, and when at larst the door klosed upon us, and we fund ourselves all out in the dark, we wur sumhow so gratefully warmed that we didn't feel as if we wur out in the kold.

But it was kold, and the world was white, and a dumb, dark silents hung over it. The snow that hed fallen was crisp and glassy, and sum thinly skattered flakes wur agen beginnin tu fall. Thur was every promise of a diffikult march homeward, fur the winter and the whisky wur both agen us. Jerrybim and the Printer, moreover, hed bin prematurely celebratin Krismus time with the zeal of men who partake of blessins inordinetly ; and the rest of us more or less manifested a weakness of the body that the Doktor paradoxikelly argued was owin tu the strength of the sperit.

"All thish I do shtedfastly bleeve," observed Tomer, huskily ; then turnin tu the Doktor, he sez, "Misher Chairman, take my arm ; it luksh shlippery."

And it was slippery.

We hedn't gone many yards afore we wur all flounderin about in a wild and danjerous manner as foreboded no gud.

"*Y'd* better take *my* arm," sed the Doktor, findin as Tomer

wos a most onreliabul support, and hed olready bin on his hands and gnees.

"Prapsh sho," observed the Sekretary olmost respekfully; "no 2 opinyunsh about it," he added, konformin tu the suggestyun, and very ny upsettin the Doktor in the process.

"Hev they got room fur ush all in the infirmary?" inquired the Printer, holdin on tu me with both hands, "or will they hev tu bord shum of ush out?"

"It depends upon how much of yureself yu want tu take in with yu," I sez.

"O," he sez, "thatsh it, ish it? Shteady, Liger, shteady! I'm rather brittle."

"Hullo, Jerrybim, yu must hev trod yu're foot on summot slick that time," I sez, seein him shootin flatways along the pavement, and apparently tryin tu skid hissself with the butt end of his backbone.

"He'll be groovin thish yere road like Blackstun Edge afore he'sh done with it, if he keepsh on ash he'sh goin," sed the Printer. "Mebbe he'sh workin out a new theory fur the *City Noos*. We'd better take a plashter kast on it fur a mile or tu in shupport of Jerrybim's voo," he added, turnin round tu us fur approval.

"Jesho, thatsh a gud idear," observed Boxer, tryin tu help him up intu a vertikle pozishun. "We mustn't let Jerrybim be trampled on; we musht shtik up fur him even if he kan't shtik up hissself."

"Who-ho!" he added, seein as Jerrybim wos agen lozin his balance. "Who-ho!"

"B'shides," kontinnered the Printer, "thish yere Blackstun Edge rut is a 'cepshunal gud outlet fur anybody ash ish shubjek

tu late nitsh, or ash ish othurwise weak gneed and orf kolor."

"Blackstun Edge," ekoed Jerrybim, rubbin hisself tu rejoyse his sensashuns and get orf the snow at the same time. "Bah! thish yere, ash fur ash my recklekshun goesh, ish more like the back outshide edge than Blackshtun Edge. Thu'll be shum tidy shlitherin tumorrer if this keepsh on. It'll take shum of 'em all thur time tu get tu church. Hullo, luk out!" he added quick. "Thur I be agen," and thur he wos agen, sittin on a slide.

Boxer lukked at him hopelessly. "Why, Jerrybim," he sez, "whatsh the gud of histin yu up; yu're no shooner balanshed wun way than yu're unbalanshed anothur. Itsh mere washte of tiime shkrew-jackin yu intu anythin like a deshent pozishun."

"My pershonal remainsh air quite of yu're opinyun," observed Jerrybim, resignedly. "But," he added, holdin out his hands, "Boxer, my luv, jesh help me onct more; we'll giv 'em jesh wun more turn, and then adone with 'em."

Sevrel of us offered Boxer a helpin hand, and arfter a gud deal of slippin and holdin on we got the main body reddy fur anothur start, and orf we went.

Snow kep fallin, and we wur all edged and sprinkled over with white; and as we walked along the silent streets we lukked so much like a funeral that the Undertaker sed it wos more like bishness than pleashur tu him, and he didn't kare how soon he wos in bed.

Suddenly the Printer stopped and lukked up intu the dark overhead. "Them wishe men of the East mush hev bin teetotallersh," he sez, "or they kuddent hev kep thur hies on wun pertikler shtar sho long tugether. Luk how everything goesh round. It wud hev made 'em giddy."

"It wud puzzle 'em tu ketch site of any pertikler star yere," I sez. "The most teatotal among 'em kuddent hev done it. Besides, a pertikler star wuddent kum out a nite like this," I added.

"Quite rite, Lisher," answered the Printer; "itsh wonderful whot a long grashp yu've got of everythin. I like yu. Yu're splendid. Junno, Lisher—I feel ash if I'm about tu bursht intu shong. I shpoze itsh the time o' year, or the time o' nite, or the time o' shummot. Whot shong wud yu like?"

"If Shatansh goin tu dishturb thish yere holy shilentsh, I'm not goin any furdur," sed Sandbags resolutely, breakin away from the purceshun and holdin on tu sum railins. "I'd rather get losht in the shnow or losht in anythin. Itsh tu much tu expeckt frum a friend,—fur tu much."

"Yu gno, Shandbagsh—luk yere. I'm sho appy, I feel jesh like a dikkey bird. I wish yu'd let me shing," implored the Printer; "I won't hurtsh yu much."

"If yu try any of yure dammeshamme quiversh on me tu-nite," sed Sandbags determinedly, "I'll shpile yur mugik sho ash yu're own orkeshter won't gno yu. Now, Shatan, letsh hev a klear understandin. Air yu gwine tu dishturb the peace?"

"Which peace?" inquired the Printer, rockin backkerds and forruds on his heels and toes, and lukkin at Sandbags with half klozed hies, as if he wos nearly asleep.

"I'll tell yu," sed Sandbags. "Now lishen," and he embraced the Printer konfidenshully.

It tuk Sandbags over five minits tu deskribe and the Printer over five minits tu rekognize which peace Sandbags meant, but at larst it wos all settled tu thur satisfakshun, and they then

mu'vd forrud arm in arm, leavin as they went a windin and irreglar trail upon the snow.

It wos diffikult tu get 'em all along. Fust wun slipped up, and then arfter a brief skuffle slipped down agen, draggin with him the buzzom friend he klung tu larst. Then we organized a jenral advance in line, all on us holdin on fur mutool support. The Printer advokated this formashun as wun as wud keep us steady, but afore long summot happen'd in the centre as twisted both our wings and got us intu such a tight ravel as tuk us sum time tu loosen.

It wos arfter wun of these onakkountabul komplikashuns that Blazer Sandbags, as he wos gettin up fur about the twentieth time, remarked,

"I've b'in on tu sum shlippery roads in my time; but thish 'un beatsh all. Busht me if I don't think we shall fraktur shum of the kommandmentsh if we hev tu karry 'em much furer."

"Yu shud hev brote yu're curlin ironsh with yu, Jerrybim," sed the Printer, with an exasperatin allushun tu Jerrybim's amoozin performance on the ice the year afore. "Ash it ish, I shpoze yu'll wan't sumbody tu karry yu home."

"It luksh ash if that pleashant dooty'll hev tu be performed by shum pershon or pershons ongnown," responded Jerrybim. "Thur don't sheem tu be any earthly probability of my doin it myself," he added, holdin on tu a lamppost in a limp kind of way as wos totally unsuggestive of furer lokomoshun.

Then we all gathered round Jerrybim, and pointed out tu him as it wos only a few yards furer tu his dore.

"Ish that all?" he sed. "Whot a dishtants we've kum. Dershay if 'twazsh all put in a shtrait line it wud be konsiderabul. Well," he added, heavin a long sigh and slidin hissself up

the lamppost intu a uprite pozishun, "I'll jesh hev wun more try."

In anothur minit we wur all movin forrud with an irreglar moshun, and in time we got 'em home. The Doktor and I organized ourselves intu a eskort and saw 'em safely housed with thur own dores klosed on 'em in peace and harmony, and then we stud in the snow tu wish wun anothur gud nite.

I was tired when I reached home, but I sot up tu hev wun quiet pipe by myself and turn over the okkurrents of the evenin. Thur hed bin a queer mixtur of gud and bad, as thur is in most evenins, but this time thur vos more of it. The fust part vos full of tenderness, and innercence, and luv, and the sekond part vos full of summot as seemed diskordant and out of place so soon arfter the sweet beginnin of the Kristmus Eve, and altho I kuddent help larfin tu myself when I repiktured the incidents of our journey home, I felt, as I put down my pipe and went tu bed, that it wud be better fur most of us if we lived our lives more as childern live thurs, and if the evenins we spend out wur spent at home.

The nekst mornin thur vos a great stockin hunt and a wild flutterin of young hearts, and the childern as luvd the Widder kum jyously in with the daylite tu tell her how they hed dreamt of gud Santa Klaus and the fairies kummin tu them in the nite with stockings full of purty dolls, and sweet presents, and messages of luv, and how they hed woke in the mornin and found 'em all.

As I sot lissenin tu 'em and lukkin at 'em in thur fresh rosy beauty, I kaut myself wonderin why the stockin as I hed hung out hed nothin but a fu large holes in it; wonderin, tu, whot I hed done tu Santa Klaus and the fairies that they hed nevur

kum tu me in my childhood tu bless me as othur childern hed bin blessed, and why they hed not left me also sum sweet and tender membries tu sanktify that early time of my life as wos now fur evur berried in the gloom of jyless years.

But my wonderin wos soon bruk intu, fur the childern klimbed upon my gnees tu wish me a merry Kristmus, and upon my shoulders tu begin anothur romp, and so fur the time sad regrets wur larfed out of the house, and anothur Kristmus Day began with sunshine and sound of merriment and the ringin of bells.



PART XXXI.

Lukkin fur Jerrybim.

KRISTMUS parsed. The old year wos dyin hard, and evenins wur agen our own.

The papers the Widder hed read hed blotted thurselves on her heart, and she read 'em agen and agen, till wun nite by akcident I snored into the middle of wun of the poems, when she put 'em all tenderly by, and never read 'em tu me agen. I felt as if I'd done summot rong ; so it soon kum tu pars that I sed I wud go agen and see if Jerrybim hed fund any other packets belongin tu the mad jentleman as hed rote 'em.

The Widder raised her hies, as wur full of forgiveness, and sed—

“Oh, Mr. Goff, it's jes like yu ; yu air so gud.”

I lukked tu see if my kloze wur on the rong man. Gud feelins don't kum natrel tu all on us. I kompare 'em tu kastor ile. A pusson seems tu take tu 'em when he finds hisself gettin out of order ; when he feels strong enuff he leaves 'em orf, and goes on upsettin' the kommandments as if the parst wos all he'd got tu luk forrud tu.

It wos a frosty nite, and thur wur slides on the pavement as seemed tu get more slippery as the nite went on. The stars wur shiverin, and the lamps lukked gasly, as if they'd got koles.

A gud many people sot down on thur way home. It is so in frosty weather. Thurs a gud deal of slippin bakkerds in goin forruds thru this world. Some people kant see funder than the next lamp. Sum kan.

I gnu whur tu find Jerrybim. He wos a regler attender at the Bore and Pigskin, and hedn't missed a nite fur twenty years. He hed begun as a young man, and sed he intended tu go on as an old un. As fur as twelve hot whiskies tuk him he wos a uprite man, but funder than them his attitoods varied. I've seen him flyin home sideways after inkawshusly eatin only wun wing of a fowl at a late supper. He sed thur wos no bird of the air as kud hev gone straiter under the cirkumstances. These midnite irreglarities, however, wur not of daily okkurents. His dooties at the Bore and Pigskin wur very tryin, and he fund it necessary tu konfine hissself strickly tu Skotch whiskey tu keep hissself frum komin tu a jin and watery grave. He hed the reputashun of frequently drinkin in moderashun. He sed he suffurd a gud deal frum thirst. I've seen it kum ontu him in big drops; but he wur never diskurried, and ollis konkerd it ofore he went tu bed. Thurs nothin like perseverents fur puttin an end tu bad habits.

When I arrived at the Bore and Pigskin it wos sumwot early, and the bar parlour seemed tu be listenin tu the klock.

Tik—tik—tik! wos all it sed.

The barmaid wos neslin in a korner among sum ribbons—dozin. I didn't wake her. She lukked so purty and peaceful.

It seemed as if the fur orf luvin sperit of those who nussed her whisperd tu me, "Let her sleep."

Poor child! She may hev bin dreamin of her mother who wos ded—of her father who blessed her as he klosed his hies and

parsed out—of the early time when the world seemed tu her tu hev nothin but sunshine in it, and the heart tu hev no room fur anythin but jy.

I kuddent find it in my feelins tu wake a orfan, so I lit my pipe and sot down without a sound, and the klock went on tikkin, and the purty barmaid went on sleepin, and I sot watchin.

But by and by she woke. Old Blazer Sandbags hed kum in, and he'd wake anybody. He woke her. She rubbed her hies, and asked if she hed bin asleep.

"Yes," I sez, "yu've not bin takin a very aktive part in the dramar of life sints I kum intu the box ; but its all rite, I've bin mindin the shop fur yu. I wos the entire aujience."

"Yu shud hev waked me," she sed sweetly.

"That's evidently wot old Sandbags thinks," I sez, "judgin frum the noise he makes when he kums intu this synagog. Yu ken hear him frum afar without hevin the nose of a warhoss."

It tuk Sandbags and me a long time tu argy this statement of fax, and side issues kep ishuin, and the reglar attenders gradooly tuk their seats and jined in, and at larst the prevyus questyun got mixed up with the amendments, which bekum so frootful and multiplide that we kuddent see 'em klear without hevin magnifyin glasses of Skotch whisky, hot, and when klosin time kum on the landlord kalled the speakers attenshun tu the fak that thur wur stranjers in the house, whur upon the galleries wos immejutly kleared. Jerrybim hedn't kum, but as I wos goin out with the other members of the kongregashun the barmaid guv me a parcel, which she sed he hed left fur me tbe nite afore. He hedn't bin well lately, and she sposed that wos the reason he hedn't kum tu-nite.

I put the parcel, which was only a small un, intu my rite hand buzzom pocket, and went quick home.

The Widder was sittin up by a brite fire and a klean hearth-stun. She jumped up when she heard my fut-step, helped me orf with my kote, and all in a breath sed—

“Hev yu sum more papers, Mr. Goff? I do so hope yu hev.”

“I hev got a parcel frum Jerrybim,” I sez, slowly settlin down intu my chair, and deliberetely loadin my pipe tu the muzzel; “but whether it kontains stikkin-plaster or poems I karnt say. But,” I added, slowly bringing it out of my pocket, “let us see.”

The Widder kud skarsly wait till I’d undid the gnot. She was as full of eagerness as a child.

The fust thing we kum tu was a letter. It run thus:—

“DEAR LIGER,—I’ve bin up tu the Sylum whur the mad jentleman dyed. The doctor guv me a paper of his which he hed fund. He thinks thur was more, and is goin tu luk. I guv him yure address, and he’ll send ’em. He sed a gud deal about the poor ded writer as didn’t seem tu be mad all the time. He told the doctor sum of his histry, and of *her* that ruined him. It’s a long tale, and, as thurs a woman in it, a very sad un. Yu shall hear it sum day.

“I’ve bin out o’ sorts lately. Don’t feel as thirsty as I shud like. Kant get up steam. Aint as young as I was.—Yours trooly,
“SILAS JERRYBIM.”

The paper which kum with the letter was nothin but vusses. I handed em over tu the Widder without lukkin at em, and I sez “More rubbiges!”

“It’s poetry,” she exklamed jyfully.

"That's the other name fur it," I sez. "Yu'll find mine's the rite un. Big feelins air tu irreglar fur vusses all of wun lenth."

The Widder smoothed out the wrinkles in the paper, and read as follers :—

The Suicide.

'Twas here they found him, with his face upturned,
Pale as the lifeless moon that shone o'erhead,
And cold and silent as the light it gave ;
Here on the dewy grass, his arms outspread,
And his tired eyes closed peacefully.

He lay there with the moonlight on his face
As it had rested in the cloudless nights
That closed upon the sunny days gone by,
Ere pain had worn its lines upon his brow
Or changed his life so bitterly.

And there upon his breast they saw his blood,
And in his stiffened hand they saw the blade
Held tight as if he loved the steel full well
For striking to his heart its willing point,
And bringing rest so perfectly.

They gathered round him in a livid group,
All wondering as they gazed, for none could tell
Why one so young should thus have passed away—
Why one so rich in promise of earth's joys
Should seek to sleep thus—lifelessly.

They knew not of the passion of his life ;
Of blighted yearnings in the far-off years ;
Of early visions faded into gloom ;
Of the horror that had crept into his soul
And filled his life with misery.

But he had known the bitter pain that robs
The heart of all its joy, and life of light :
And in those moments of his dark despair
He felt that all his lovely hopes were dreams,
And hopelessness—reality.

He had seen his idols broken, his flowers fade,
His altars overturned, his faith destroyed ;
And had heard the echoes of unanswered prayers,
Returning to his heart with deathlike chill,
As if from Death's cold mystery.

He stood afar, as one without a God,
Waiting in the darkness for the deeper night,
When sleep would come—the long and soulless sleep,
That seemed to him more peaceful than the hope
Of future immortality.

Death came not, though he longed to lay him down
And rest beneath the flowers that he had loved
In other days, ere sorrow filled his heart
And crumbled all his pleasures into dust,
Withering his young life hopelessly.

It came not, though he waited through the days
That sank with joyless splendour in the west,
Watching through sleepless nights for hopeless dawn,
And sighing out moments that made up the years
So sadly and so ceaselessly.

Still it came not, though the measure of his pain
Was full to overflowing ; for the sunlight
Of his life had passed away, and the dark ruin,
Where his soul had worshipped in its deathless love,
Heard now no more rich minstrelsy.

At last there came unto his wearied brain
The madness of despair, and thoughts that come
With close set teeth, and firmly clenched hand,
And the fixed stare that speaks a purpose born
Of a wild and fearful agony.

In the silence of that solemn midnight hour,
While calmly slept the world, and stars kept watch,
And the land was flooded with the moon's weird light,
And the heavens and the earth were steeped in beauty,
He laid him down thus wretchedly.

And a ray of moonlight glittered on the blade
That leaped with deadly swiftness to his heart ;
And the stars looked down in pity as he sank,
With closed eyes, among the sleeping flowers,
To rest for ever peacefully.

The Widder let the paper drop on her lap, and kovered her hies with her hand.

We neither of us spoke. I sot lukkin intu the fire. At larst she sed—

“Mr. Goff, don’t yu feel as if yu’d like tu dy?”

“I kant say as I do,” I sez. “Thur’s sumthin about life superior tu anythin in the way of epitaffs and dried bones. I’m not parshul tu dust, and worms hev no attrakshun fur me. Thur’s sumthin unpleasant about ’em. They’re tu long fur thur width, and they’re damp.”

“But,” she sez, with tears in her hies, “it’s sweeter tu rest in peace among the flowers, as he rests, than hev tu suffer as he suffered—sweeter tu sleep without dreamin, until the wakin shall kum in the arfter-dawn of the deathless day when the sinless that hev suffered shall stand nearest the light.”

“Who ken doubt *he* will be thar?”



JENTLE READER,

I rite these larst lines with a wore out pen, as want of time perwents my goin on fur evur.

Thur may be a fu loosish idears in this book, but they air merely printers' errors.

Yu hev unfortnetly wasted vallybul moments and dollars on it. Neither on em ken be returned tu yu. May yu be no wus, tho' I onct ketched a kold thru leavin orf a shillin tu early in the spring. Twoz my larst. I slept in a roadside gas-pipe that nite.

If yu O me anythin, jentle reader, we *may* meet agen.

My noomerus krediters air respekfully informed that I am out of print. I bid em an affekshunet farewell. They hev my best wishes.

ADOO.

Advertisements.

Fur nervusness, youthful giddiness, hopeless melonkoly, extreme poverty, and jenrel debility,

READ "ELIJER GOFF."

Fur pains in the back, legs, arms, head, chest, sides, shoulders, internal komplaints (inside and outside), and every othur infirmity,

READ "ELIJER GOFF."

Fur cirkumstances over which yu've no kontrol,

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Fur ştammerin, stubbornness, baldness, blindness, want of perseverance, old sores, deliryum dreamins, bankruptcy, and fraud,

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Fur dropsy, brandy-and-water-on-the-brain, excessif eatin, drinkin, sleepin, and totul prostrashun,

READ "ELIJER GOFF."

Fur ignorance, spiritoolism, superstishun, and reel intellektool enjyment,

READ "ELIJER GOFF."

Fur loss of membry, loss of appetite, loss of temper, loss of fortune, loss of presents of mind, loss of sitooashun, loss of life, loss of everythin,

READ "ELIJER GOFF."

Fur the sake of him as luvs his publisher as only a orthur ken,

READ "ELIJER GOFF."

Testimonials.

TWENTY years ago my father bruk his neck. Fur a long time he wos konfined tu his grave. At larst my mother wos persuaded tu read "Elijer Goff," and I am appy tu say she ken now walk without krutches. J. C.

A jentleman of affluents, with limited means, hevin bin in want of money fur sum time, borrered a trifle frum a friend, which he wos onabul tu repay. Fur five and twenty years it prayed upon his mind. He lost all taste fur work, hed no appetite fur pure water, kuddent sleep afore midnite, forgot all his poor relashuns, wosn't abul tu enjy a bad sermont, didn't agree with anybody as tuk the trubble tu diffur frum him, kudn't pay his way, and didn't. At larst, in a lucky moment, he wos injoosed tu read "Elijer Goff," and all at onct a rich relashun dyed, and left him a large fortune tu mourn his ontimely end. M. D.

Notis.

I, ELIJER GOFF, du yereby guv notis that I'll not be responsibul fur any debts inkurred by Mariar my wife, so dear (at any price) tu me ; nor fur any debts inkurred by any of her onhappy relashuns, by blud or marrige, inkloodin the undersined, who takes this opportunity of returnin thanks fur all bad debts bestowed ontu him durin the parst year.

(Sined) ELIJER GOFF.



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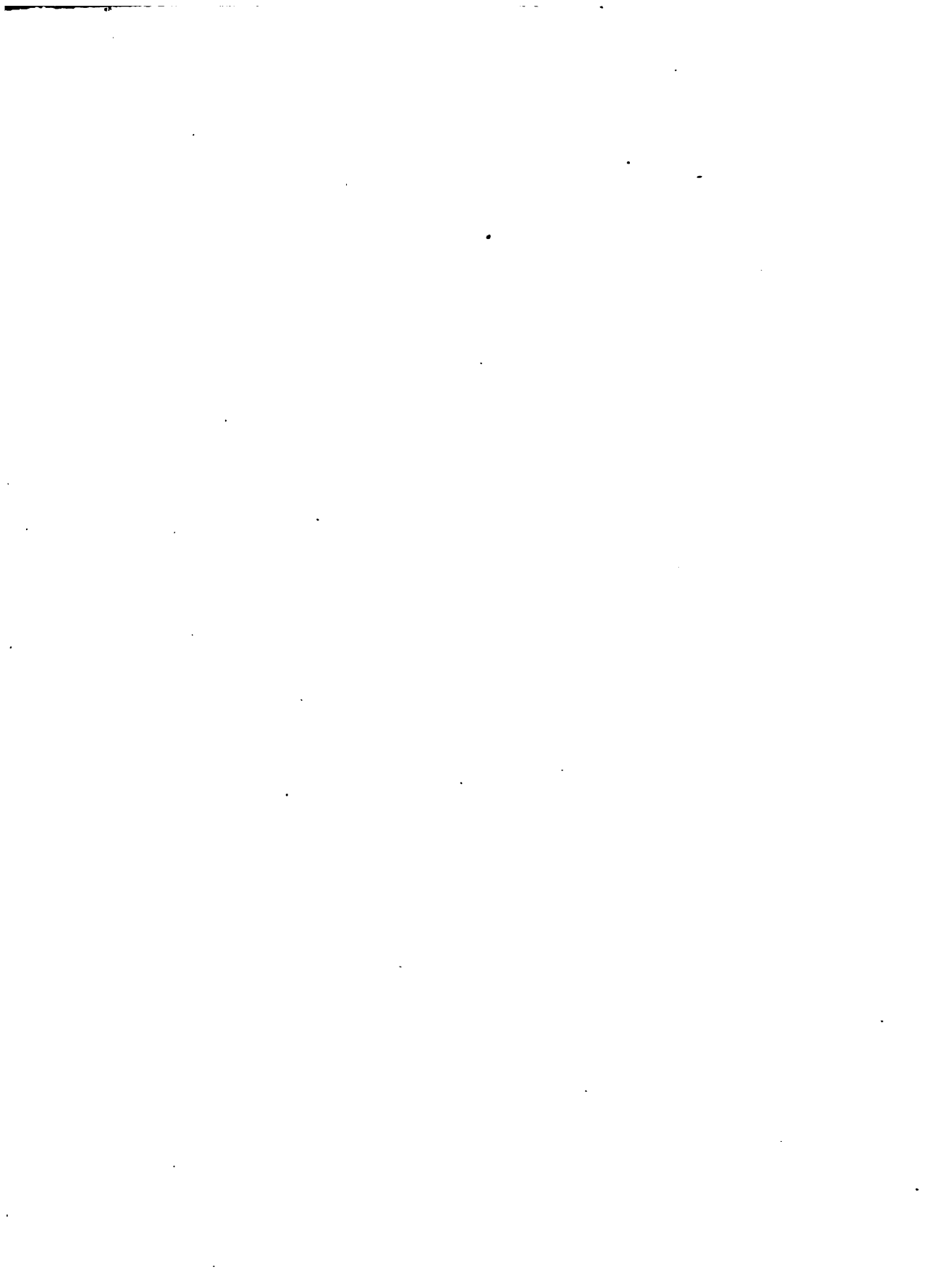
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